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Here's your big Bath-Size Camay!

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SAME FINE, SMOOTH TEXTURE!

BE LOVELIER ALL OVER!

DELICATE, FLOWER-LIKE PERFUME!

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MORE LUXURY!

Now there's a Bath-Size Camay! And this new and bigger Camay makes it easier for you to give all of your skin the very finest complexion care. Bathe every day with Bath-Size Camay and you'll be lovelier from head to toe. And you'll rise from your bath with your skin just touched with the delicate flower-like fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!

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CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
New Large Bath Size

Bath-Size Camay

FOR YOUR CAMAY BEAUTY BATH

"Party line out of order, Honey?"



GIRL: What do you mean, *party* line? I *never* get a buzz to go to a party. As far as men are concerned, this is strictly a dead wire!

CUPID: For whom the bell doesn't toll, eh? Well, Gloom Child, didn't it ever occur to you that the big-time operators like their party girls equipped with dazzling smiles?



GIRL: And where do I phone for one of *those?* I brush my teeth—but *regularly*. And I *still* wind up with the same old wrong-number smile!

CUPID: Hmmmm . . . Been noticing any "pink" on your tooth brush these days?

GIRL: Uh-huh—the *loveliest* shade of pink you ever—

CUPID: For your information, Cookie, that "pink" means *see your dentist*. Could be serious. Or could be that soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. In which case, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."

GIRL: And—zing!—I get a smile that sparkles like sequins, I suppose?

CUPID: Listen, dateless-and-mateless: A sparkling smile depends so much on firm, healthy gums. So if your dentist advises Ipana and massage, pay attention! Get yourself an Ipana smile, Honey . . . and you'll have to get a switchboard to handle your calls!



Ipana



Product of Bristol-Myers

For your Smile of Beauty



Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. Correct massage is so important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey. Same survey shows dentists recommend and use Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste! *Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty!*

Colgate's New Deodorant

Veto

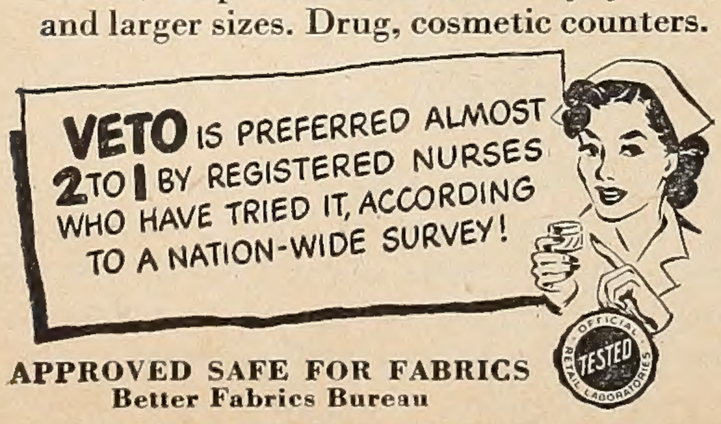
Safe for Skin!
Safe for Clothes!

Doubly Safe!



Only VETO, No Other Deodorant, Contains Exclusive New Safety Ingredient—DURATEX

To guard your loveliness, protect your charm—use VETO! Colgate's amazing new antiseptic deodorant checks perspiration, stops odor, yet is *doubly* safe! Safe for any normal skin! Safe for clothes! Only Veto contains *Duratex*, exclusive new safety ingredient—it's different from any deodorant you've used before. Use Colgate's Veto regularly to check perspiration, stop underarm odor *safely*. 10¢ and larger sizes. Drug, cosmetic counters.



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FEBRUARY, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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STOCKING CAP GLENTOP BY GLENTEX

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One of the greatest novels Sinclair Lewis ever wrote...now becomes one of the screen's most dramatic love stories from M-G-M



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Based on the Novel by SINCLAIR LEWIS
Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

louella parsons' good news



At the Calif. send-off of the Friendship Food Train were Van Johnson, Claude Jarman, Jr., and Bev Tyler. Radio commentator, Drew Pearson, dreamt up idea—food collected in the U.S.A. will be sent to Europe.



Strictly from hunger is the sound coming out of Red Skelton's horn. Lauritz Melchior used his cigar as a baton, but Van just wouldn't listen. Ava Gardner smiled bravely for the cause at the Friendship Train party.

■ Up till now, the $164 Question has been, "Will Lana Turner marry Tyrone Power?"

But as I write this, their romance is off. The squabbling all started when Ty hung up on Lana from Rome, after he heard she had stepped out, but love was ever thus. He called back in a few days, and according to Lana herself, everything was sunshine and roses.

"You sure everything is all right?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes, indeed!" she told me. "He's going to see me first of all."

There had been rumors Ty had a new girl in Rome, and Lana was so furious that she gave her smiles to an old flame, whose name I refuse to mention.

Lana had seemed depressed and very dispirited for a few weeks. Then, with that mercurial change that is so Lana-like, she was radiant again.

By this time, Annabella has probably filed her divorce in Los Angeles. Of course, there is a year's wait in California before it will become final. I happen to know the reason Annabella is suing is that she has her own love life. She is madly in love with a young Russian prince who belongs to the Romanoff family. He is in the perfume business. He's no relation to Mike Romanoff, but is honestly and truly a relative of the late Czar.

Will Lana and Tyrone marry? As of today, I doubt it very much. They seem to have made a clean break, but anything can happen in a year. I do know that the separation, while Ty was in Europe, wasn't the least bit good for them. Some people flourish when they're apart. Not Lana and Ty, who are among those who should have stayed side by side if they wanted their romance to prosper and continue.

If Lana and Ty really had cared as much as Lana told me, and as much as Ty said before he went abroad, maybe it would have meant marriage, but who could ever dare hazard a guess where that Turner girl is concerned?

At the moment, it looks as though the two have made a clean break.

* * *

The clock had just struck two o'clock in the morning when Mrs. Burt Lancaster nudged her sleeping husband and said, "Honey, I think you'd better take me to the hospital."

Now, ordinarily, in a case like this, when the Stork is flapping wings—you would think it would call for a lot of excitement. But five times in the past, Mr. Lancaster had taken Mrs. L. to the hospital—and five times he had brought her home. False alarm!

So he merely said, "You sure?"

And she answered, "No. But, maybe."

So the Lancasters arose, decided they were hungry, made coffee and scrambled eggs before Burt got out the car. Casually, they motored down to the hospital where he left her with the following comment:

"Have a good night's sleep, honey. I'll pick you up in the morning—same as usual."

"Okay," said Mrs. Lancaster, yawning. "I wish I had a good book."

Five hours later, the telephone rang, announcing that Mr. Lancaster was the father of an eight-pound, ten-ounce son.

"My God!" yelled Burt. "It can't be! *I didn't pace the floor!*"



Ermine-wrapped Mrs. Harry Karl (Marie McDonald) and Elizabeth Taylor added glamor to the Friendship Train festivities. Friends say that Marie, whose M-G-M contract expires soon, may give up her career.



Things were fine in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel when this snap of Diana Lynn and Bob Neal was made. Since then, there've been rumors that their marriage plans are off; Diana's dating others.



Gene Kelly came to Lana's N. Y. cocktail party with his foot in a rocker-like cast. He broke his ankle doing a routine, but he'll dance again.

(*Advertisement*)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



The Friars' Club gave a testimonial dinner for Bob Hope at the Biltmore Bowl, but Jack Benny said they should have stayed home to listen to his radio show (it was Sunday). Gags flew, and the evening ended with songs by Jolson. Around Bob are Jessel, Benny, Cantor, Burns, Kyser and Al.

louella parsons' good news

If ever two people belonged together, it's Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan. Because they are both old and dear friends of mine, I hate to report they're at the breaking point, with Jane sitting it out alone in her hotel room. Ronnie refuses to take any parting from Jane seriously, believing that now she's just completely exhausted from her last film, *Johnny Belinda*. I sincerely hope he's right, for they based their marriage on too solid a foundation to wreck it.

* * *

If I had planned my New York trip that way, I couldn't have hit the Big Town when there were more Hollywood stars on hand. Every place I went it was like "Old Home Week," waving to Irene Dunne, Lana Turner, Joan Crawford, Greer Garson, Gene Tierney, Frank Sinatra, the Fred MacMurrays, Joan Fontaine, Ann Sheridan, Marlene Dietrich—and, oh well, EVERYBODY!

I want to say right here that I couldn't have been prouder of the Hollywood contingent. During my entire stay, I didn't see anyone from movietown do anything out of line—and that's more than I can say for a few of the "sassiety" lights.

For instance, at the wonderful cocktail party Sherman Billingsley gave in my honor at the Stork Club (a party I shall never forget!) Marlene Dietrich was there—also 72-year-old Mrs. Frank Henderson, of the New York social set. Just a few days previous, Mrs. Henderson had hit the front pages of the newspapers by putting her feet up on a table between acts of the opera.

Even so, everyone was flabbergasted when she swept down on Marlene at my party saying she wanted her legs photographed with Dietrich's famous gams so the world could compare their respective stems.

Poor Marlene was in a spot. But Parsons wasn't. I said, "No picture!" and meant it.

I was also impressed with Lana Turner's sweetness and thoughtfulness in getting out of a sick bed to come to my party.

It was wonderful seeing Joan Fontaine, so much the lady and so perfectly groomed.

The most modest guest of all was Frank Sinatra, conducting himself so inconspicuously in the big crowd that he might have been a young business man instead of the idol of the bobby-soxers.

Gene Tierney and Ann Sheridan looked far less like typical movie stars than several debutantes present.

"Flashy" Hollywood movie stars? Don't make me laugh.

* * *

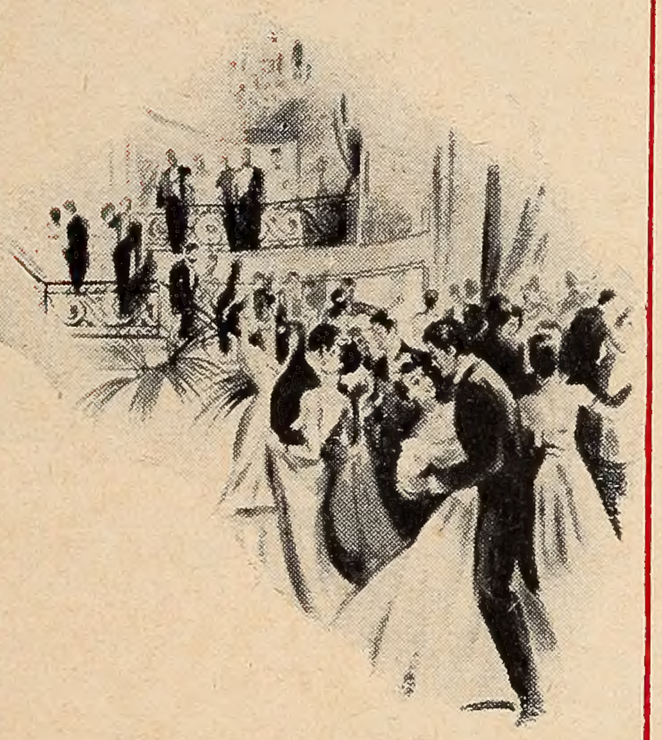
One of the best times I had in my New York whirl—and I mean whirl—was doing the town with Bob Hope and Dolores.

Bob, you know, covered the Command Performance and Princess Elizabeth's wedding on my air show, so, of course, we had many conferences before he sailed. But it wasn't all business—not by a long shot.

The beautiful Dolores and Bob met me at the Stork Club, and from there on—we just kept going.

The most fun was at Leon and Eddie's, for a very special reason. When the Hopes

"An Ideal Husband has to look to his future ...a woman has to look to her past!"





PAULETTE GODDARD

Alexander Korda's
production of
Oscar Wilde's Most Scandalizing Comedy

An Ideal Husband

with MICHAEL WILDING · DIANA WYNYARD

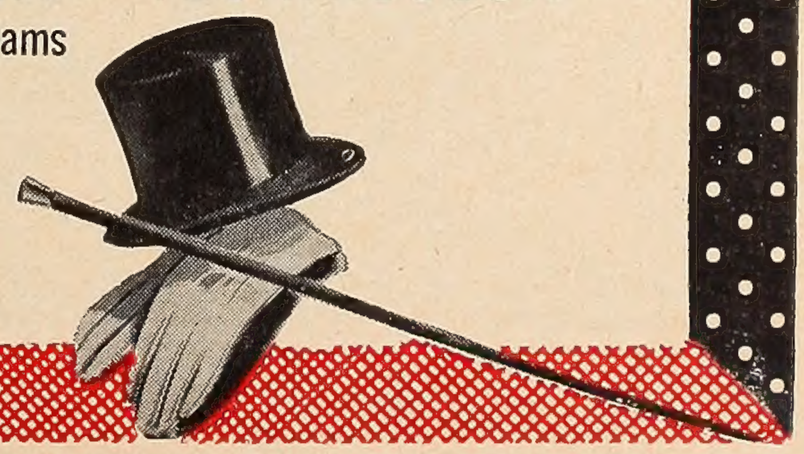
Glynis Johns • Constance Collier • Sir Aubrey Smith • Hugh Williams

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Produced and Directed by ALEXANDER KORDA

Screen Play by Lajos Biro • From the Play by Oscar Wilde

A London Film Production • Released by 20th Century-Fox





Edward G. Robinson congratulated Jean Hersholt, celebrating his 10th anniversary as Dr. Christian, at a party given by Jean's sponsors.



Instead of regular dramatic sketch, guests, including Joan Bennett, Ted and Betty Hutton Briskin, joined with Jean and cast in an informal broadcast direct from Crystal Room.

louella parsons' good news



Hersholt party marked opening of Beverly Hills Hotel's Crystal Room. Bette Davis and husband William G. Sherry made a rare social appearance.



Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Douglas listen to Cornel Wilde, in an expansive mood, at the Hersholt party. Reason for Cornel's happiness is that wife Pat Knight, after a brief New York jaunt, is now back with him in Hollywood.

were courtin' they did most of their hand-holding in this place. In fact, this is where he asked her to marry him.

Talk about celebrations—they turned the place inside out. Bob had everybody rolling in the aisles with his wisecracks, but I'll have to admit that for one of the few times in his life—someone else stole the show from him.

I mean—Dolores, who hasn't sung professionally in over twelve years, surprised everyone by getting up and putting her heart into "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"—and she was wonderful.

That's the song that was the big hit when they first fell in love, and it will always mean something special to them. It was a marvelous, nostalgic evening, and I'm so glad they asked me along.

* * *

The only person I met who didn't have a sensational time in New York was Greer Garson—and that wasn't her fault. Greer had been in a whirl, appearing everywhere with attractive beaux, when suddenly, she was taken ill.

Without saying a word to anyone, she went off to a Boston hospital all by herself and underwent a minor operation.

THE NEARER THEY GET TO THEIR TREASURE
THE FARTHER THEY GET FROM THE LAW!

...And the more they yearn for their women's arms, the fiercer is their lust for the gold that must be torn from those dangerous hills!

THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE

WARNER BROS.

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SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN HUSTON · BASED ON THE NOVEL BY B. TRAVEN · MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

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We're heroes to the countless women who use DeLong Bob Pins . . . They fasten a medal on us every time they step up to the counter and ask for DeLong, *the Bob Pin with the Stronger Grip* . . . We're grateful, too. That's why we spare no effort to turn out a better Bob Pin, one made of stronger steel that keeps its snap and shape longer and stays in your hair dutifully.

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louella parsons' good news



Contrary to Friars' rules, ladies were invited to Hope Dinner, so Ron Reagan brought Jane Wyman. They're back from location on her pic, *Johnny Belinda.*



Gloria DeHaven and John Payne enjoyed combined talents of several million dollars' worth of entertainers. Johnny's difficulties with 20th Century-Fox are ironed out and he goes into *Sitting Pretty.* He was miffed when Vic Mature got *Ballad of Furnace Creek.*

I felt so sorry for her, both ill and alone.

I wish something awfully good or happy or romantic would happen to Greer to help her forget all her worries of last year.

* * *

Interior Decorating Tip to Bachelors: Like to read the funny papers? Well, Lon McCallister covered a couple of end tables in his bar with strips of the comic section, shellacked them, and they are the "hit" of the newly-decorated room.

* * *

Dana Andrews isn't going to let his children see *Daisy Kenyon*—and not because he didn't enjoy working with Joan Crawford and Henry Fonda.

"I don't want the kids seeing me playing a chiseling husband trying to take another's man's wife away from him," Dana says—and I say, good for him. If other parents were as careful, it would be a great thing.

Speaking of the popular Mr. Andrews—he certainly gave his wife a big thrill when he walked in, on their eighth wedding anniversary, with the most gorgeous pin—a snow flake design set in moonstones.

This is the first year they have ever exchanged anniversary gifts.

"Before this, we were too poor and needed the money for more practical things," Dana says.

* * *

I am really sorry Humphrey Bogart got in that Washington mess, because it is going to take a while for the fans who idolize him to forget it. Most of them feel he shouldn't have put himself in the position of sympathizing with the people accused of being Red.

However, I don't intend to go into the Communistic question. I just want to say that no motion picture star should get mixed up, in the future, in any of these so-called "causes". John Garfield told me he has learned his lesson and is no longer on a soapbox.

* * *

A RAFT OF DYNAMITE!

STAR FILMS presents

GEORGE RAFT

IN

"INTRIGUE"

with JUNE HAVOC · HELENA CARTER

TOM TULLY · MARVIN MILLER · DAN SEYMOUR

Screenplay by Barry Trivers and George Slavin

Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN

A SAM BISCHOFF PRODUCTION

Released thru United Artists



EAGLE LION FILMS presents
"THE MAN FROM TEXAS"
starring
JAMES CRAIG • LYNN BARI
JOHNNIE JOHNSTON
with UNA MERKEL • WALLY FORD • HARRY DAVENPORT
SARA ALLGOOD • Produced by JOSEPH FIELDS
Directed by LEIGH JASON
Screen Play by JOSEPH FIELDS and JEROME CHODOROV
Based on the Stage Play by E. B. GINTY

I've warned this girl before—but I'm going to do it again!

Your "innocent" little flirtations on the set are going to break up your supposedly happy marriage!

Maybe it doesn't mean anything that you and your leading man drive off the lot for lunch, or that he frequently picks you up at the beauty parlor.

But big debacles from little actions grow and you are headed for our next "surprise" separation unless you mind your conduct.

* * *

Don't you believe those rumors that there's a feud on between 20th's two good looking "gangster" stars—Victor Mature and Richard Widmark. Those kids are a mutual admiration society.

Vic was telling his boss, Darryl Zanuck, how good Widmark would be for *The Chair for Martin Rome*. Darryl said, "Well, he isn't going to do it."

"Why?" asked Vic.

"Because I've assigned it to you," answered the Head Man—and that's the first Vic knew he was going to make that picture.

* * *

Nancy Sinatra was on the long distance 'phone in Hollywood telling Frankie in New York that what they hoped for was true—they were going to have another baby—when the radio blared out the absurd news that they had had a big quarrel and were separating!

I'll say one thing for that Nancy. She keeps her head. She was angry and annoyed, of course, at the ridiculous gossip. She had not expected to tell the world the news about the new arrival for several months, because she thinks it bad taste to announce news like this the split second you yourself hear about it.

(But, I heard it and not only had a "scoop", but I believe I was a factor in assuring Frankie's wild-eyed followers that there is no trouble at the Sinatra's.)

Then, Nancy packed her bags, and she and the two children took off for Palm Springs—but not to hibernate. She has been at the Lone Pine Hotel, having a good time with the other Hollywooders there, including the Lou Costellos, the Bill Holdens and Betty Hutton and her husband.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Do you like what we write? Do you care for our choice of stars? We're really interested in your opinions. We're giving away 500 free three-months' subscriptions to MODERN SCREEN just to find out how we rate with you. Check the questionnaire below, and the first 500 of you who send it back to us will receive the March, April and May issues absolutely free. Just speak your mind. But don't delay!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our February issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

Tough Break, Gene! (Gene Kelly) by Fred Astaire ☐
They Knew What They Wanted (Roy Rogers-Dale Evans) ☐
Speaking Frankly (Pat Knight-Cornel Wilde) ☐
There Ought To Be A Wife (Guy Madison) ☐
North To Frisco (Gregory Peck) ☐
The Years Between (Richard Greene) ☐
Goddess In The Family (Maureen O'Hara) ☐
Homecoming (Esther Williams) ☐
Dream Girl (Shirley Temple) ☐
Stork Club ☐
Command Performance ☐
Artful Dodger (Bing Crosby) by Hedda Hopper ☐
It Happened In Hoboken (Frank Sinatra) ☐
Easy Street (Richard Conte) ☐
The Ladds, Inc. (Alan Ladd) ☐
"V. J." Day (Van Johnson) ☐
First Love (Jane Powell) ☐
Dark Man In Your Future (Ricardo Montalban) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues: List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN

149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars are Lux Girls!



"A Lux Girl? Indeed I am!"
says this famous star

Betty Hutton is one of the hundreds of famous screen stars who use gentle Lux Toilet Soap beauty care. "It really makes skin lovelier," she says.

Betty Hutton

star of
Paramount Pictures'
"DREAM GIRL"



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

Here's a *proved* complexion care! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions became lovelier in a short time! No wonder famous screen stars trust their million-dollar complexions to this gentle beauty care.

"I always use Lux Toilet Soap—it's wonderful the way this beauty care gives skin quick new loveliness!" Betty Hutton tells you. "I work the fragrant lather in thoroughly. As I rinse and then pat with a soft towel to dry, my skin is softer, smoother!" Don't let neglect cheat you of romance. Take the screen stars' tip!

Lux Girls are Lovelier!

they knew what they wanted



Roy and Dale, exhausted by their hectic rodeo tour, announced in November that they planned to marry New Year's Eve. They'll honeymoon in Sun Valley; Dale will retire from films after that.

Roy and Dale worked hard

for fortune and fame, but now they'll

have what they've wanted

even more—life under the open sky.

Hunting, fishing, riding through the

California mountains, together . . .

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

■ I sat under a sycamore tree weighted down with mistletoe and had a heart-to-heart talk with Roy Rogers, handsome and athletic King of the Cowboys, while he was on location making *Under California Skies* for Republic, the last picture he'll be doing until he's had a real and needed rest. The mistletoe, a fungus growth on the giant sycamore, made us think of kisses—naturally—and kisses made us think of romance—naturally. And the first thing I knew, Roy was telling me about the plans he and Dale Evans had made for their marriage on the last day of the Old Year. He told, too, of his hopes for this bright New Year which, he's praying, will mean renewed health and happiness for him.

If ever a fellow deserved health and happiness, it's Roy. But King Roy is, at the moment, "plumb tuckered out." This popular and indefatigable star has made ten pictures without a single break!

King Roy made a picturesque sight as he stretched against a boulder to talk. He had just done battle with the villain of the film, and his face was bruised and battered. Red gore, the kind that makeup artists sprinkle out of a bottle, smeared his ruggedly attractive face.

"The feller with the black bag and the pill bottles told me I (*Continued on page 16*)

"Sleep, my Love"

. . . the most terrifying words a man ever whispered to a woman!



Mary Pickford presents

the cast of the year in the picture of the year!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT · ROBERT CUMMINGS · DON AMECHE

in "Sleep, my Love"

with RITA JOHNSON · GEORGE COULOURIS · RALPH MORGAN and **HAZEL BROOKS**

Produced by Chas. Buddy Rogers and Ralph Cohn · Associate Producer Harold Greene · Screenplay by St. Clair McKelway and Leo Rosten

Directed by Douglas Sirk · Director of Photography Joseph Valentine, A.S.C. · A Triangle Production released thru United Artists

Peter Thompson's *one peeve against* Women



ANDREA KING, FEATURED IN "RIDE THE PINK HORSE",
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE, AND PETER THOMPSON

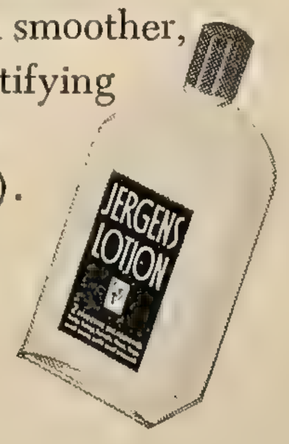
Andrea King speaking:

"Peter's so gallant—he'll never speak harshly of a woman. Except—he can't stand it if her hands are coarse and rough. No wonder! Our hands can be nice and smooth and soft if we always use Jergens Lotion. Jergens is my hand care!" The Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion.



His Peeve?

Your hands deserve as good care as the Stars' hands. And today their hand care—Jergens Lotion—is finer than ever. Makes your hands feel even smoother, softer; protects even longer. Two skin-beautifying ingredients many doctors use are both in Jergens Lotion. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). Never oily; no stickiness.



Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

should take two or three months' rest." Roy drawled with his easy grin which lights up his whole face.

"The doc said I'd have to lay off work for a spell. And that's exactly what I aim to do for the first time since I meandered up to Sol Siegel in the dining room at Republic Studio back in 1937, and got my first job as a movie actor."

"What, no vacation in ten years?"

"That's my story, ma'am. Been too active getting my roots down so I could flourish and prosper. Takes a long time. You can be hustling along and it looks like you're headin' for all kinds o' prosperity, when boom! No, ma'am, you can't let go for a second or somebody's got your spot. Leastways you can't let go until you've moved ahead enough so you've got a breathin' space to look around and figure where you want to go."

I'm sure anyone would love the picturesque spot toward which King Roy's glances are directed just now—the wildly beautiful ranch which he owns near Antelope Valley some sixty miles from the scene of his spectacular Hollywood triumphs. He's looking forward to spending some time in those home diggings with his children and his lovely bride, Dale. Nerves have turned his tummy into a bundle of knots, and he's going to have to untie these snarls, or he'll not be able to enjoy the marvelous cooking for which Miss Evans is famous.

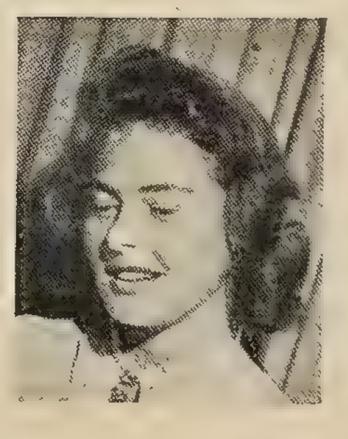
do it yourself . . .

Yes, Dale announced flatly that she intended to do all the cooking for the household. Neither she nor Roy has ever got accustomed to having servants around. "Reckon we both found out a long time ago," Roy told me, "that if you want something done right, do it yourself—and if you can't, why, then you'd better learn."

Roy and Dale aren't throwing their money around foolishly. Here's a couple you'll never see in the gay night spots of the Sunset Strip. Roy and Dale are a team of Western stars who really love and live the life they portray so realistically on the screen. They find their fun hunting and fishing together, or just riding horseback through the rough California mountain country. Time has been, you'll remember, when the boys and girls who played heroic Western characters in celluloid were somewhat on the harum-scarum side in their private lives. I'm sure that one of the reasons why Roy got to be King of the Cowboys, and why he has maintained his high place for so long, is that Roy Rogers, the man, has clung to worthy ideals.

Let's glance back for just a brief mo-

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was one of the fortunate people who saw Ingrid Bergman in Joan of Lorraine. *In the first act there's a scene where she is alone on the stage with a pet rabbit. She is talking to the rabbit, in a kneeling position. The night I was there, she gave the dramatic recitation, but as she started to get up, her knee cracked. Stepping completely out of character, she said, "Mmmm—must be old age," and then continued with her recitation as if nothing had happened. What an actress!*

Dolores M. Vanderbeck
Union, New Jersey

ment into the early lives of Roy and Dale. Years ago when he was Leonard Slye, working on a farm at Duck Run, Ohio—try to imagine a more rustic spot!—Dale was growing to girlhood on her father's sheep ranch near Uvalde, Texas. Here were two youngsters born and brought up in the heart of America, and spurred on by the ambition to make something of themselves that is the essence of our American heritage.

The two never met until she was assigned as his leading woman in a Republic Western. By that time, both had won considerable fame and a more than fair measure of financial success, singing on the radio. They made twenty-four pictures together, and the public lost no time in taking them to its hearts as filmdom's ideal outdoor sweethearts. Through the years, each came to admire and respect the other. Dale is a real whiz on a horse, a crack shot besides, but one thing you can bet your last dollar on is that she's too smart and woman-wise ever to outride or outshoot Roy even if she could, which I doubt very much. She is dainty and feminine, every inch of her, and the top of her head just barely reaches to his shoulder. He can just about span her waist with his two hands.

Through all their professional association, Dale continued to look upon Roy in a little sister-big brother sort of way. But in the summer of 1947, both she and he had come to realize that there was something more than just friendship between them. Dale had learned from life a lesson she expressed like this: "I guess there's no use trying to run away from destiny."

She had her career in mind when she said that; not romance. Last summer, for the first time in her life, she ran away from her destiny—or tried, at any rate.

She went far away from Hollywood and Roy. She engaged in professional activities on her own. And she thought things out.

She and Roy and Arlene, Roy's wife of ten years, had been good friends. The three of them had gone out together; Dale knew and loved the Rogers' kids. Cheryl, who's seven, and Linda Lou, who's four, were crazy about Dale. "We love you," they'd say, when she came to visit, and their parents would chuckle. "Good taste, those kids."

After Arlene died in 1946, things more or less fell apart. There was the darling new baby, Dusty, but Roy couldn't seem to pull himself together, even for the children's sake. The blow was appalling. His nerves were shot; he was physically ill.

Dale stood by. She was a tower of strength, and Roy came to depend on her. She got to know Roy's mother and father (they live on a chicken farm he bought them years ago) and they liked her. They'd brag about Roy (*Continued on page 64*)

OUR CHILDREN'S KEEPERS

Millions of children all over the world today are suffering a cruel and undeserved fate—a fate that is theirs because of geography. Put yourself in their place and then decide whether you can refuse to be these children's keepers. The peace for which we all fought together will never last, if we allow hunger to spread like a disease through more than half the world. We will have no citizens tomorrow, if we let our children die today. GIVE THEM THIS DAY . . . Contribute to your local American Overseas Aid—United Nations Appeal for Children; or to AOA-UNAC National Headquarters, 39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.



I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

Bright you are and right you are! When snug-fitting wool traps underarm odor, *other* girls catch the men! You play it smartly—help guard your charm with Mum!

Even in winter there's a heat wave under your arms. Odor can form without any noticeable moisture. *Everyone* should remember: a bath washes away *past* perspiration but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor.

MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safer for charm

Mum safer for skin

Mum safer for clothes

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness and charm.

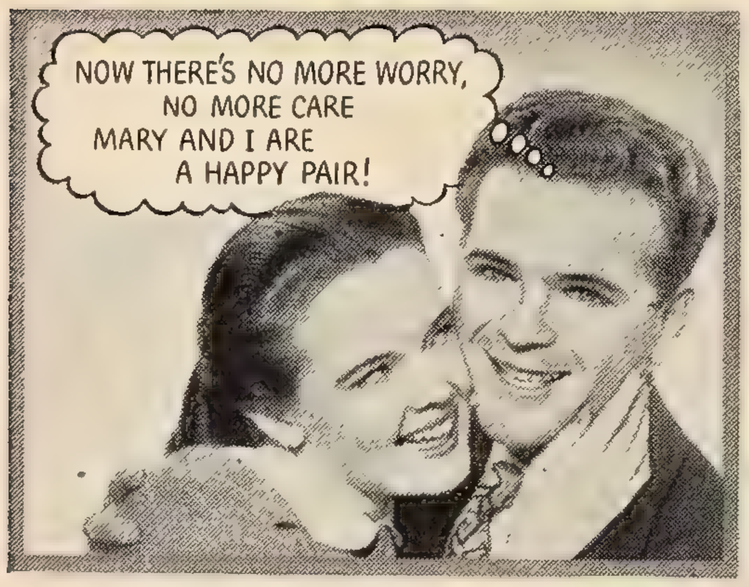
Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

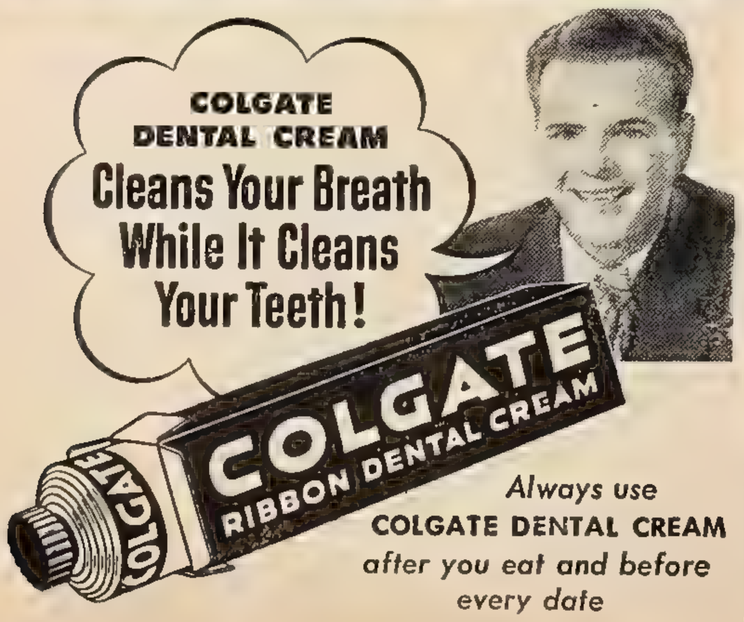
No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.



"Colgate Dental Cream's active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth —helps clean out decaying food particles— stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and *safely!*"

LATER-Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream







Captain From Castile: Ty Power, caballero, befriends tavern wench, Jean Peters, and her brother, Robert Karnes.



Cesar Romero (Cortez) and Thomas Gomez find Tyrone in a Spanish prison. They all escape to South America.

Movie reviews

BY VIRGINIA WILSON

CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE

Nobody can swashbuckle quite like Tyrone Power. I have a feeling that there will be twenty swoons per reel among the feminine audiences seeing him in *Captain From Castile.* He's so-o-o handsome!

He plays a young caballero, Pedro De Vargas, who lives back in the days of the Spanish Inquisition. Pedro's father, Don Francisco Vargas (Antonio Moreno) is a man of influence, honor and position. Then, in one day, everything changes. Because Pedro makes an enemy of Señor De Sylva (John Sutton) who is head of the Inquisition Board, the whole Vargas family is thrown into the frightening old Spanish prison. Pedro's little sister dies at once, under the hands of the torturers.

Pedro, however, is not without friends, even though the so-called aristocracy is afraid to come to his aid. He has helped two people. One is a little tavern wench named Catana (Jean Peters) and the other is a stranger called Juan who comes from a far-off land called the New World. Catana knows the turnkey at the prison, and she also knows a highwayman who will furnish horses. Juan knows a safe hiding place at a seaport where they can get passage for the New World. So the Vargas family is whisked out of prison under the very nose of the unpleasant Señor De Sylva.

Pedro's father and mother head for Rome, where they have influential friends. The others, including Catana, who is not supposed to come at all, but has never had any intention of letting Pedro out of her sight, go to the seaport. There, an expedition is being fitted out for a great exploratory trip to South America—except that there is as yet no such name for the territory. It is headed by a man named Cortez.

That expedition turns out to be one of the most famous in history. Theoretically, its purpose is to "convert the heathen." Actually, all Cortez wants is gold. For Pedro and Catana it is at first romantic, then very dangerous, when Señor De Sylva arrives representing the Church of Spain. Better see what happens—you'll find it exciting.—*20th-Fox.*

"This Girl Belongs to Me

...and I dare any man to take her from me now!"

BOTH FREE!

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UNCONQUERED

Superb Drama of Wilderness Adventure!

and GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Dickens' Famous Novel Which NOW Is a Smash Movie Hit!

UNARMED and alone, Chris Holden stole the half-conscious Abigail Hale from a frenzied Seneca war party—then escaped with her through fifty miles of wilderness with Death stalking them every inch of the way!

Abigail was an indentured servant—one of England's "criminal scum," dumped on the New World in irons. Chris thought it an act of kindness to buy up her indenture papers . . . only to discover he had made it possible for the most brutal slave trader in the Colonies to have her *roasted alive!* How they cheated the vicious renegade of his booty . . . how their shy love-making flared into a bonfire of passion, is a story which will leave you *breathless!* You get this new Paramount movie-hit novel as one of *two* FREE books on this amazing offer!

RIGHT NOW, A Top Cecil B. DeMille Movie, starring GARY COOPER, PAULETTE GODDARD





GREAT EXPECTATIONS,

which you *also* get FREE with *Unconquered* on this amazing offer, is Charles Dickens' heart-warming story of Pip, the penniless orphan whose mysterious benefactor made him a rich young gentleman *overnight!* The brand new screen version of this dramatic tale is showing *now to* capacity audiences! "Perfect!" says the *N. Y. Times.*

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IT COSTS you nothing to join this Club. And every month (or less often, if you wish) you may receive the current Selection—a best-seller by an author like John Steinbeck, Somerset Maugham, or Ernest Hemingway—a book selling for $2.50 and up in the publisher's edition. But you can get it for only $1.49!

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IN ADDITION, for every two Selections you accept, you get—FREE—a BONUS BOOK, an immortal masterpiece by Shakespeare, Balzac, Dumas, Zola, etc. These BONUS BOOKS are handsomely and uniformly bound; they grow into an impressive lifetime library.

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You do NOT have to accept each monthly Selection; only six of your own choice during the year to fulfill your membership requirement. And each month the Club's "Review" describes a number of *other* popular best-sellers; so that, if you prefer one of these to the *regular* Selection, choose it instead. No membership dues; no further cost or obligation.

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THE SILVER NUTMEG—With every lovely line of her body beckoning his embrace, Evert Haan felt his hatred give way to an overwhelming desire!

YANKEE PASHA—How a young New Englander became owner of a beautiful slave in the exotic bazaars of Algeria.

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Send coupon—without money—now. At once you will receive, FREE, *Unconquered* AND *Great Expectations.* You will also receive, as your first Selection, the book you have chosen in the coupon here. Enjoy these three books—two absolutely FREE, the third at an amazing bargain price.

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Please send me—Free—*Unconquered* AND *Great Expectations.* Also enroll me, free, as a member of the Book League of America, and send me, as my first Selection, the book I have checked below:

☐ THE SILVER NUTMEG ☐ YANKEE PASHA
☐ WOMAN OF PROPERTY

For every two monthly Selections I accept, I will receive, free, a BONUS BOOK. However, I do NOT have to accept each month's new Selection; only six *of my own choice* during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. Each month I will receive the Club's "Review," describing a number of *other* best-sellers; so that if I prefer one of these to the *regular* Selection, I may choose it instead. I am to pay only $1.49 (plus few cents shipping charges) for each Selection I accept. There are no membership dues for me to pay; no further cost or obligation.

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GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
Brilliant Star... eloquent hands

LYNN FONTANNE
Flawless Actress... flawless hands

famous stars agree on this...

"Cream for your hands as well as your face"

These stars rely on a cream for soft white hands. Pacquins Hand Cream!

YOU *CREAM* your face for a smooth, soft complexion. Why not give the skin of your hands this same care?

Well-groomed women everywhere are switching to *creams.* And now *more women use Pacquins than any other hand cream.*

"Why not, indeed! But of course!" say these famous stage stars, and they *know.* Knowing all the "hows" of skin grooming is a vital part of their profession. They *must* keep their hands soft and eloquent!

Try this—starting tonight: Smooth on a dab of snowy-white, quick-melting, flower-fragrant Pacquins. Notice how your skin gratefully welcomes its soothing magic. Not sticky or greasy, Pacquins smooths away dryness and roughness. A 12-second rub-on with Pacquins—morning and night—will keep your hands lovely.



NURSE FRANCES ZALONIS says: "I always have a jar of Pacquins at the office because I scrub my hands 30 to 40 times a day. It takes a cream like this to protect my hands. And Pacquins was originally formulated for nurses and doctors."

Never sticky or greasy!



for "dream" hands
—cream your hands with

Pacquins
HAND CREAM

At Any Drug, Department, or Ten-Cent Store.



Cass Timberlane: Spencer Tracy marries Lana Turner, a girl from the wrong side of town.

CASS TIMBERLANE

There's a judge in a small city in Wisconsin and his name is Cass Timberlane (Spencer Tracy). You've known judges like him, men who were admired and respected, and perhaps taken a little for granted. Most of the people in Grand River could predict his future easily. He would marry Chris (Margaret Lindsay), a nice, suitable girl for him. And he would go on living in the country club set, and perhaps give them a bit of a break in cases that came up, as judges are apt to do with their friends.

But Grand River's predictions don't work out, because Cass meets Virginia Marshland (Lana Turner). Ginny doesn't belong to the country club set, or any other except a boys' baseball club down in the tenement section. None of that bothers Cass, but what does bother him is the difference in their ages. He's a middle-aged bachelor. Ginny is twenty-three—and so beautiful you can hardly believe it. It takes Cass quite a while to make up his mind to ask her to marry him, and it takes Ginny a while to decide to accept.

Then suddenly, it's done, and she is Mrs. Judge Timberlane, entertaining at important dinners, yet knowing that she isn't accepted. It's that knowing which makes her turn to Brad Criley (Zachary Scott), who is friendly and admiring and makes her feel at ease. Brad goes off to New York, however, to pursue his law career and after that Ginny is very restless indeed.

So she persuades Cass to go to New York, too. He doesn't want to be a judge in a little dump like this, forever, does he? And Cass, worried, idolizing her, agrees at last. But the moment they reach New York he realizes he has made a mistake. This isn't for him—this surging tide of ambition, compromise, and slick, smooth promises, too easily broken. Ginny loves it. And Brad is here. Maybe she loves Brad. The thing to do, Cass feels, is let her stay. Let her be happy. Only it turns out that it isn't that simple for anyone!

Lana never looked lovelier, and Spencer Tracy's quiet simplicity is displayed to top advantage.—*M-G-M*



A Woman's Vengeance: Charles Boyer, married to an invalid, loves young and pretty Ann Blyth.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE

Take one middle-aged man married to a querulous invalid, one seductive little baggage twenty years younger, one spinster in love with above-mentioned man, and what have you got? In this case, murder.

Henry Hutton (Charles Boyer) has been married to Emily for eighteen years. For most of that time she has had a nurse, complained constantly, and handed her money over regularly to her worthless younger brother, Robert (Hugh French). It's no wonder that Henry has turned to the lovely Doris (Ann Blyth).

Unfortunately for Henry, he is goaded one day into saying he wished Emily were dead. By night she *is* dead, and there he is in as awkward a situation as can well be imagined. Her nurse, Braddock (Una O'Connor), has never liked him, anyway. And it was Henry who gave Emily her last dose of medicine.

At first, his old friend, Janet Spence (Jessica Tandy) is on his side. But then Janet finds out about Doris, which seems to provide sufficient motive for almost any murder. Particularly as Henry marries the girl almost immediately.

Rumors fly, of course, as they always do in small towns. However, nothing definite comes out until Nurse Braddock finds that Henry has given Doris an emerald brooch which she herself had expected to get in Emily's will. Braddock is so furious that she goes to the police and tells them she is convinced Henry murdered his wife.

There is enough evidence one way and another to warrant exhuming the body. An autopsy shows poison, and Henry is promptly arrested. Not only arrested, but tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

The only person who really believes in his innocence enough to do anything about it is Dr. Libbard (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), the doctor on the case. What he does is professionally unethical, but it works!—*Univ.*

I WALK ALONE

It seems to me highly unlikely that either the seductive Lizabeth Scott, or the fascinating Burt Lancaster would ever succeed in walking

(*Continued on page 23*)

Mrs. White Uses FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



This is lucky Mrs. "White", fast asleep on Washday Night—
Washday dreams *improve* her rest, since her laundry soap's the best.
It will soon be *lucky you*, if you use Fels-Naptha, too.

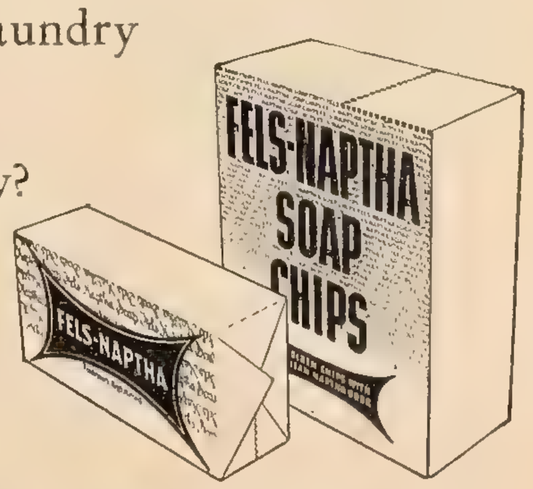
Mrs. Gray Uses... SOMETHING ELSE



Here is restless Mrs. "Gray", haunted by the coming day—
She knows she must rub and scrub, victim of the Washday Tub.
Mrs. G. will find there's hope, if she'll try Fels-Naptha Soap.

Every week there are more Mrs. "Whites" in the world—and fewer Mrs. "Grays". Women who want to make washing easier—who want their washes completely, fragrantly clean and sweet—naturally turn to golden Fels-Naptha in place of lazy laundry soaps. Or tricky "soap substitutes".

Why not mark your shopping list now? For whiter washes, brighter colors, easier washing, Fels-Naptha Soap.



Golden bar or Golden chips_**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



dorothy kilgallen selects "gentleman's agreement"



Gregory Peck, as the magazine writer assigned to do a series on anti-Semitism, Dorothy McGuire, as his girl, and John Garfield as his Jewish friend, just out of service, in Darryl Zanuck's picturization of Laura Hobson's best-selling *Gentleman's Agreement.*

■ Best sellers do not always make best movies—but let it be said at once that *Gentleman's Agreement* in its celluloid form is even more powerful and cogent and frightening than it was as a novel.

As simple entertainment, it is one of the year's classics. As part of the history of the motion picture industry, it is a milestone. It rings all the bells and hits all the bulls' eyes—chiefly because of Moss Hart's taut and intelligent screenplay (which is rational where it must be, emotional where it needs to be) and the splendid fury of Gregory Peck's performance as the central figure. Peck was perfect casting for the part of Philip Green, and he plays it with passion and intensity and great conviction, as if he believed in the character with all his heart.

Of course everyone who read Laura Z. Hobson's book will want to know how closely the screen version follows the novel. The answer is very closely. No phase of the problem of anti-Semitism that was touched on in the book is omitted from the picture; the one noteworthy difference between the two media is that the screen, in this case, has far more force.

For this is a problem easier to face by the fireside than in communion with your neighbors. It is far easier to read the words "dirty Jew" in print and in privacy than to hear them spewed from the screen in a public theater. It is less shocking to watch viciousness and petty human brutality unfold in the pages of a book than to see them move larger than life and just as loud and unpleasant on the talking screen.

Elia Kazan has done a brilliant job of the direction, getting across the point of the story with force and honesty but allowing for tenderness and humor in many places, and showing a keen eye for some of the glossier aspects of New York life. His cast is on the whole fine—specific accolades should go to Celeste Holm, Dorothy McGuire and little Dean Stockwell—and the entire production is tasteful.

Gentleman's Agreement is sure to cause discussion and frequent hot controversy wherever it is shown. But it is high-powered entertainment as well as high-powered propaganda for decency, and I think only those with uneasy consciences will deliberately miss it.



I Walk Alone: Kirk Douglas betrays Burt Lancaster, takes his beating while Liz Scott watches.

(*Continued from page 21*)

alone for even a block. But that has nothing to do with the story, which is about Frankie Madison (Burt Lancaster) just out of jail.

Fourteen long years Frank spent there, and when he emerges, he goes straight to Noll Turner (Kirk Douglas), who owns the veddy swank Regent Club. You see, Frank and Noll used to be partners in a speak-easy in Prohibition days, and it was because of that that Frankie went to jail. They had agreed then to share and share alike.

Frankie is a trusting guy at heart. Otherwise, he wouldn't be so surprised to find that their partnership agreement isn't in effect any more. Sure, he remembers that Dave (Wendell Corey), the third member of the old gang, brought him some papers to sign in prison. But Dave said not to bother reading them, so he didn't. He had always taken Dave's word for everything.

Okay. Now he knows. Now he isn't going to believe in anybody any more. Most especially not in this tall, blonde girl with the husky voice, that Noll gets him a dinner date with. Sure, she's good looking. Sort of sweet, too, you'd think, under all the sophistication. She gets him to tell her all about himself and then goes to Noll with the story. Not that it matters, really. Noll knows it already.

Later, this blonde girl comes to see Frankie at his hotel. Kay (Lizabeth Scott), her name is. She tries to make him think that she's tired of Noll and his tricks and his conniving. That she cares about what happens to Frankie. It might even be true. But he hasn't time to find out now. He's going to get his share of the club back by violence, which is the only way he knows. It's a method that dates back to speak-easy days and it doesn't work. But it starts a chain of events that leads to murder.

Wendell Corey does an especially nice job as Dave. It's a fast-moving picture, well handled.—(*Para.*)

NIGHT SONG

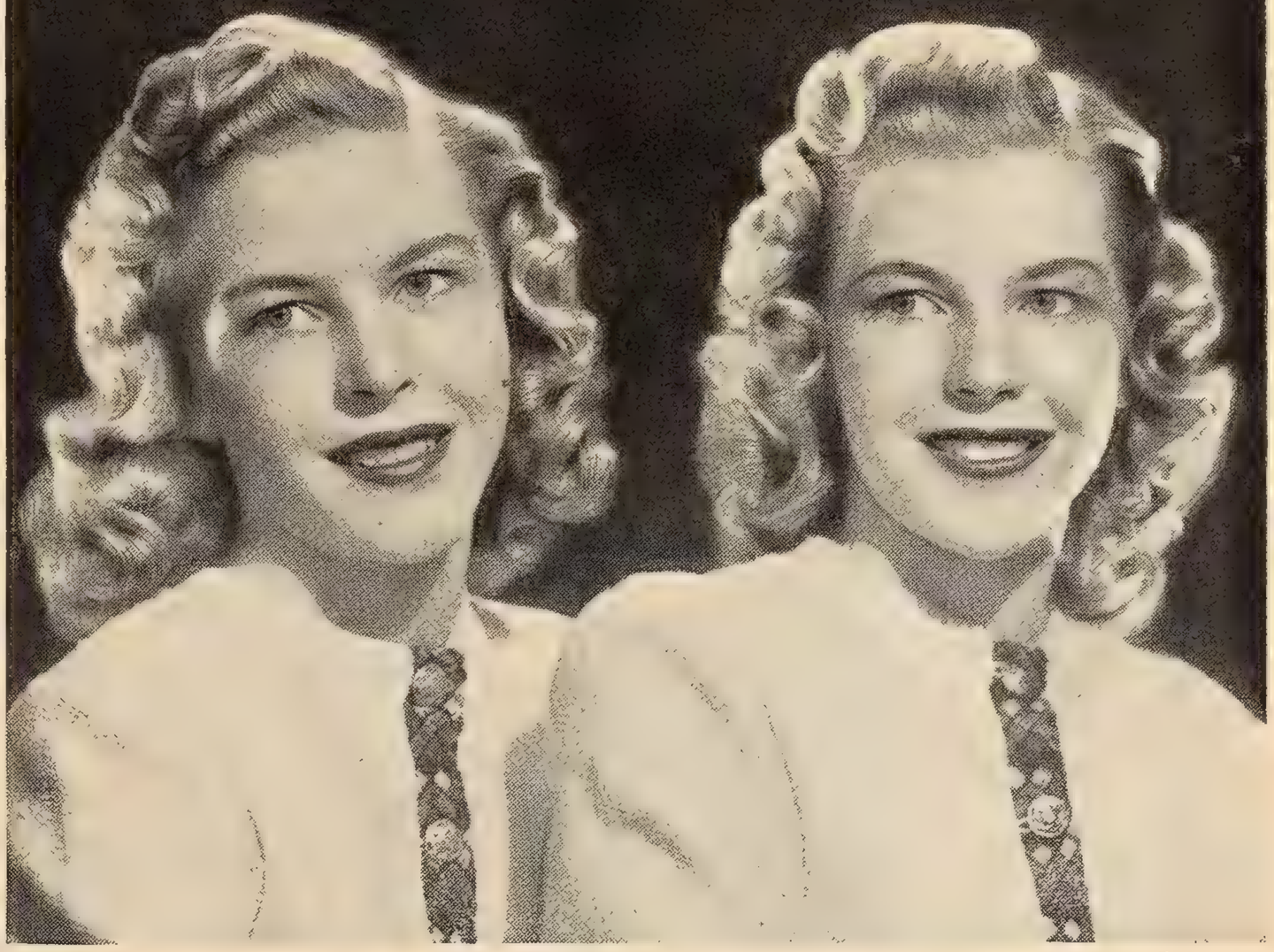
Part of the blues of the world and its music come out in *Night Song*. Blues caught and held like crystal drops in a glass, blues that catch you unawares and hold on, because they are played by a blind man named Dan (Dana Andrews).

Dan hasn't always been blind. He wouldn't be now if he had the money to go to New York for an operation. As it is, he plays the

(*Continued on page 87*)

Which Twin has the Toni?

(See answer below)



One Permanent Cost $15 . . . the TONI only $2

Your mirror will show you . . . your friends will tell you that your Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as a $15 beauty shop wave. But before you try Toni you'll want to know—

Will Toni work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

How much curl will I have with Toni?

You can have just the amount of curl that suits you best—from a wide, loose wave to a halo of ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

Must I be handy with my hands?

Not at all! If you can roll your hair up on curlers you can give yourself a smooth, professional-looking Toni Home Permanent. It's easy as ABC.

How long will it take me?

Waving time is only 2 to 3 hours—even less for hair that's easy to wave. And during that time you're free to do as you please.

How long will my Toni wave last?

It's *guaranteed* to last just as long as a $15 beauty-shop permanent—or your money back.

How much do I save with Toni?

The Toni Kit with re-usable plastic curlers costs only $2 . . . with handy fiber curlers only $1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is $1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

Which twin has the Toni?

Lovely Beverly Dahm says, "I like a loose, natural-looking wave. And that's just what I got with Toni. No wonder Barbara says after this we'll be Toni twins." Beverly, the twin with the Toni, is at the left.

Where can I buy Toni?

At all drug, notions or cosmetic counters. Try Toni today.



To a dancer, an
ankle is almost like a heart, so
Gene Kelly wasn't happy
when he broke his. But the accident
brought back Astaire, the
artist who'd been wasting his
magic in the dark, the
only hoofer who could make
Gene say, "Well,
this was worth it."

by
fred astaire

TOUGH BREAK, GENE!



■ I was sitting on a terrace in Hollywood, wearing a pair of shorts and a sweater, my feet up on a table, a glass in my hand, a copy of the Los Angeles Times spread out on my lap (open at the comic section) when I was called to the phone. It was a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive, and he said, "Fred, Gene Kelly's broken his ankle. Will you come over here and take his spot in *Easter Parade?*"

"Oh now wait," I began, but he wouldn't let me finish.

"The picture's all set up, the cast is ready, the sets are designed—we're really in a spot."

"I've retired," I said.

"Hoofers never retire."

"But what about Gene?"

The executive made a number of inarticulate but alarming noises. "All right," I said hastily. "I'll come over and look at the script and we'll talk about it."

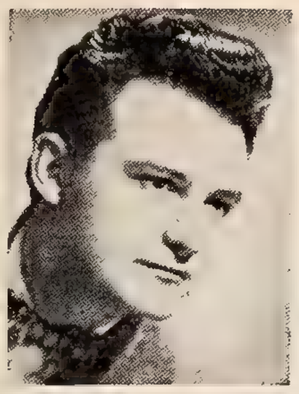
We talked about it all afternoon. Then I went to see Gene.

"Just how bad is this thing?" I asked him. "Couldn't you be ready in a month, two months?"

"I won't (*Continued on page 108*)

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet



DANNY SCHOLL, Call Me Mister's *singing and recording star, and both Lon McCallister's and ye Info Desk's favorite singer, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on July 2, 1921. He is 6' 4", weighs 190 lbs., and has brown eyes and brown hair. He's unmarried. Write him c/o Louis Shurr, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C., for a picture. Lenore Larsen, Mt. Vernon Avenue, Laurel Springs, N. J., has his fan club, and if you'd like to see him repeat his success in the screen version of* Call Me Mister, *drop a note to 20th Century-Fox, Beverly Hills and tell them so.*



DE FOREST KELLEY, the romantic lead of Variety Girl, *was born in Atlanta, Ga., on Jan. 20, 1920. He is 6' tall, weighs 170 lbs., and has blond hair and blue eyes. He's married. Write to him at Paramount Pictures, Hollywood, Calif.*



STEVE BRODIE was born in Eldorado, Kansas, on Nov. 25, 1919. He is 6', weighs 170 lbs., and has brown eyes and brown hair. He's married to Lois Andrews, and his latest pictures are Station West *and* Crossfire. *Write to him at RKO, Hollywood, Calif.*

H. S., Nev.: Gar Moore, Italy's latest film find was born and raised in Oklahoma. He's only sensational and you can write to him at Celebrity Service, 150 E. 54th St., N. Y. C.

Miriam A., Queens: Irma Schonhorn, 646 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., has Bill Callahan's club. Betty Jane Engler, 865 Ellsworth Avenue, Columbus 6, Ohio, has MacDonald Carey's, and Betty Gootschalk, 50-11 205th Street, Bayside, N. Y., has Arthur Kennedy's. Send a stamped envelope for INSTRUCTIONS ON STARTING A CLUB.

DON'T FORGET! Send your questions, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFER

SUPER-STAR INFORMATION CHART—1946-'47 (10c)—A new edition of the chart that's a 32-page pocket encyclopedia of fascinating data on all your favorite stars. 100 additional names never before listed! Please send 10c in coin to Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



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The World's Greatest Lover!
The Screen's Greatest Adventurer!

You'll THRILL to his rides through the night to a rendezvous of passionate beauty!

You'll MARVEL as thousands of horsemen storm across the screen to clash in crashing combat!

You'll be SWEPT by the excitement of its romance...the fury of its adventure... the magnificence of its spectacle!



"Adventures of CASANOVA"

Starring

ARTURO DE CORDOVA · LUCILLE BREMER
TURHAN BEY · NOREEN NASH with JOHN SUTTON
GEORGE TOBIAS

Produced by LEONARD PICKER
Directed by ROBERTO GAVALDON
Screenplay by CRANE WILBUR, WALTER BULLOCK and KAREN DE WOLF
From a Story by CRANE WILBUR
An EAGLE LION FILMS Production

They say Holly-
wood love is glamor-
ous, but Pat Wilde
knows what it takes...
a good calm stomach,
a nice even blood
pressure and a
fifty-two hour day!



Pat Knight in N.Y., after the release of *Roses Are Red,* visits Sullivan and Bojangles.

Speaking frankly

by Ed Sullivan

■ Why is it that marriage in Hollywood seemingly means no more than it means to Peter Rabbit? What busts up Hollywood marriages—boredom, too much money, too much temperament? Why can't Hollywood people face and conquer the identical marital problems that the typical movie fan disposes of every day, without recourse to divorce court?

I hurled these questions at the beautiful blonde woman sitting on the couch, in my apartment. My French poodle, Bojangles 2nd, who'd been climbing all over the lady, sat up and waited for the answers, too.

"Whoa," protested Mrs. Cornel Wilde, "those are all of the stereotypes—all of the glamorous reasons blamed for Hollywood divorces and separations. Some day, some writer in Hollywood will do a little more probing, and find that the warning signals of a movie colony split-up are nothing more glamorous than a (*Continued on page 92*)



there ought to be a wife



Dining at Ciro's, Madison and Russell (of *The Night Has A Thousand Eyes*) gazed at each other for a souvenir shot. Gail, who calls herself "the wrong Russell" (Jane's her friend), is among top ten in Stars of Tomorrow poll.

■ Over a luncheon of roast pork, apple sauce, salad, milk, and no cigarettes, Guy Madison was being quite confusing. On the one hand (the one he used to wave at Jennifer Jones, let's say, when she entered the commissary from the *Portrait of Jennie* set, wearing jeans under a camel's hair coat) he was denying that he was married, engaged to, or going solo with Gail Russell —or any other girl. On the other hand, he was uncorking the most comprehensive "dream future," complete with "dream house" layout, ever to come from the lips of a fellow who hasn't got the girl picked yet.

Listen to him:

"The kind of a house I want is a rambling, redwood, California style place with lots of glass in the exterior walls for the view. But the only view I want is of my own land—five or six acres of secluded ground around the house. Going to have a couple (*Continued on page 110*)

Guy talks about a flagstone walk, a barn, four kids; but he refuses to mention the little item called a wife!

By LOUIS POLLOCK

In the shadow of

the Golden Gate lurked a

bearded menace—

Gregory Peck—driving

a poor girl

out of her wits . . .

every night except Sunday!

By CAMERON SHIPP

north to 'frisco



■ As 1947 drew to a close, Gregory Peck grew a black beard, donned the frock coat Clark Gable wore in *Gone With The Wind,* and set about driving Laraine Day crazy in San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, Seattle, and Los Angeles.

Greg was good at it, and Laraine went out of her mind prettily, to the applause of packed houses.

"Got to keep acting. Got to learn my business," said Peck, who had just completed a spate of handsome pictures in Hollywood, including *Gentleman's Agreement.* "This is the kind of chance a motion picture actor doesn't get often enough."

The play was *Angel Street,* as you suspected. The same that Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman did on the screen under the name of *Gaslight.*

Western audiences were somewhat startled to see Gregory Peck playing a middle-aged villain on the stage, but they liked it, and Peck was getting precisely what he wanted—experience in a different, difficult kind of part. He took it so seriously he grew his own beard.

"Sheer laziness," he explained. "Saves an hour or so a day makeup time." It was a small beard, a Van Dyke, but few persons accepted it as real. They tugged at it. Greg Peck is probably by now the possessor of one of the most thoroughly inspected beards since the Smith Brothers. "I was considering having a sign made which would say, *It's real,* but it's all right. If people want to pull my beard, why let 'em."

The stock company in which Laraine and Greg went on tour was headed by Sheppard Traube, who directed the original *Angel Street,* on Broadway, and was inspired by Greg's consuming passion to get on a stage and act. Had to get on a stage. (*Continued on next page*)

Fans tugged at his beard, were amazed to learn that it was the real article.

▲ Greg wound up his *Angel Street* tour in San Francisco, stayed at his mother's home there. Greta flew up for visits, made her mother-in-law haul out Greg's baby pictures, just to tease him.

▼ Shopping for your dinner at a Chinatown market is a rare experience. Fowl are always sold with head and feet intact. The Pecks bought duck, got home to find Greg's mom roasting ham.

Weekends, Greg flew home to see Greta and the boys, and to supervise construction of a barn on his new estate. Late evenings and non-matinee days found him at Fisherman's Wharf consuming shrimp, or looking up Chinese friends. Greg admires Chinese, holds that they are probably the most ethical and the most honest people in the world. In San Francisco, he ate late snacks prepared by his mother, who lives there, and raided her icebox. When Greta came up for visits, he introduced her to fans as Sonja Henie, which embarrassed her. All told, he had a pretty wonderful time acting on the stage. But the beginning wasn't as easy as all that.

The beginning was rough. He (Greg) started his idea for a super stock company many months before, in Hollywood, by paying a visit to his business manager, the astute Roland Mader, who heard him through patiently. Mr. Mader admires Art, good acting, and youthful enthusiasm. But Mr. Mader is convinced that the best way to succeed in life is to see that your check stubs balance (*Continued on page 78*)



They had fun helping Greg's mother prepare meals. "He hasn't changed," she complained. "Still has to sample everything on the stove." Greg's making *Earth and High Heaven* next—similar in theme to *Gentleman's Agreement.*



Greg and *Angel Street* co-star, Laraine Day, rehearsed their roles at her home in Hollywood. Director was Sheppard Traube (left), who originally produced play on Broadway. Laraine's husband, Leo Durocher, served coffee in the kitchen.



✓ In famous Chinatown, salesman Charles Louie showed the Pecks a variety of exotic Oriental teas. Each package was sniffed appreciatively, first by Greta, then by Greg.



➤ Chinese bookkeeping baffled Greg, but so does every other kind! The Geary Theater, where Greg acted, is owned by D. Selznick, producer of Greg's *Paradine Case.*

north to 'frisco



Fish 'n' chips never tasted so good as these morsels, purchased on Fisherman's Wharf



Press and radio reporters in the Golden Gate City swamped Peck with requests for interviews. NBC's Katherine Kerry considered herself very lucky!



Selecting crayfish (California lobsters) at open-air stall. Before Greg left home, he and Greta gave a big luncheon for paralyzed vets from Birmingham Hospital. It's a monthly habit.

It Happened in Hoboken

I am one of those people who attracts little troubles. My life is full of petty tragedy. I leave umbrellas in busses, my plants all die, and every time I have a party, my neighbors call the cops.

The only difference between me and others similarly afflicted is that *I* never learn. I keep expecting everything to turn out great.

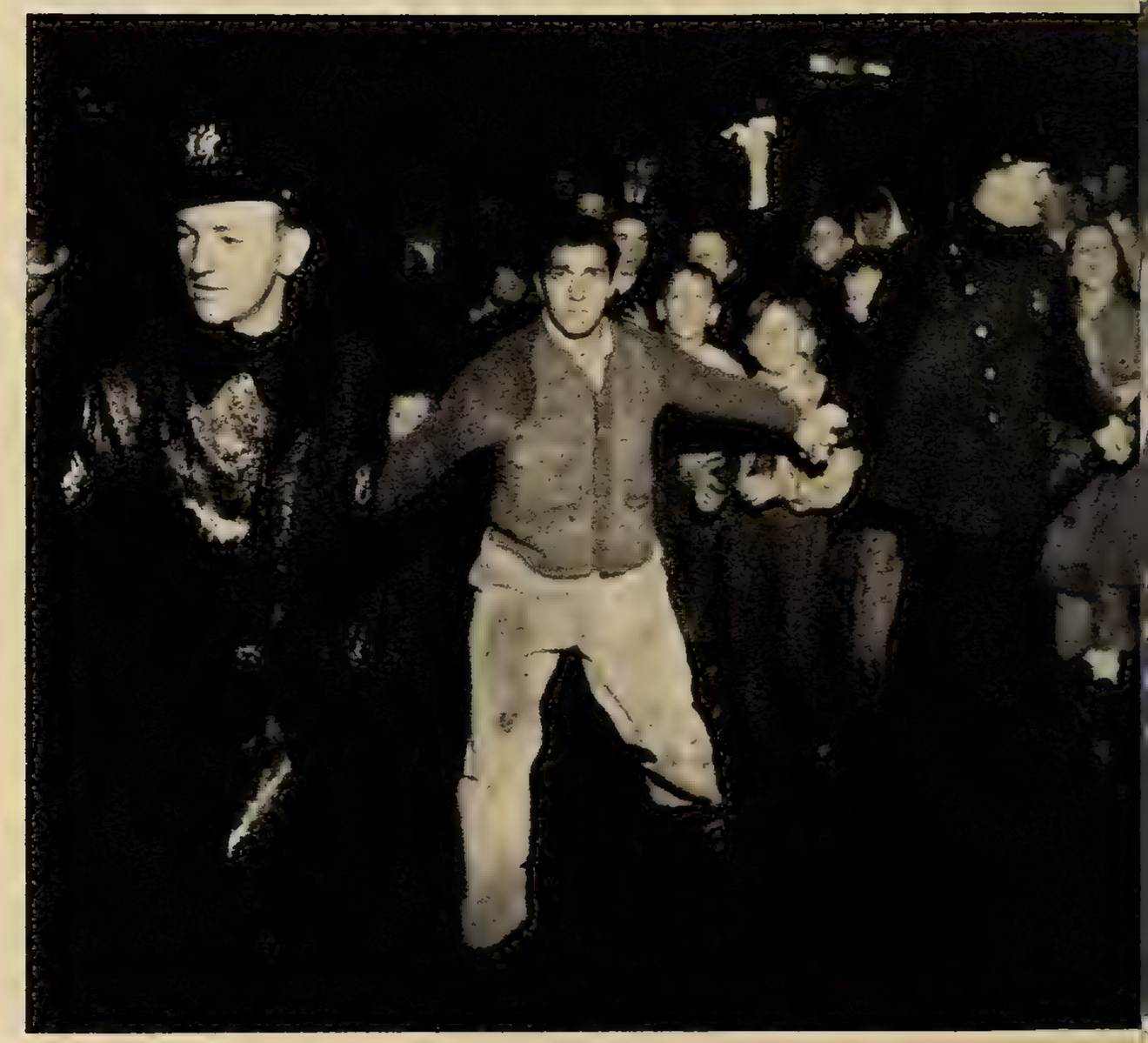
If my boss comes in and says, "What are you doing tomorrow night?" I am always sure he is going to give me two tickets to *Oklahoma,* and I am always wrong.

A few weeks ago, this very thing happened. He asked, and I smiled cheerfully, and said I was doing nothing.

"Well," he said, "there's a 'March of Progress' over in Hoboken. Been going on for a month. Frank Sinatra's going to show up tomorrow night, and bring the whole thing to a glorious close. They'll have a parade, and floats, and Frankie will sing. We thought we'd send you and Bert Parry to cover it."

Bert Parry is a photographer, and his good fortune is exceeded only by my own. When we sent him to England on the Queen Mary, so that he could get pictures of Elizabeth Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor promptly became ill. It is a standing joke in our office that we could never send Bert Parry on an assignment in an airplane. It wouldn't be fair to the rest of the passengers.

And now we (*Continued on page 104*)



Hoboken police had busiest day in its history when Frank appeared for March of Progress Celebration. Citizens helped hold back crowds. Despite down-pour which drenched our writer-photog team, Sinatra Day was a memorable event.

When there's a fire in the Hoboken tubes, and City Hall starts floating away, you can bet M.S. gets its feet wet, and a guy named Sinatra is the cause of it all!

By CHRISTOPHER KANE



In a burst of parental pride, the senior Sinatra takes off his fire captain's hat to his boy. Close to 50,000 Hoboken fans defied the heavy rain to get a brief glimpse of Frank.



On the steps of City Hall, Frank, Hoboken's most illustrious son, received a fitting tribute from Mayor Fred DeSapio. Frank is flanked by his mother and dad, Fire Captain Martin Sinatra.



Signing for the home-towners, with Mayor looking on. Rain brought Frank a severe case of laryngitis, cancelling three days of his N.Y. Capitol Theater engagement. Also nixed a possible all-time gross record.



Goddess in the Family



After a day's shooting on *Sitting Pretty,* Maureen dines at Slapsy Maxie's with husband, Will Price. The Met is her goal, says O'Hara, who won't rest till she's in opera!



The grounds of the Prices' California home had to be cleared of underbrush. But now there's a swimming pool and plenty of romping space for Tripoli, the Great Dane, a gift from Will.

Ate like a horse and

bent umbrellas over young

men's heads—that

was Maureen,

the FitzSimons'

red-haired daughter. And

who would have dreamed

she'd turn into a sudden,

green-eyed Venus?

by Mrs. Rita FitzSimons

■ It isn't a bit unusual for me to be talking about Maureen. I'm in business in Dublin, you know, and people often come in, saying that they have just seen one of her pictures and generally adding, "Oh, Mrs. FitzSimons, she is *so* beautiful!" I agree, of course, because, after all, the customer is always right—even in Ireland.

What puzzles me is that for the first seventeen years of her life I never noticed this beauty; never gave it a thought. Nor did Maureen. Nor her daddy, or her brothers and sisters. In fact, I can remember only one comment about her looks and that was her daddy's repeated, teasing reference to her skin and hair. "Skin like an elephant's hide and hair like hay," he used to tell her. And Maureen, munching away at an apple, would take it quite unconcerned, if she heard it at all!

If this seems strange, perhaps you will understand when I tell you that Maureen is the second of six children, all born to me between the time I was nineteen and twenty-eight. As I recall, with that many growing youngsters running about the house, her daddy and I spent our time wondering: (1) Are they all present and accounted for? (2) Are they healthy and happy? (3) Are they keeping out of trouble? Somewhere further down the list was the question of their good looks, but we just never (*Continued on page 71*)

homecoming

Esther's home again,
and Ben's a happy man—
until she starts to
brag. About the times
she showed the cops
how to handle crowds
and didn't bat an eye
when those 4 Harvard
boys crawled out
from under the bed!

By JACK WADE



Back home after her tour with *This Time For Keeps,* Esther was tired but happy. Ben met her train 50 mi. out; then kissed her hello in Union Station as though he'd just arrived to greet her.



While she was away, the mail mounted daily and Ben, being a very considerate husband, let it pile up on the living room table, so she'd be sure to see it first thing when she returned.

■ Relax, New England. Take it easy, Boston, Providence, Worcester, Bridgeport and New Haven. And you Yales and Harvards—you can catch your breath now. Miss Esther Williams, the one-girl invasion, has completed her personal appearance tour with *This Time For Keeps,* and is back in Hollywood.

Esther arrived by train. She did not backstroke down the inland waterway, through the Panama Canal, and up the coast of Mexico in a sequin-spangled bathing suit, as any male animal who has seen her in action might reasonably expect. She came in on the streamliner, as demurely as any bombshell, and leaped into the arms of her six-foot-five husband, name of Ben Gage. Keep that in mind, gentlemen. Six-foot-five. And Mr. Gage was so glad to see her that he had not only had signs stuck up around Union Station, but had a "Welcome Home" device floating in the home swimming pool.

It was a cold, sunless day, but to show how good he felt about getting Esther back, Mr. Gage took a header off the ten-foot board, and splashed water all over Southern California and parts of Canada. It is not true that the Wil-

(*Continued on next page*)



Esther dashed for the bathroom scales as soon as she removed her coat. Then she announced proudly, "Look, I've lost 5 pounds!" Ben suggested evilly that she could gain them back in a week.

homecoming



"What you got in these bags, Mom?" Ben asked. "Some rocks from the Coast of Maine?" Esther picked up several antiques, gowns and souvenirs in the East, including a genuine Conn. State Police sombrero.



Ben was an indifferent housekeeper in Esther's absence, allowing milk bottles, papers to collect on the back porch. But as a one-man welcoming committee, he did a thorough job!

liams-Gage pool contains essence of pure adrenalin.

If you are not a movie star, and have never made a personal appearance tour, perhaps you do not know that this great American folk custom often is, from the point of view of the star, like being a captive queen in a Roman orgy. You get poked, tugged, examined and cross-examined, exhibited, made to dance and perform, and in the end they throw you into an arena and let wild animals maul you. Strong gents like James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart have been known to grow pale and weak at the knees in the presence of fans determined to pull them apart, tear out their hair and make away with their garments for souvenirs.

Esther Williams, the pastel-tinted bathing beauty, faced that sort of thing for a month and emerged as fresh as a nymph on a calendar. Had a whale of a good time. Thrived on it.

The Williams tour, a friendly gesture by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, designed for the purpose of having Esther meet the people and say a good word for that nice picture, *This Time For Keeps,* began in Washington, D. C., in a cinema-vaudeville house where it was appropriate enough for Esther to shuck down to a glittering bathing suit.

After that, in more conservative cities, she appeared on stage in a sweater and skirt. Since she is a professional swimmer, she and her manager, an energetic lady named Melvina Pumphrey, were confronted with a slight technical problem. How you gonna lug a swimming pool all over the Eastern seaboard?

This was beyond the resources, even, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Miss Williams decided to walk on stage and answer questions. She got 'em fast. The first question asked everywhere was: "How about a date tonight?" Having disposed of that the way any nice girl should, Esther then met these queries head-on:

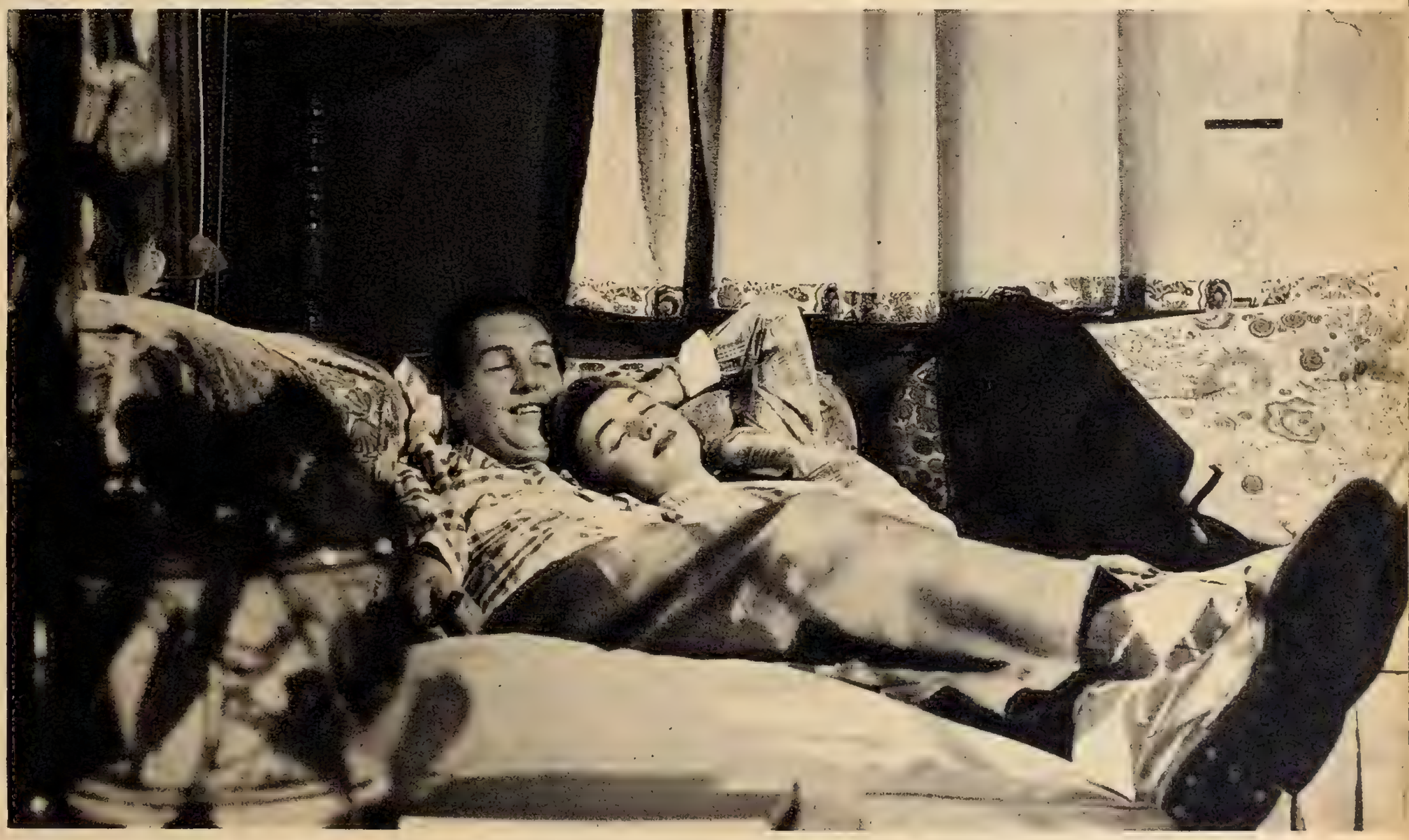
"What does Frank Sinatra (*Continued on page 98*)





Esther couldn't wait to model the New York gowns she'd brought home. Ben, who can't resist surprises, barged in on her three times while she was on her p.a. tour.

"Pappy" Gage shows Esther what's been going on while she was away. "The whole neighborhood's growing over our heads—two dozen new homes are being built!"



Ah, peace! Doctors say Es will be able to swim good as new; no danger from accident suffered on set of *On An Island With You.*



LUCKY BREAK: Before Shirley could walk, she was kicking in time to music. At 3, she was enrolled in dancing school, soon spotted by a talent scout and signed for shorts, bits in features. One lead—with J. Dunn in *Baby Take a Bow*—and she was starred!



MARQUEE MAGIC: Shirley lent her magic name to two box-office smashes from Paramount (for which she was borrowed from her home studio, 20th Century-Fox): *Little Miss Marker* (above, with Adolphe Menjou) and *Now and Forever*, with Gary Cooper.



GOLDEN TOUCH: Shirley, who'd saved 20th Century from bankruptcy, was soon earning $300,000 a year. This did not include royalties from Shirley Temple dolls, dresses, toys, numerous commercial articles to which her parent-managers lent her name.



WORLD AT HER FEET: World-renowned figures, such as Pres. and Mrs. Roosevelt, Henry Morgenthau, Herbert Lehman, MacKenzie King of Canada, were charmed by the Temple personality. On a visit to Washington in 1938, she "captured" G-Man Edgar Hoover.

Twice in a lifetime, Shirley Temple has lived young America's day-dreams. But like any other kid, she did her homework to the blare of the radio, took ribbings from her unimpressed big brothers and married the man she loved!

by IDA ZEITLIN

Dream girl

■ I've been doing stories on Shirley Temple for twelve years.

I remember her at 7, feeding the bunnies behind her studio bungalow before you could get her to eat her own lunch.

I remember the mirthful look in her eye at 9, when somebody asked about her ambitions. "That depends," said Shirley. "Right now I'm making a paper basket, and most of anything in the world I want some paste."

I remember the schoolgirl of 12, sweater sleeves pushed back, the fifty-five famous curls forever vanished. "Thank goodness," their owner remarked.

I remember her at 16, young enough to be driving the family nuts with some strange brand of doubletalk, old enough to be wearing a forget-me-not ring whose giver was a secret.

I remember the way she looked a few days ago on the lawn of her house, flanked by the Agars' collie and the Temples' boxer. The breeze ruffled her hair, the dimples winked. "I don't care if it's a boy or a girl."

I drove off muttering, "She's *not*

(*Continued on next page*)





WISE MOTHER: Mrs. Gertrude Temple was once offered $5,000 to reveal over the air the "secret" of Shirley's success. She declined, saying, "How can I take money for something I don't know?" George Temple left important bank job to handle his daughter's finances.



DREAM SCHOOL: In June, 1945, Shirley was graduated from Westlake School. Joyce Agar (right) and Betty Jean Lail (between them) are her two best girl friends. Shirley was as nervous as any new girl the first day of classes—until Betty Jean took her in tow.



REPEAT PERFORMANCE: In 1944, at 16, Shirley came out of "retirement" to start her adult career in David Selznick's war-time hit, *Since You Went Away*. She took her place opposite such stalwarts as Claudette Colbert, Joe Cotten, Jennifer Jones—and held her own!



ROYAL WEDDING: The marriage of Shirley and John Agar took place in Wilshire Methodist Church on Sept. 19, 1945, although they'd promised Mrs. Temple they'd wait two years. It was a simple ceremony; nevertheless, bridal gown and decorations were lavish.

Dream girl



PRINCE CONSORT: By the time Shirley celebrated her 18th birthday, John was in civvies. A shy, quiet boy, John has only recently overcome embarrassment at public attention, annoyance at vicious gossip.



HEIR APPARENT: Shirley "retired" for the second time atter *Hagen Girl,* and *War Party* (with John) to await their first child. The story, front-paged all over the world on July 21, 1947, was almost missed because skeptical reporters were wary of "just another false rumor."

old enough to have a baby," though her answer to that one still echoed in my ears.

"All you have to do is look at your own children. You'll discover that we all grow up."

As I said, I've been doing stories for twelve years. That's why I'm doing this one. "You're elected vice-president in charge of Temple," Al Delacorte wrote. "She's on our cover. She's still America's dream girl. Go back through your memories and tell them about her."

I knew how Shirley'd wrinkle her nose up at "dream girl." She's a matter-of-fact young person, and to herself she's a happy wife like thousands of others, waiting in a kind of suspended glow for the birth of her first child. Which doesn't alter the fact that, viewed from the outside, she's a fairytale.

Say you're a girl yourself, from ten to twenty. Say you're lying awake this January night, building castles in Spain. Here's the whole world to choose from, what'll you have? Let your fancy roam free, splash the colors as bright as you please, and you'll still dream nothing more fabulous than what Shirley's lived.

Like to be in pictures? At 19, Shirley's been in them for 16 years. That part alone would fill a book, which I'm not writing. (*Continued on page 95*)



Back in the old days, the Stork Club was, as everyone knows, a speakeasy. It was in a brownstone house on West 58th Street, and the people who came in were just people. A politician here, a banker there and at the table in the corner a couple from New Rochelle. The 1947 Stork Club is a plush blue and gold joint at 3 East 53rd Street, and the funny thing about it is that the people who come in—in spite of their important names—are still just people. There's Bing Crosby—comfortable as an old shoe; apple-cheeked Ingrid Bergman with her beautiful smile for everyone; Cole Porter and his little-boy weakness for ice cream. I can't think of (*Continued on page 80*)

BY SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY

HEADQUARTERS FOR

STARS, AND SPECTACLE

FOR THE PUBLIC, THE

STORK IS BUSY FROM NOON

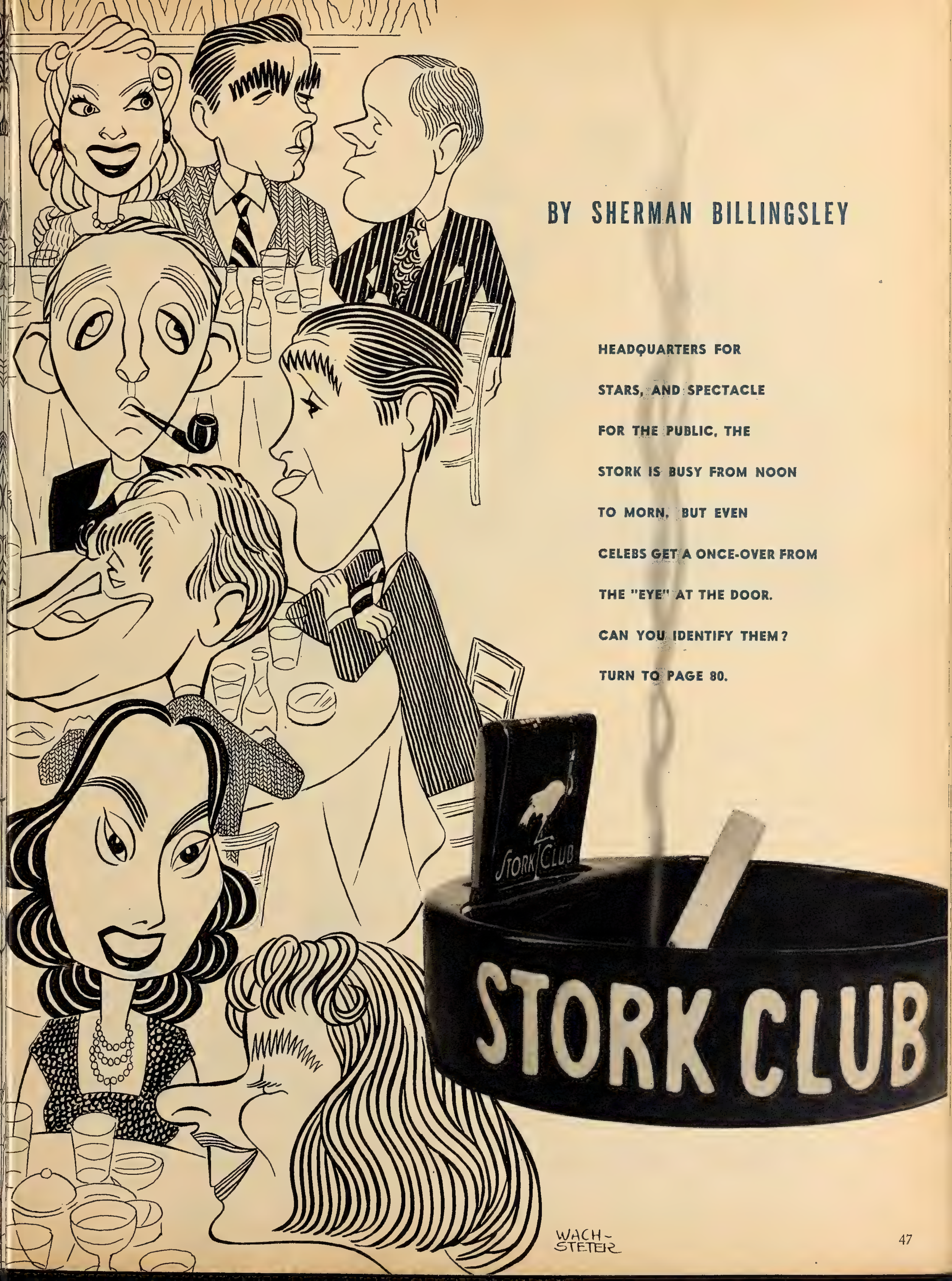
TO MORN, BUT EVEN

CELEBS GET A ONCE-OVER FROM

THE "EYE" AT THE DOOR.

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THEM?

TURN TO PAGE 80.



WACH-
STETER



Dick's made only one picture (*Forever Amber*) in Hollywood since his discharge from the Royal Armored Corps. Dissatisfied, he's returning to English films. First is *This Was a Woman.*

Patricia Medina, Dick's wife, is under contract to Metro. She visited him at Fox, was seen by Director John Stahl, borrowed for *Foxes of Harrow.*



■ You couldn't even have called it dawn, really. The sun was just a shallow gold rim at the edge of the horizon and the English country road was grey in the half-light. But the young man peddling along on his bicycle whistled as cheerfully as if it were high noon. His name was Richard Greene, he was a lieutenant in the Royal Armored Corps, and—having looked in vain for a place to live in town—he was trying to find a room in the country for the most beautiful girl in the world—his wife.

He came to a pleasant looking stone farmhouse set in a grove of budding maples. Dick got off his bicycle and surveyed the place thoughtfully. It looked nice, all right.

He walked slowly up the path and around the house. He knew better than to try the front door of a farmhouse. From the thatched barn came the moo of a cow, and a dozen baby chicks crowded around Dick's feet. Behind them strode a gaunt woman, with an icicle gaze and a red, weatherbeaten (*Continued on page 93*)



Beach sports are his favorite relaxation between chapters of the book he's writing on his war experiences. He wanted to restore his *Amber* moustache, but Pat turned thumbs down.

the years between

"You don't have to stick this out," said the medics. "Go back to your career." But Dick Greene wouldn't have missed those years . . . missed finding Pat . . . for anything.

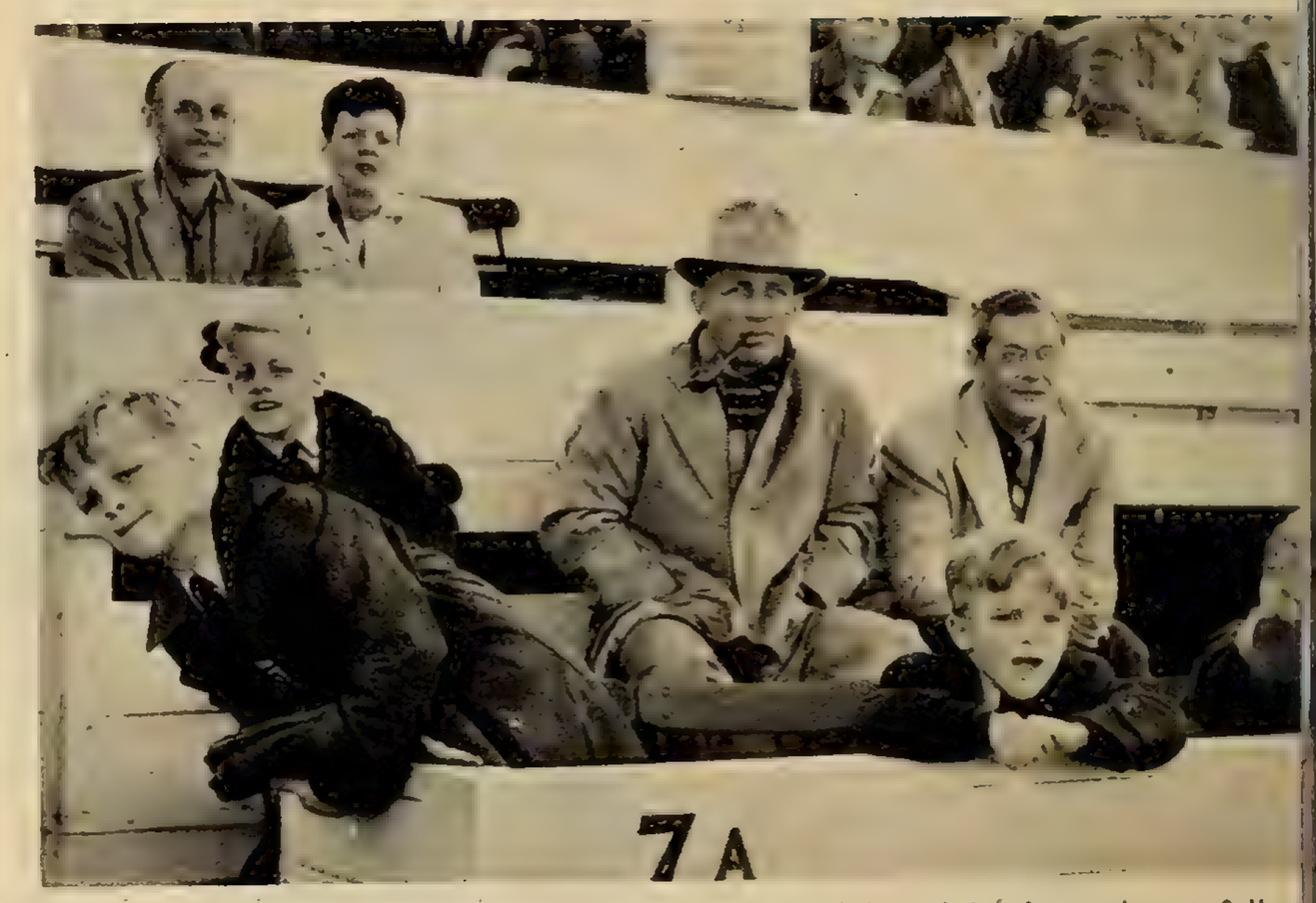
by VIRGINIA WILSON



artful dodger

Bing and the Andrews Sisters swing into a dance routine on the Para lot. Quartet also made a gold recording of "Jingle Bells," which Decca sent to Princess Liz for a wedding gift.





Maybe it's not Bing's Pirates, but Denny, Gary, Phil and Lindsay almost fell out of the box! Bing (of *Conn. Yankee, Road to Rio*) was quiet. Hedda (opp. pg.) broke all records when she got a two-hour interview for this story.



Left holding the 50 lb. anvil, Bing stands by while Hope accepts his (Hope's) award for humor, given by the Blacksmiths of the Amer. Public Relations Assoc., at the Waldorf.

You think you have Bing in a corner, but it turns into a revolving door. You call up for an appointment, but he's already got one. Yet when Hedda says, "Blue Eyes, an interview?" he grins, "I'm all ears."

by hedda hopper



■ Bing Crosby was slumped on his spine, sucking a pipe and rolling his baby blue eyes warily, when I barged onto *The Connecticut Yankee* set at Paramount.

There's only one way to interview an artful dodger like the Groaner—corner him and keep him cornered. I've known Bing for a long, long time. And well enough to know he can wiggle out of an interview like a worm off a hook.

"Sit right where you are," I said. "Take that pipe out of your pearlies and relax. You're in for a grilling."

Bing rose gracefully, swept an imaginary hat to the floor and bowed.

"King Arthur's Court, and you make it sound like a drive-in. Grilled ham, hey? I'll have the fried shrimp."

I'd called Bing up at the studio a fast ten minutes before, and luckily, I'd got him on the phone.

"I want to make talk with you," I'd told him. "What's all this male Garbo aura clinging 'round your golden curls, anyway?"

The phone almost blasted my ears off.

"What the Hell do you mean by *that?*"

"Now, now," I soothed, "you know what I mean. You don't see nobody, you don't say nuttin'—"

"Garbo!" exploded Bing. "I should wear one hat so long!"

"Coming over." I broke it up.

And so there I was and there was Bing, trapped. I'll be fair. He invited me. In fact, he said, "Sure, Hedda, trot on out. I'm taking it easy this afternoon. Got chilblains from a rusty suit (*Continued on page 101*)

Gradually, they're getting used to it . . . the cars, the tennis, the $200 suits. But once the Contes—perilously broke and desperately in love—walked N. Y.'s pavements, and called it "having a date."

BY KAAREN PIECK



■ Values are easy, for some people. Take Richard Conte. He lives on a hill, in Hollywood, and his wife has a mink coat, and a maid stands around being helpful, but he got his the hard way, and none of it fools him a bit.

You know what's real, and you know what isn't, and you can enjoy them both. It would be silly to say Conte doesn't. But the balance is there.

Go back to New York, and the stage. Off-months, he'd work in his father's barber-shop. Go back still further, to his childhood. A Jersey City slum.

His father, Patsy Conte, got off the boat from Italy, and came to Jersey City. There wasn't any reason. He could have ended up in Kansas if he'd had the fare.

He opened a barber shop. Haircut 35c, shave 15c. (During the depression, the combination went for a quarter.)

Richard was born in a tenement. It was right on the Hudson River, in a neighborhood of factories and freight yards. "It wasn't nice, but it was interesting," he says now. "It was the kind of background that sets you up well for whatever happens later."

Times were bad. You can remember how bad times were. (*Continued on page 113*)



After *The Other Love,* Dick asked Fox for romantic roles, but studio said no, sent him to Chicago for murder-chiller, *Northside 777.*



Doctors have forbidden him to play tennis for a year because of a chipped hand bone, so he's going in heavily for painting, with wife Ruth as his subject. He's so daft for those checked pants, he made Ruth buy matching dirndl.

"Easy Street"



British-born Bob Hope, who helped put over England's Command Performance, and wife Dolores, chat with Queen Elizabeth at Odeon Theatre.

■ *Nov. 10:* Oh to be in England, now that November's here. Well, here ah is, in London again, honey, after almost six years. How I love it. It may be a drear, cold, grey land of austerity to some, but it is sheer heaven to me to be again in this gallant, scarred old city I love so much. And no black-out. The black-out was unadulterated terror to me in winter, 1941-42. I had forgotten how London looked with lights on. It looks wonderful. The country-side was still green, and the trees as colorful as those in Westchester county, as we rolled up to London in the boat train this morning. The way in which the English have tidied up is miraculous. Even at Southampton, where there was such terrible bomb damage, they've done a wonderful job of getting rubble out of sight. When I got into the cab at Waterloo Station, I made the driver go first to Parliament Square to visit Abraham Lincoln on his pedestal, and then to Trafalgar Square, to pay respects to Admiral Nelson, still high on a column overlooking the city. Having made my calls on these two, I went off to the Savoy Hotel. They say all good Americans go to Paris when they die; rest of us go to Savoy.

P.S. Oh, yes, town's getting ready for wedding.

Nov. 11: Ran in to see Cobina Wright today. She was in the middle of entertaining Bea Lillie and the Marquess of Milford-Haven. The Marquess has been deputized by Cobina's old friend, Lt. Philip Mountbatten, who is party of the second part, in this royal wedding to look after Cobina. Nice work for both. Kinda cute kid, the Marquess.

Nov. 12: Lawsy me, all hell has broken loose. Two nasty London newspapers—the cads!—have revealed the most closely guarded secret in England. They have betrayed the design of Princess Elizabeth's wedding gown. One old meanie published (*Continued on page 99*)

command performance



Loretta Young, star of *The Bishop's Wife,* Sam Goldwyn's honored picture, meets Princess Margaret Rose. This was the second annual Command Performance for British charities. Also on the program was a 30-minute color film of royal wedding.

the diary
of an
american
newspaper
woman
by **inez robb**



■ The studio had found them rooms at the Sherry-Netherlands, and they went there directly from the station. After the air-conditioned Chief and Century, the sick-damp, enveloping heat of New York seemed inexcusable and insufferable, like a deliberate insult. By the time they reached their suite, they felt as if they were walking in a steam bath, and their hair and clothes looked it.

Standing before her mirror, trying to peel a blouse off over her head, Sue mumbled through the folds of silk, "I was going to say it felt swell to be in town again, but I've changed my mind."

Alan was already in the shower, she realized, when she at last emerged from the blouse and heard the water running. She snorted. "Beast! Where are your manners?"

He stuck his head out of the curtain. "Something?"

"I'll give you just thirty seconds to get out of there."

He was out in twenty-five, and after she'd had her shower and dressed, they sprawled in opposite chairs and grinned at each other. "I *may* live," Alan said.

"I'm all over my temper, too. But do you realize I brought nothing but fall clothes with me? I thought surely with October so near— The effects of this shower are going to last about ten minutes."

"Let's try to be like children and not pay any attention to the weather."

"Children metabolize at a different rate, honey, and anyway they're not expected to look crisp in hot weather. What're we doing tonight?"

"Harvest Moon Ball. Madison Square Garden."

"Well, let's have dinner on a roof somewhere, anyway. I want some lobster Mayonnaise, lobster with real claws, and some breeze, if there is a breeze."

There wasn't any, even on the terrace of the Starlit Roof. Sue pointed wryly at the sleeves of her dress, already wrinkled on the inside at the elbow. Alan mopped his (*Continued on page 111*)



THEY'RE BUILDING THEIR OWN FURNITURE NOW, AND BECAUSE THEY'RE THE LADDS, IT'S A 50-50 PROPOSITION. ALAN WIELDS THE TOOLS, AND SUSIE SAYS THE PRAYERS!

by Howard Sharpe

THE LADDS, INC.



Alana enjoys having Daddy kibitz while she washes her neck—all by herself. Fans are clamoring for Alan to do a musical, since they heard him sing in *Variety Girl*, but studio wants him to be tough!



Dinah Shore Montgomery's a mean whittler. "Specializing in home-made toothpicks," observed Sue, whose new hair-do is Alan's favorite. The Ladds gave the Montgomerys a christening dress for their coming event.



Layoff from *Long Gray Line* made Alan restless, so George Montgomery taught him carpentry. He's built enough furniture now to fill a whole new room.





THEY DIDN'T WAVE

FLAGS AT BIRMINGHAM

WHEN THEY CARRIED

THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS

FROM THE TRAIN.

AND VAN JOHNSON, WATCHING

QUIETLY, SWALLOWED HARD,

WONDERING HOW TO

SAY, "WELCOME HOME."

By Hank Jeffries

"V.J." DAY

■ On a January night in 1943, a passenger train, with all car lights shaded, switched from the main line of the Southern Pacific, in the San Fernando Valley in California, onto a spur leading to the U. S. Army Debarkation Hospital in California. On it were the first American soldiers wounded in the Pacific battle area. As it steamed slowly into the hospital grounds, the bustle of reception activities became evident, and word, flying through the wards, was carried to a group of visitors. One of the women in this party, a member of the Volunteer Army Canteen Service, turned to a tall, blond, young man walking with her.

"Did you hear that, Van?" she asked. "These are the boys hurt in The Solomons. Will you come and help us welcome them? It's one of the most important moments in their lives; they've come home."

Van Johnson, who'd visited the hospital many times before, and had talked to thousands of European visitors, stared at her. A frightened look came over his face. "Lord, no," he said. "I'd be petrified. Those guys must be grim after traveling thousands of miles to get here. I'd be the last person they'd want to see."

They told him he was wrong. Against his judgment, they persuaded him to go along. When the first boy was carried off the train on a stretcher, Van was standing in the background. The (*Continued on page 106*)



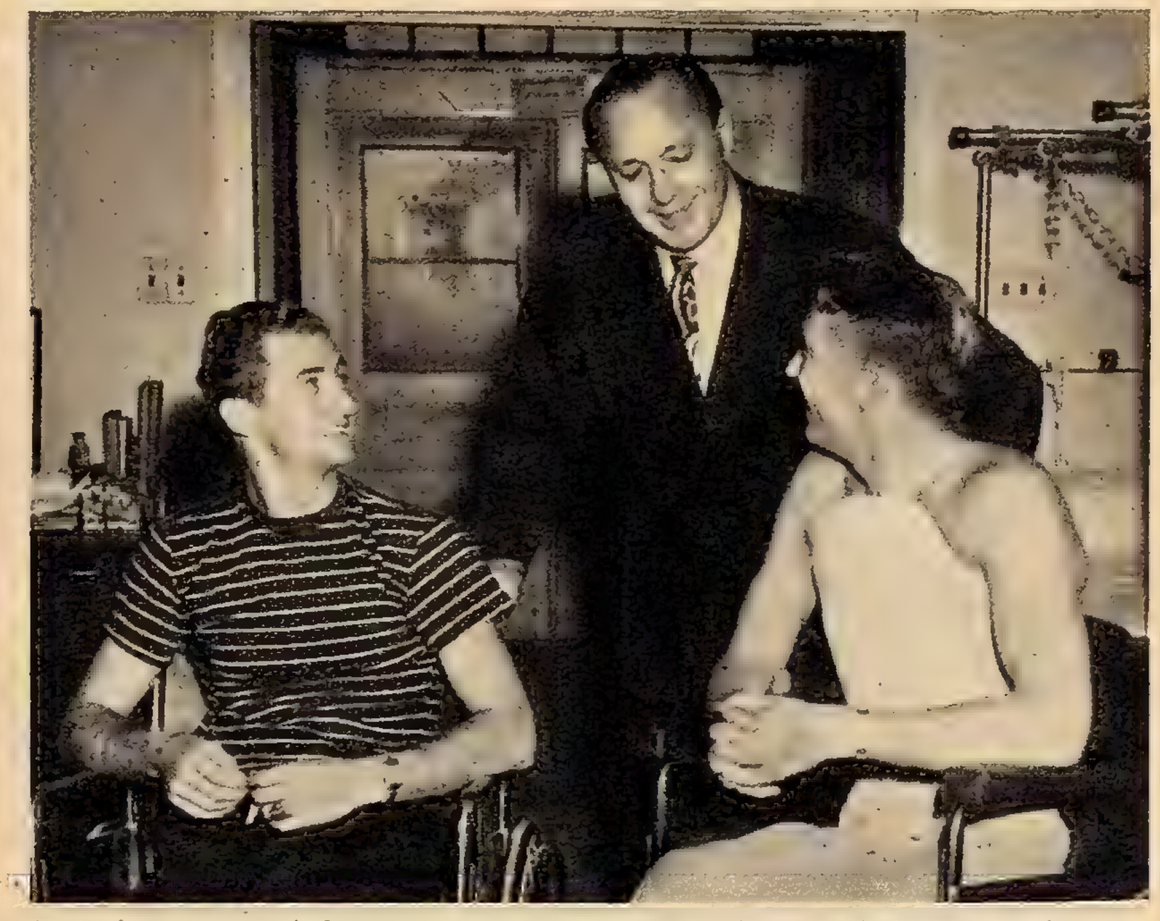
The patients at Birmingham got a new swimming pool through the efforts of the Hollywood Canteen Foundation. Van Johnson, old friend of the vets, and Dot Lamour were among those at the dedication and party.



Tie-less and informal, Cary Grant talked with vets alongside the pool. For many of the stars, visits to the hospital began as duty calls, but soon became pleasures and the beginning of real friendships with the men.



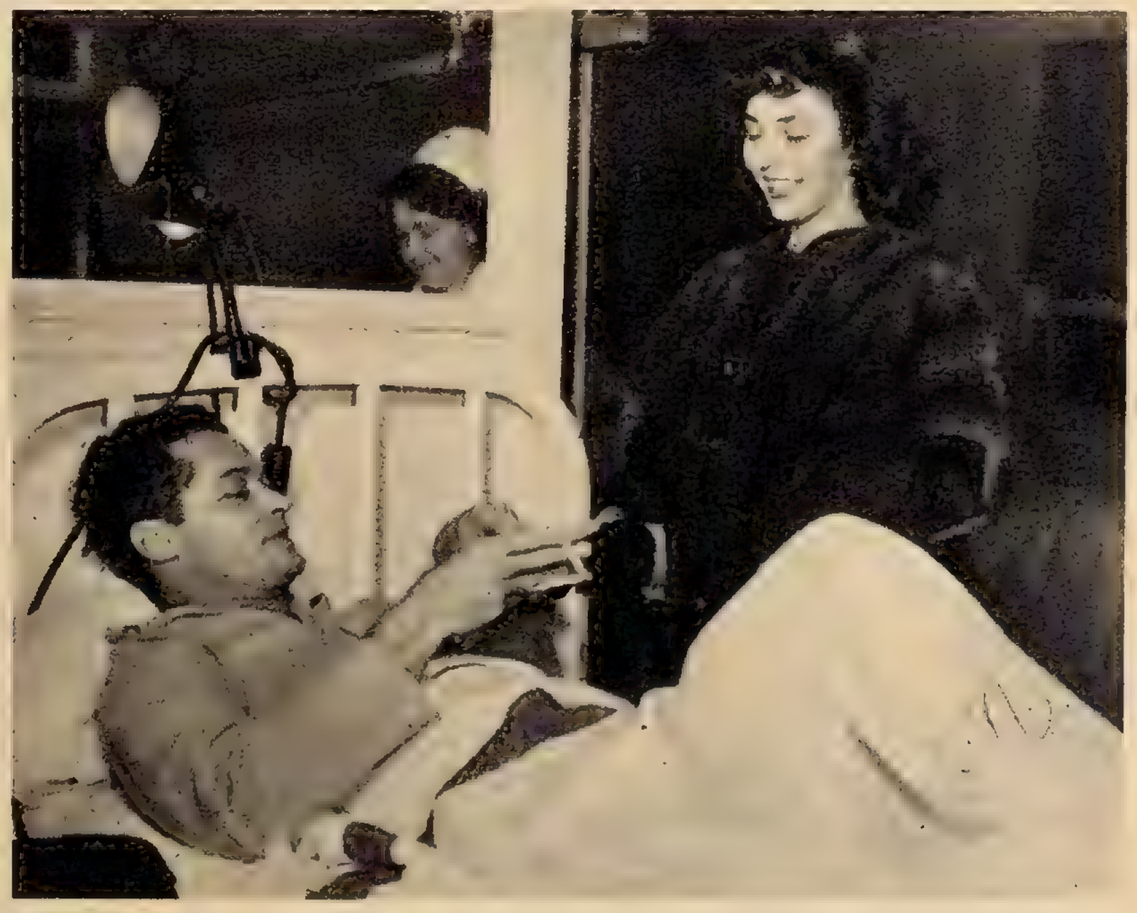
Usually, the stars like to entertain right in the wards, but Christmas is pretty special. It turned into a network show direct from the hospital auditorium, with Gregory Peck, Margaret Whiting and Eddie Cantor.



He's been razzed for 16 years over the air, but Jack Benny took some more when he brought his whole show with him to the hospital. Most of the time, he comes alone. Just walks in and they start laughing.



Before leaving recently for San Francisco, Gregory Peck gave a party in his own home for veterans in the paraplegic ward. Greg and his wife, Greta, know some of the men well, are interested in their families.



Jenniter Jones, who's going to Switzerland for a visit with her sons (at school in St. Moritz) is familiar to the men in the hospital. Here, she swaps autographs with vet Gerald Halbrook, in one of the wards.

First LOVE

For her, they practically polished up the stars in Central Park; they practically wrote her name in lights across the New York sky. But the glow in Janie's eyes was there before; it came with love . . .

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ Backstage at the Capitol Theater, she was getting into the Bergdorf dress (shocking pink, and sensational) when the flowers came.

"Orchids again," Mrs. Burce said.

Jane sighed. "Every day. He's so nice—for an older man."

Her mother looked surprised. "How old?"

"He must be thirty," Jane said, ending the discussion.

Shortly thereafter, she went out, did three songs, and one encore, came off, wiggled out of the Bergdorf dress, creamed her face, and sagged.

"The makeup is wrecking my skin," she said. "And I'm tired."

"And there wasn't any letter from Tommy today," her mother noted. "Is that it?"

She had to grin. Not that she didn't have a right to be tired. The train trip, and the confusion, with Jane coming in to one of New York's two railroad stations, while her agents (MCA) were dutifully meeting her at the other. The two weeks of five shows a day (a different dress for every show) and eating in a million restaurants, so that your stomach was a little off, and never getting to bed because there was so much to see.

She was tired, all right. But the fact remained that Tommy hadn't written; there hadn't been any letter today, and maybe you could blame the mood on that, and not New York.

People in New York had (*Continued on page 83*)



Soon to be seen in *Three Daring Daughters,* (formerly, *The Birds And The Bees*) Jane prepares to perform at N. Y. Capitol Theater.



Jane's mother came East with her—helped out backstage. Also was present at the buying of a white American broadtail coat.

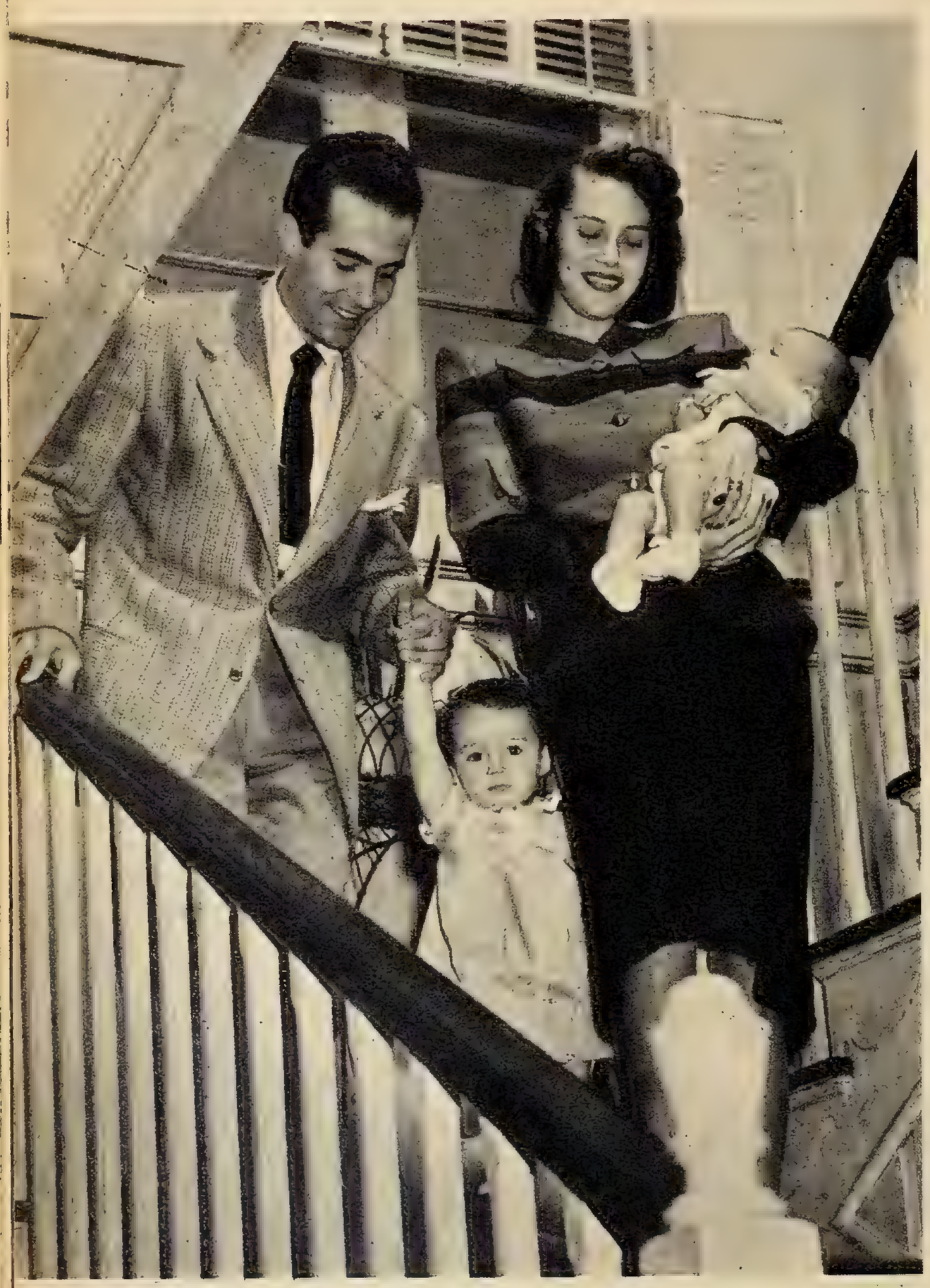


"Curtain's going up!" One more look at the script before show-time.

dark man in your future

He fought bulls at 13, won a singing contest when he couldn't sing, chased a dream until she married him. He gets what he goes after, that Ricardo Montalban—and right now he's after your heart!

by george benjamin



Stardom is just a step ahead for Mexican-born Ric Montalban, who's next is *On An Island With You.* Going along in stride are wife Georgianna (Loretta Young's sister), Laura, 2, and Mark, now 9 months.

■ His name is Ricardo Montalban. *Mont* (as in don't)—*tahl*—*bahn,* with a slight emphasis on the *Mont.*

In the picture *Fiesta,* he was required to dance a little number with Cyd Charisse called "The Flaming Flamingo," and to play a terrific concerto on the piano, and to seem as proficient a matador as the men who spend lifetimes practicing.

He also had to act.

He doesn't look like the typical American conception of a Mexican, but Americans have some funny conceptions. His charm has an effervescent quality about it: he is a bundle of nerves, but they are under control. And he is a genuinely intelligent man.

He remembers being eight years old, and the first plane coming over their little city of Torreon. Everyone stood in the streets and watched it, that first day, because they didn't know what would happen, and in Northern Mexico, in 1928, one had not seen many flying machines.

Directly over the center of town, the pilot leaned out and dropped a small black object, which plummetted straight down and made a noise and a flash when it hit.

Then the (*Continued on page 105*)



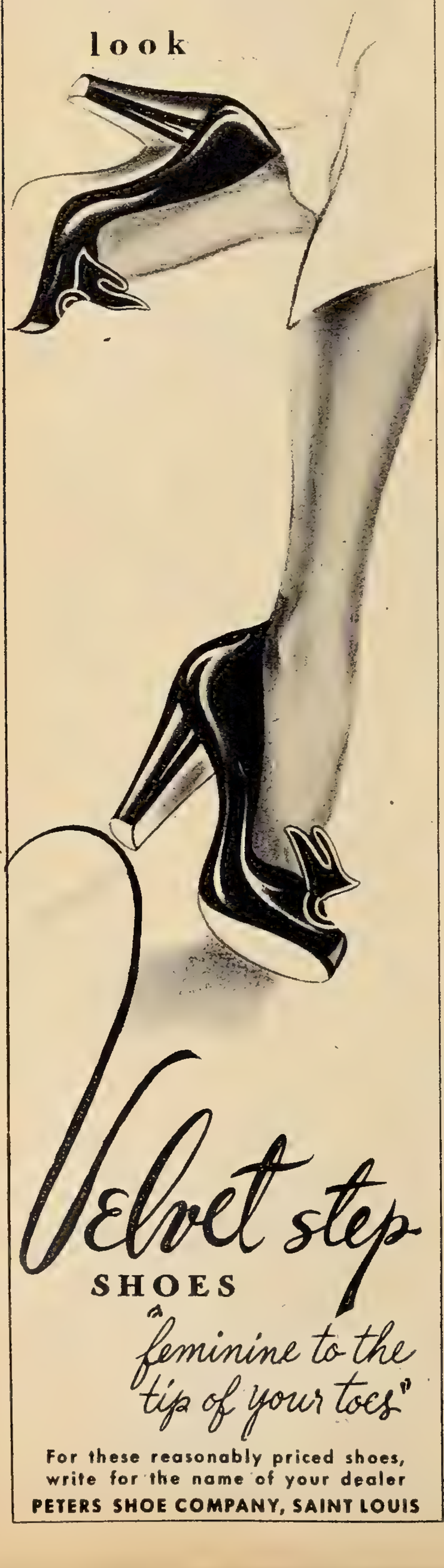
you'll

love

that

tiny-foot

look



Velvet step

SHOES

"feminine to the tip of your toes"

For these reasonably priced shoes, write for the name of your dealer

PETERS SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED

(*Continued from page 17*)

to her. "Brand-new Buick the boy just gave us. Some boy."

And she'd say yes, because she already knew he was some boy. Her parents met Roy, too. They'd come on from Uvalde, to visit, and they'd thought Roy was terrific.

So all Hollywood wondered, when Dale went away. Dale had been married herself, before, and maybe it was a case of the burned child. She'd been divorced from composer Robert Butts in 1945; she wasn't in any rush to marry again.

She came back to Hollywood eventually, but not to act with Roy in his Westerns—much as she loved playing the Western heroine—but in other films. Once again, Hollywood wondered about them—wondered, and suspected that they cared, and then forgot.

But the fact was that, during all those months, Dale was finding out for sure and always that "there's no use running away from destiny." She and Roy made the announcement of their wedding date unexpectedly, and all their friends rejoiced, because all Hollywood loves to see an idyllic love story come true. Dale Evans was running quickly and joyously to meet her destiny.

the gossips behave . . .

The whole thing was carried off with dignity and a complete, refreshing lack of cheap cracks on the part of filmland's pack of gossip columnists. Even now, Roy and Dale are extremely reticent, refusing pointblank to discuss themselves with most reporters.

As to the wedding itself, plans were not complete the day I talked with Roy, but he had called his tailor that morning to order his wedding suit—a conservative dark blue, but a cowboy costume, of course. Roy never would wear anything else since he carries the trademark of his range royalty into all his activities. He told me he had ordered also a specially-made pair of soft kidskin boots, cut lower than the ones he wears in pictures. Dale's preference for her bridal costume was a suit of soft blue, her favorite color, and lovely with her light brown hair.

By the time you read this, of course, the wedding will be history. But both Roy and Dale were really up in the air the day he talked. He, for example, had about decided on a trip to Hawaii by steamer. Four long days at sea with nothing to do but relax. "That sure appeals to me," he remarked. Anything that he wanted was okay with Dale. There was also some talk of a honeymoon visit to Sun Valley for the skiing.

a shipboard wedding? . . .

Just where the wedding should be solemnized also was a major problem. With the date set, they couldn't make up their minds as to where, anyhow. One thing both insisted on—simplicity. A quiet ceremony in a friend's home seemed a good idea. However, Roy was also toying with the notion of having the marriage performed on shipboard. "The gong sounds, and the announcement comes—'all ashore that's going ashore'—then everybody has to rush down the gangplank. Best way in the world to break up a party," he said thoughtfully, grinning.

The ranch in Antelope Valley, where Roy plans to rest after the honeymoon, has three small houses on its 365 acres. He will not build a permanent home there until he and Dale have definitely decided that that's the place where they want to settle down for good.

"It might turn out too cold in winter," he explained. "Sometimes it blows up quite a bit of snow there and the temperature jiggles around the zero mark, because it's high in the mountains. But the kids love it. They're living on the ranch now, and going to the little country school five miles away. If we find the climate agrees with all of us, we'll build a place large enough to make living an honest-to-goodness pleasure.

"There's a big lake on the property. Just now it's dried up, so I took a bulldozer to the place last week and dredged out the lake bottom. Now we'll have a real deep piece of water which I'll stock with bass and blue gill. A great deal of the land can be cultivated, and it's my idea to raise oats and other grains. I don't like waste."

The King will not be idle while he's taking a little time off from picture-making. He still has his circus and rodeo shows and has launched a merchandising deal of considerable magnitude. The company he recently established handles the licensing of Roy Rogers cowboy shirts, boots, hats, guns, belts, wallets, etc.

And anyhow, the fact is, resting isn't quitting with Roy. It only means he's slowing down a bit—four color pictures a year instead of nine or ten. He made *Under California Skies* contrary to doctor's orders. But he had a reason. I got the low-down from a member of the shooting crew up in the wilds of Placerita Canyon—and it's an eloquent tip-off to why everybody's crazy about the King.

"Roy wanted us all to have a month's work just before Christmas," a veteran juicer told me. "That's the kind of guy the King is—and he'll keep on bein' King as long as he wants to as far as us guys are concerned. Yep, there's gonna be a Queen now, too, and that's all to the good. That's sure all to the good."

June Lockhart . . .

Eagle-Lion's wonder girl, who has New York at her feet for her smash-hit performance in the Broadway play *For Love or Money*.

You'll see June soon in *T-Men*. Meantime, while she's the toast of the town in Manhattan, Eagle-Lion is scouting around for a new comedy romance for June to star in under her new long-term contract.

Here June lounges before the fire in a slack get-up that's as cute as it's easy-going. She's wearing denims in a terrific new Barnyard red. The jeans have a back pocket and a side zipper. The matching jacket is cut on boxy lines, with cuffed sleeves and the same double-stitched pockets you see on the pants. With it she wears a Dan River checked cotton shirt and a whopping big belt from Criterion.

You can buy the denims also in navy blue, aqua, or forest green. Sizes 12-20. Jeans, about $3.95. Jacket, about $5.95. Barnyard denims by Saddletogs. Shirt in red or blue, about $3.95. Shirt by Variety Sportswear.

For where to buy see page 73.

modern screen fashions

By CONNIE BARTEL, Fashion Editor

the shirtwaist girl



The look the boys love! Get yourself one knockout skirt—and switch blouses to suit the occasion. Like, for instance, the ballerina skirt and blouse on this page—all dressed up with little lace mitts and pearl pins.

Black rayon faille skirt, 10-16.
By Alice Stuart — About $8.95.

The valentine of a blouse is cotton batiste with Venise lace. Sizes 32-38.
Blouse by Judy Bond. About $4.

Coro pins, $1 each*—drop earrings, $1 a pair.*

Lace mitts by Kayser—$1.25 a pair.

* *Plus Tax*

FOR WHERE TO BUY SEE PAGE 73

For an innocent school
girl look—try a crisp striped blouse
with sweet-and-pure collar
and cuffs and a big wide-eyed
taffeta bow. In Rossman's
Lusterspun, a stiffish rayon
with a nice gleam, and an
expensive look.
Pink, grey, maize or
blue stripes. Sizes 32-38
Blouse by Joan Kenley, $6
Criterion belt, $4, Coro pin, $1.*

** Plus Tax*



For a more dressed up deal—
try this "Ride the Pink horse" print—
named after guess what picture?
It's Ponemah Mills spun
rayon—black with green, grey,
white or pink horses
galloping over it—
and it has a ribbon bow
to match the print. Sizes 32-38.
Nice with a cummerbund belt.
Alice Stuart blouse. About $5.95.
Belt by Criterion.



American in PARIS



Joan Leslie, soon to appear in Eagle-Lion's "Northwest Stampede."

FOR WHERE TO BUY SEE PAGE 73

Here's Joan Leslie—perfect example of the pretty young American, wearing pretty young American clothes, in the magic city of Paris. We photographed Joan in the Place de la Concorde with her hired bike—(everyone tears around Paris on bicycles)—and did we draw a gallery! Know why? Because Joan's so lovely, natch. And also because the French just can't get over American clothes! Especially wonderful, wearable, *buyable* clothes like these from Koret of California. Proving once more that nowhere in the world can a girl dress so well, for so little—as in America. Aren't we lucky?

■ Left, Joan wears a beautifully cut corduroy jumper you can buy and love in aqua, grey, tan, green, russet.

■ Opposite, Joan wears nifty wool fleece Globe-Trotter jacket and adjustable, roll-upable Trik-skirt. All by Koret of California. Write for prices.





sweater
and skirt—
Party Version

Wait'll you hear the whistles
when you show up in
a full wool jersey skirt with
its own gold belt—and
a smooth turtle neck sweater blouse.
Skirt in kelly, cocoa,
powder, aqua, fuchsia, others. 22-30.
Skirt by Sporteens, $7.98
Cotton sweater blouse in every color
you can think of. 34-40.
By Colony Club $2.98.
Pins by Coro—$1 each*
Gloves by Kayser—$2 a pair.

* *Plus Tax*

FOR WHERE TO BUY SEE PAGE 73

GODDESS IN THE FAMILY

(*Continued from page 37*)

got to it when they were children.

But surely, you would say, I must have noticed Maureen's beauty developing when she got to be about eleven or twelve? The answer is no. When Maureen got to be that age, something else began to develop and it wasn't beauty—as I thought then. She started to shoot up in height and, before she was twelve, she was five feet six inches tall! Because my father was a man six feet, four, I began to worry. I just didn't fancy being the mother of the tallest girl in Ireland!

Actually, Maureen was only to grow two more inches with full adulthood, but this was advance information I didn't have. I was worried the more because, like so many overly tall children, she began to be sensitive about it; unconsciously so, I think. At least, I would catch her slumping so she could get down on a level with her playmates.

And about the time she stopped growing and began to fill out, there developed in my long-legged, queen-to-be, the appetite of a Killarney giant! Those days we all of us could hear Maureen coming home from school a half block before she got to the house. She would be sniffing for what was cooking in the kitchen and "oohing" and "ah-h-ing" if it smelled good. The next second she would pop in the side door and personally inspect what was stewing for supper.

no time for beauty . . .

Do you now suppose that we took any time out to wonder if this gawky, ravenous beanpole (who was also developing a fine tummy, by the way) was beautiful? Not a one of us, and certainly not Maureen who was much too busy lifting pot lids and tasting contents.

Oh, I do remember her getting a momentary qualm about her looks once or twice. There was an occasion, when she was about fifteen, when she appeared in downtown Dublin with her first lipstick on, and also one of my hats. This was duly reported to me, as those things often are, before Maureen got home that evening. I had noticed that a hat was missing, and my lipstick not where I'd left it. But I said nothing, and in due time the hat reappeared and Maureen got back to soap and water.

Another time we were on a train and across from us sat a very attractive woman. Maureen leaned close so she could talk in my ear.

"Oh, Mommy!" she said. "I would love to grow up to be as beautiful as that lady!"

"Ho, ho!" I answered. "You'll certainly not, young lady, walking around with your head scrooched into your shoulders, and eating like a horse at meals!"

"Oh, well," said she, shrugging, as much as to say that beauty wasn't worth the bother.

No, it wasn't until Maureen was seventeen, and we went to London to attend the preview of her first picture, *Jamaica Inn*, that she was officially pronounced a beauty. The "authority" was Charles Laughton, and after all, it was almost as if King Henry the Eighth, himself, was talking! Maureen and I were on the edge of a crowd of people before the showing, when we heard Charles cry out to a friend: "Just wait until you see that O'Hara girl on the screen. You'll think you are looking at a Greek goddess, old man!"

I could feel Maureen's startled little movement beside me.

"Well!" I whis- (*Continued on page 74*)

Gibson Girl GLAMOUR

with your own initials



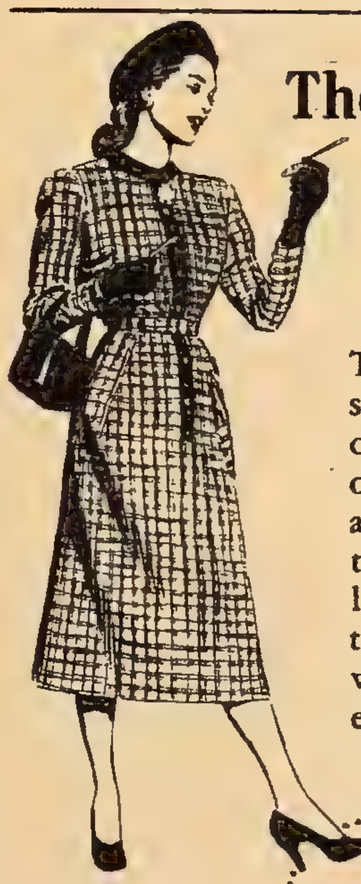
Monogrammed to be personally yours. If you want that important blouse... smart with tight two button cuffs and perky pointed collar... gay with a tie color-matched to your own initials in a clever "turn of the century" monogram... then clip the coupon but quick!

Finest mercerized broadcloth
Washable . . . Pre-shrunk
Sizes: 10 to 16, teen age
30 to 38, misses

$3.98

SEND BLOUSE FREE ON APPROVAL

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FOR WHERE TO BUY SEE PAGE 73

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout country)

Saddletogs Barnyard denims box jacket and jeans worn by June Lockhart in the full color photograph
(Page 65)

Denver, Colo.—The Denver Dry Goods Co., Sports Shop, Second Floor
Fort Wayne, Ind.—Wolf & Dessauer
Kansas City, Mo.—Emery, Bird, Thayer Co., Sportswear, Grand Ave. Floor
New York, N. Y.—Mary Lewis, Sportswear, Street Floor

Variety Sportswear checked gingham shirt worn by June Lockhart in the full color photograph
(Page 65)

Chicago, Ill.—Von Lengerke & Antoine, Women's Dept., Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—Kauffman's, 139 East 24th St.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels, Sportswear Dept., Third Floor

Criterion yellow & blue leather belt shown in the full color photograph
(Page 65)

New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable, Belts, Main Floor

Koret of California corduroy jumper worn by Joan Leslie
(Page 66)

New York, N. Y.—Lane Bryant, Misses Dept., Second Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co., Casual Dresses, Third Floor

Koret of California Globe-Trotter jacket and Trikskirt worn by Joan Leslie
(Page 67)

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co., Sportswear Dept., Third Floor

Judy Bond cotton batiste blouse with Venise lace
(Page 68)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus, Moderate Priced Blouses, Main Floor
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Broadway Department Store, Blouses, Street Floor
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop, Blouse Dept., First Floor

Alice Stuart rayon faille ballerina skirt
(Page 68)

New York, N. Y.—McCreery's, College Shop, Fourth Floor
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Coro round pearl pins and pearl drop earrings shown with skirt and blouse
(Page 68)

New York, N. Y.—Dennison's, 411 5th Ave.

Kayser lace mitts shown with blouse and skirt
(Page 68)

New York, N. Y.—Stern's, Gloves, Main Floor

Joan Kenley Lusterspun striped blouse with taffeta bow
(Page 69)

Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers, Blouse Dept., First Floor
Columbus, Ohio—The Fashion, Joan Kenley Dept., First Floor
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon, Joan Kenley Dept., Main Floor

Coro horseshoe pearl pin shown with blouse
(Page 69)

New York, N. Y.—Dennison's, 411 5th Ave.

Alice Stuart spun rayon "Ride the Pink Horse" blouse
(Page 69)

New York, N. Y.—McCreery's, College Shop, Fourth Floor
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop, Blouse Dept., First Floor

Colony Club cotton turtle neck sweater blouse
(Page 70)

Detroit, Mich.—Himelhoch's, Casual Shop, Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—Macy's, Sweater Dept., Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co., Sweater Bar, First Floor

Sporteens all wool jersey skirt with gold belt
(Page 70)

Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier, Misses Separates, Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co., Sportswear Shop, Third Floor

Coro Fleur de lis pins shown with blouse and skirt
(Page 70)

New York, N. Y.—Dennison's, 411 5th Ave.

Kayser gloves with round pearl buttons shown with blouse and skirt
(Page 70)

New York, N. Y.—Stern's, Gloves, Main Floor

Queen Make rayon crepe print dress with peg-top pockets
(Page 72)

Los Angeles, Calif.—J. W. Robinson Co., Patio Shop, Fourth Floor
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche Co., Daytime Dress Dept., Second Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Third Floor

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(*Continued from page 71*) peered to her, "What do you think of that?"

"The man's daft, Mommy," she whispered back.

Then we went in to see the picture. Maureen's face was a study.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"It's that girl," she replied. "Mommy, she *is* beautiful but I just can't connect myself with her. I keep hearing Daddy's voice, 'skin like an elephant's hide and hair like hay.' I know it's me up there and at the same time I can't believe it."

"Then Mr. Laughton was right, wasn't he?" I asked.

"If it's me," she said wonderingly. "If it's me."

Maureen made her first impression upon the public when she was not yet three. Oh, it wasn't as an actress, but you might say she almost stopped the show, and certainly, she gave her daddy and me the reddest faces we have ever shown to the world. It was a crisp Sunday morning and her informal debut took place in church during a crowded Mass. Maureen's older sister, Peggy, who was then four, had been left home because she'd dawdled with her dressing, wouldn't let her gaitors be put on, and we were already late.

There came a moment in the Mass, the Elevation, when the assemblage was stilled in prayer. In the quiet some child began to cry and was immediately hushed. But Maureen got the idea Peggy had come to church all by herself, and couldn't find us in the solidly filled pews. She split the silence by screaming out, "We're here, Peggy! Over on this side! Here, Peggy!"

What a rustle and murmuring of laughter through the church, and what eyes were turned on us!

Maureen and Peggy were inseparable as toddlers. If you threatened to spank one, tears would spring from the eyes of the other. As soon as they were old enough to get around, they took on themselves the task of defending the house from invaders. Their weapons were gooseberries which they stripped from their father's bushes and threw at passersby. When I took them to the seaside for their first visit and they stuck their toes into the cold water, the same idea struck both of them at once. "Mommy!" they screamed. "Please fetch the kettle of hot water and warm the sea!"

The two younger girls, Florrie and Margo, were of a pair with Peggy and Maureen, but had their own peculiarities. Florrie, who has starred in English pictures but is now married to a Montreal lumber man, we used to call "Sneaking Moses" because she would sneak into a room with a pair of scissors, cut something and then disappear. Margo, who has also been in a number of pictures, was called "The Banshee." She wailed like one. The oldest of my boys, Charlie, now a barrister in Dublin, has been tested for pictures along with my younger son, Jimmy. Charlie, whom we called "Rusty Gullet" as a boy, because he always wanted to hurry up and be a man, and forced himself to talk with a low, hoarse voice, is not sure that he wants to leave the law for the screen. Jimmy is sure. He thinks of nothing else, and when I return to Ireland, my first duty is to discuss a contract he has been offered.

Having almost all your children in the movies has its points. Whenever I am lonesome for one of them, I need only hunt up his or her latest picture and spend a warm few hours.

Maureen started the acting, of course, just as she was always the one to start something new about the house; destroying her toys, for instance. She wanted to know what made them tick. Once she slit her stuffed pony open, and I discovered her.

"I just wanted to know if it's the same as me inside," she explained.

"How would you know what you are like inside?" I asked.

"Oh, I know," she answered, giving me a sidelong look. "Lots of pipes and things."

A desire on my part to help a friend who was opening a small dramatic school, was Maureen's actual start in her career. I thought it would be a very good idea if she got elocution lessons; a girl is the better for being able to speak clearly, instead of mumbling. But I gave it no further special thought until the class gave a play, *Jack Frost,* and to my surprise, Maureen made quite a thing of the lead.

Miss Edna Mary Burke, who heads a leading dramatic school in Dublin, happened to see the play and was taken with Maureen. What mother would say no under such circumstance? From then on, for years, Maureen was about the busiest girl in Dublin. You see, she didn't stop with her regular school and her dramatic and dancing lessons. She took up stenography, typing and bookkeeping, as a practical step!

Now, she began professional work as well. She worked with the Abbey Theatre, did radio plays over Dublin's station, Radio EIREANN, and was also attached to the Bernadette Players in Rathmines, a Dublin suburb. She was always going places alone now. I began to worry about this and lectured her on a number of subjects, including MEN.

Somewhere in Dublin there's a lad for whom I still feel sorry because of these lectures. He approached Maureen, one rainy evening, as she stood outside the Abbey Theatre, waiting for a tram to take her home, her books under one arm and an umbrella in the other hand. She was about 15 then. Possibly, the young chap was just going to ask for street directions or the like. But that morning I had given Maureen that old, old piece of advice: "Men will only go as far, will only be as wicked, as a girl will let them be. Remember that, young lady!"

The young fellow said, "Good evening—" but that was far enough for Maureen. She promptly bent her umbrella over his head, and he fled for his life!

tricks of the traveler . . .

Yes, Maureen had quite a code of conduct to guide her in her travels in Dublin. But this was nothing to what was dinned into her head by her Aunt Florence, with whom she lived in London when she went there to make *Jamaica Inn.* Aunt Florence made Maureen copy down her instructions. Here they are, in case you ever go to London to make a picture!

1. While waiting for bus or tube train, never stand still. Always keep moving up and down the street or platform.
2. Never catch anyone's eye.
3. Always sit near the conductor on the bus.
4. Never threaten to call a policeman if a flirt speaks to you—*go and call him!*
5. Never walk slowly. Always act like you are late and in a hurry!

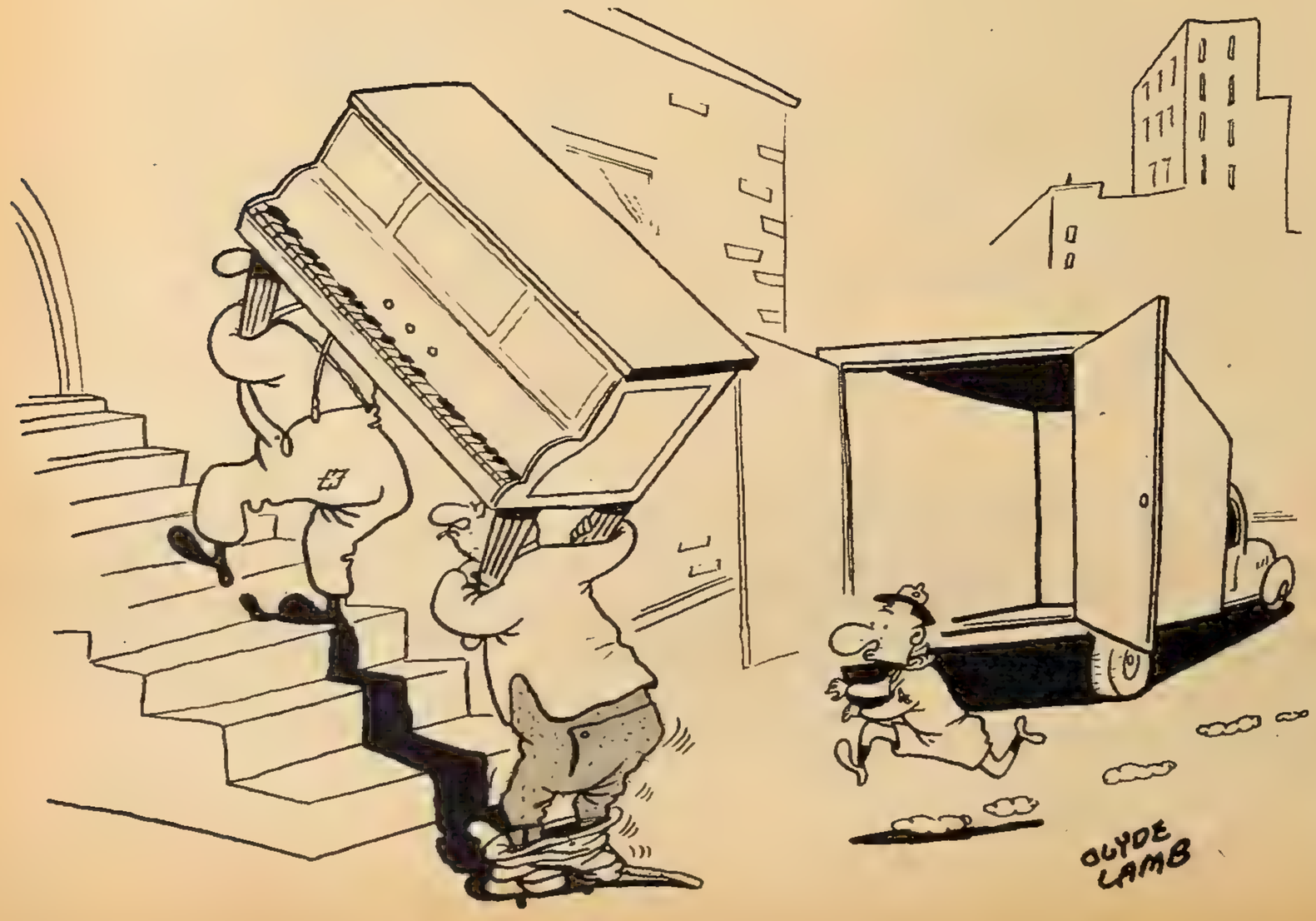
As a result of following this set of rules carefully, Maureen remembers London as just one big blur. She never had a chance to stop and look at it.

Maureen did well in London, but again, in her practical way, she played safe. Even though she was making a picture with a star as prominent as Charles Laughton, she registered at Trinity College for a dramatic course. She stayed until she graduated, with a 92% mark; an achievement so unusual that the school board awarded her a gold medal of honor.

Her greatest asset in stage work was her quick memory. When she first read Shakespeare, she fell so much in love with him that she would memorize huge gobs of his plays at one sitting. She could read a page, give me the book, and then recite almost all of it straight out! More than that, she took to writing poetry, and could compose a little sonnet while riding home from school on her bicycle. I sometimes feel that working in pictures, where you need only remember a short scene at a time, is a waste of her talent. Still, films bring her talent to so many people. And her beauty.

Yes, when people step into my shop and talk about Maureen's beauty, I agree. Now that I look back on it, there was her flaming red hair, and I remember how I used to try to get her dresses in complementary colors to match. Then there were her green eyes, and her finely-modeled face and the graceful movements.

What must I be thinking of? Why, Maureen was always beautiful! Of course! Of course! And the first thing I'll do when I get back to Ireland will be to remind her father of it. He'll be quite delighted!



LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

This is getting to sound like a broken record—but anyway, thank you again for your wonderful letters. We got a great big kick out of every one of them—plus a nice warm feeling that we're getting to know you like our own best gal friends.

And thanks especially for those coupons you sent in, telling us what size clothes you wear. They have helped us heaps. From now on, you'll be seeing more and more Modern Screen fashions in the size ranges you yourself have asked for—because, as we can't repeat too often, we run MS fashions solely to help you find the clothes you want at the prices you like.

Now, if you've got the strength to write us one more letter—here's something else we want to know. How are you doing when you actually go into a store to shop for MS togs? Do you have trouble finding the clothes? Does the salesgirl know which dress you're referring to? We try to make it easy for you to locate your favorites by naming the department as well as the store. But, if you ever *do* hit a snag, won't you write and tell us about it? It's only by knowing exactly what happens when you go shopping—that we can fix things with your home town store so that finding what you want will be a breeze. Meantime, just to make sure, why don't you tear out the picture of the fashion you want, and show it to the salesgirl? That helps, too.

About C.O.D.'s. Kids, we can't handle them here at MS. You can send a C.O.D. order to the stores we name, or you can write us for the name of a store which will take your C.O.D. But help! Please don't send your C.O.D. order to *this office*—because we're not set up to handle it.

And here's another point, chicadees. If there's anything you *don't* like about MS fashions—write us that, too, won't you? We welcome kicks as well as compliments. You see we slave over Modern Screen fashions *not* just to show you the latest trends; but to actually help you put your whole wardrobe together. Every single fashion in Modern Screen is meant to turn up with *you* inside it, happily feeling as well dressed as anything. That's why, if we show something you don't feel is right for you to wear, we want to know about it. Let us hear, hear?

Yours affectionately,

Connie Bartel

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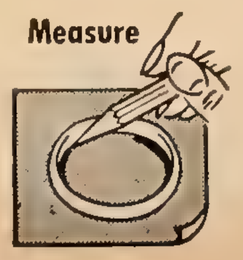
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THE HAIR "MAKE-UP"

—for your Color Type*



Created for REDHEADS

Four of Marchand's 12 rinse shades are ideal for redheads! "Light Golden Blonde" makes your natural hair color sparkle with highlights. "Titian Blonde" and "Henna" add coppery tones, while "Bronze" blends in little gray strands.

Colors for every hair type . . . blonde, brownette, brunette and redhead! Marchand's new color chart tells you which shade to use for the particular color effect you want . . . whether it's just a subtle color accent or a deeper, richer tone.

Glistening highlights, too! Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse does what a shampoo alone cannot do. As it rinses *out* dulling soap film, it rinses *in* new lustre, leaving your hair shining, silken-soft and easier to manage.

Safe, easy-to-use. After every shampoo, simply dissolve Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. It's as easy as that! Not a bleach, not a permanent dye, it's as safe as lemon or vinegar and does so much *more* for your hair. It's made with government-approved colors that wash off with your next shampoo.



By the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash



Geraldine Brooks, star of Warners' *Glory Enough,* is lovelier than ever in the pink!

PINK LADY

Pink, pretty and away from exotic effects is the lovely young-lady look for this spring

by CAROL CARTER

■ This spring, pink is for all pretty young ladies. The new look is deliciously peaches and cream and very feminine. No Gypsy insouciance, comfortable though it may be! Of course, blondes, titians and brunettes won't all be wearing exactly the same shades, but each will strive for the hot-house-flower look.

If all this sounds like a spring of sitting indoors with hands folded passively on your lap, you're underestimating modern cosmetics! Remember how suddenly we all got that bronzed look? Out of a little jar or box, of course. The pink prettiness is to be had with equal ease.

Blondes take naturally to the most delicate shades of pink with bluish tinges. Brunettes should buy a face powder with more pink, rather than brownish tones. Lipstick to go with it should be a bright, rosy shade. Away from purplish shades which have been worn. Foundation cream with a pinkish cast is the magic beneath it all.

Pink has always been one of the most flattering colors for redheads, even though there has been a lot of conversation about sticking to orangey shades. Pinkish lipstick with a hint of blue is especially lovely for the fair-skinned titian.

Nail polish will automatically and beautifully blend with makeup, since a lot of rosy tones will be seen.

As always, the lovely lady will use a delicate hint of eye-shadow and mascara for beautiful, swoopy-lashed eyes.





Beautiful English visitor dines at the Plaza—The Lady Bridgett Poulett

"Before I go out— always a 1-Minute Mask!"

No longer does a complexion mask mean a smothering, 20-minute face "pack"! Now "re-style" your complexion *quickly*—with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Take your beauty cue from Lady Bridgett—*always* have a glamorizing 1-Minute Mask before an important evening!



One magic minute makes your whole evening more glamorous!

LADY BRIDGETT POULETT, daughter of the 7th Earl Poulett, is one of Britain's loveliest young peeresses.

On her visit to America, Lady Bridgett discovered what she describes as "the best complexion 'pick-up' I've ever found—Pond's 1-Minute Mask. It makes my skin look clearer, finer—even lighter! The one thing I determined to take back to England was enough Pond's Vanishing Cream for a Mask whenever I'm anxious to look my best."

Discover what a marvelous beauty-lift a 1-Minute Mask can give *you!* Write today to Pond's, 9-B, Clinton, Connecticut, for a free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream.



A LOVELY FOUNDATION CREAM, TOO

1. Quick glamour pick-up! Smooth a cool, white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your entire face—except eyes.
2. "Keratolytic" action of the Cream dissolves off stubborn dirt and dead skin particles. After one full minute, wipe off *clean* with tissue.
3. All in 60 seconds, your skin looks lighter, clearer, sparkling—and perfectly smoothed for make-up. You're ready for a *radiant* evening!

NORTH TO FRISCO

(*Continued from page 32*)

with your bank account.

He regarded Peck solemnly.

"My good man," he said, "you are nuts."

Consider a plumber. A plumber positively never plumbs anything just for the hell of it. And a writer will cheerfully let his children grovel in the neighbor's turnip patch, starving to death, rather than get at his writing.

But actors—Mr. Mader sighed. Actors insist upon acting. Even when they have more picture commitments than a Brownie No. 2 at a family reunion, they will insist on running off somewhere to act in a barn. Mr. Mader now regarded Gregory Peck with disappointment.

Greg left his business manager's office and put in a telephone call to Dorothy McGuire in New York. He talked rapidly for one minute.

"Yeah man," said Miss McGuire.

Greg then got Jennifer Jones, also in New York, on the telephone.

"Why, shore," said Miss Jones.

The next New York call was to Joseph Cotten. Greg talked for a minute. Joe talked for three.

After that, Greg took a plane to New York and gathered the clan in a hotel bedroom. Mel Ferrer, who directed Jose Ferrer in *Cyrano de Bergerac,* joined them. They dedicated summer stock to the gods, cast their proposed plays with glittering names, and never once bothered their heads about money.

Joe Cotten composed an elegant telegram to Miss Ethel Barrymore.

miss barrymore declines . . .

"Organizing most distinguished summer stock company in history of American theater. Deeply honored if you would consent to appear."

In Hollywood, Miss Barrymore barely dropped two and purled one before she sent a singing reply:

"Thank you very much, my dear children, but I would rather die."

It takes considerably more than a brush-off from a Barrymore to discourage young actors and actresses who are determined to act on the stage. There was a slight pause for studio identification while Greg finished *The Paradine Case* for Selznick and *Gentleman's Agreement* for Twentieth, and while Joe and Jennifer completed *Portrait of Jenny,* but theatrical conversation was brisker than ever when they all met again in Hollywood.

What they wanted, they decided, was no ordinary summer stock company, but a thorough-going professional troupe, putting on plays in California with the same care that plays are put on in New York.

The idea finally came up as something to talk about in the presence of David O. Selznick. Mr. Selznick asked a couple of quick questions and said, "What are you waiting for? I'll put up the money."

Mr. Peck, Mr. Cotten, Miss McGuire, Miss Jones and Mr. Ferrer registered identical expressions—bug-eyed. And then grinned broadly and happily. Ought to have known all the time that Papa would come through. Several years ago, Papa had dropped $33,000 on three plays at Laguna, without batting more than one eye.

"David is a dead game sport," said Joe Cotten later. "He also knows which side his income tax deductions are buttered on."

"Go ahead, put on six plays," said David O. "Be good for you."

The result of this promise was a telephone call by Greg to prominent California Kiwanian, Frank Tarmon, Buick agent at La Jolla, California. La Jolla is Greg Peck's home town, where his uncle, a redoubtable Democrat named Rannells, has been postmaster for thirty years with the exception of an unfortunate lay-off during the Hoover Administration.

La Jolla is where Greg learned to swim. You learn to swim instantly when older boys toss you off Alligator Point into water 25 feet deep. La Jolla is where Peck can walk all over town, greeting cousins.

"Act in a quonset hut?" said Mr. Harmon. "Naw. In the high school. The Kiwanians will sponsor you."

So last summer the actors took over the high school, turned school rooms into dressing rooms, and laboratories into prop shops.

Planeloads of Hollywood celebrities peeled down from the clouds nightly to see Dorothy, Joe, Laraine Day, Dame Mae Whitty, Robert Walker, Ruth Hussey, Guy Madison, Eve Arden, Diana Lynn and Richard Basehart acting on the stage. The La Jolla season closed with Peck and Laraine in *Angel Street.*

Then it was David O. Selznick's eyes that bugged. The figures were: income, $70,000; outgo, $75,000.

"Lost only $5,000!" Mr. Selznick muttered. "Why, this theatrical venture is practically a gold mine!"

Peck lost $2,000. He spent that much on telephone calls, travel, and room and board.

It sums him up. He says: "I'm not one of those personality boys so handsome all I have to do is appear in a picture.

"I have to keep learning. I have to keep looking for parts that make you stretch."

It was after La Jolla was finished and done that Greg and Laraine went on tour with *Angel Street,* and ended up in San Francisco.

But first, Greg lounged for a while and counted his blessings. He's come a long way. He thought of 1939, the year he got the job as a sideshow barker at the World's Fair. Then there were the years of batting around Broadway, winning theatrical scholarships, getting parts, acting them well, but never managing to be in a play that was itself a hit play.

Then Hollywood, and nine starring pictures in four years.

"A good life," murmured Peck, who was loafing for the first time in twelve months.

Stephen, aged one, and some pumpkins were obviously the production events of the year. Two big pictures. The La Jolla playmaking. The San Francisco playmaking to come. And the new house—with a swimming pool.

Peck gazed lazily at his elder son, a dark-haired child named Jonathan, aged three.

Jonathan was padding about under a fig tree, stamping his feet carefully.

"What are you doing, my good man?" Greg inquired politely.

"Stepping on figs," said Jonathan.

"Why are you stepping on figs?"

"I am stepping on figs so that flies and birds can eat them," said Jonathan.

Greg thought that over.

"Fine," he said. "I am glad to see you have a social conscience."

After a week's beach vacation with Greta, who is Mrs. Peck, and whose blonde head comes to the middle button of Mr. Peck's vest, Gregory and family returned to their new house near Pacific Palisades.

The house sits on top of a small mountain and has four acres around it on which Greg is hopeful of seeing horses someday.

Greg speaks often and seriously these days about *Gentleman's Agreement.* This film has been publicized as a love story. It is that. But readers of the novel will know that it is also a forthright attack on anti-Semitism. Greg plays the part of the reporter who pretends to be a Jew in order to write a magazine article on his findings. (Last month in M.S., producer Darryl F. Zanuck told why he felt no other actor could do justice to the role.)

they pulled no punches . . .

"We never pulled a punch on the set, no matter what kind of visitors we had," Greg says. "There was a governor, once, from a state not noted for liberal feeling. He was shocked. We went right on.

"We learned this, among other things: it is hard to detect all prejudice. You think you haven't got any. You suddenly discover that you have—and you want to do something about it. That picture taught us things while we made it. I hope it awakens people when they see it."

During the making of this picture, Greg took his work so seriously he became absent-minded about everything else.

He misplaced his automobile several times and reported it stolen, to the chief of studio police. It was always exactly where he'd left it. He hasn't yet managed to do anything about the seven thousand letters he received every week after the picture started—letters commending him for appearing in it.

Neither has he had time to consider the problem of two prize Hereford steers presented to him by admirers in Texas. The Herefords broke out of their pen and ate $500 worth of Greta's fancy camellias.

He *does* find time to pay a great deal of attention to his sons. He not only plays with them at every free moment, but has worked out a unique way to build up a bank account for them: for every day he works in a picture, he deposits one dollar to each boy's account. The kids made $720 on *Gentleman's Agreement.*

He has found a way to keep in touch with his 23 relatives in Australia and with his wife's 23 relatives in Finland. Once a week, Greg and Greta compose a general letter, reporting on this and that in the life of the Peck family, have it mimeographed, and send it around.

Greg was in the new house for two months, before he began to wonder seriously why nobody ever called him on the telephone. He expected no studio calls, since he worked every day, but why, he said to Greta, does nobody else ever call me up?

"Dear," said Mrs. Peck patiently, "we haven't got a telephone."

It's been a busy year all right.

A $5 RESOLUTION

Now's the time for New Year's resolutions. And this is ours—we'll pay $5 for every "I Saw It Happen" anecdote we use. How about helping us keep our promise by sending in your contribution? Something true, short and amusing is what we want. And, of course, it must be about a movie star! Read our "I Saw It Happen" feature and you'll see what we mean. Send your contribution to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y. Have you made a list of resolutions? Add this!*

New lotion sensation works wonders for your whole hand!



NEW LOVELINESS for your "whole hand" *instantly* with New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream! Proved, *longer-lasting* protection—no matter what your work or the weather!

NEW SMOOTHNESS for elbows, arms and legs with New Hinds! It's marvelous as a powder base, too . . . makes cosmetics go on *smoothly*, cling hours longer! Now in new, *larger* Beauty Bottle—four sizes, 10¢ to 1.00.

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

Now in NEW Beauty Bottle



Hinds
Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream

STORK CLUB—BY SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY

(*Continued from page 46*)

a single real big shot who's a stuffed shirt, and the movie people who visit the club are strictly regular guys. No demands for unusual service, no screams because someone had a bigger table.

They tip well (although our headwaiter's biggest tip—$150—was given by a Chicago businessman, not a star), and when they give you a check it doesn't bounce. I figure that I lose about $10,000 a year on rubber checks, but I've never yet been stuck by a Hollywoodian. I've found them a good bunch, and look how those beautiful people dress my place up! There's no show at the Stork, you know. I have two small orchestras, so there's uninterrupted dancing, but what packs the crowds in are the People. There's something about a chance to see Dorothy Lamour (and did you know she used to work here before she became a star?) or Ty Power or Lana Turner, at close range, that few of us can resist. (I still can't—which is why I haunt the place from three P.M. to three A.M.) When you consider that half of our patrons are out-of-towners who come to *look,* you can understand how much I like having Van Johnson drinking his endless glasses of milk in our Cub Room, and lovely pink-haired Lucille Ball rhumba-ing on our fifteen-by-twenty dance floor.

How come we're a headquarters for the stars? I'm trying to remember how it all started. I think Helen Morgan was our first celebrity. Then we had a wonderful band consisting of Eddie Condon and kids like him, and big-name musicians started to come. The whole thing kind of snowballed. Now we subscribe to Celebrity Service, and when a star checks into New York, we know about it. If he doesn't come over soon after his arrival, we phone and tell him we have a table reserved for him. He's usually pleased, and after that, he'll drop around regularly for lunch and dinner while he's in town.

He soon discovers that, aside from being a nice quiet place to eat, the Stork has quite a set-up to offer him. Upstairs, we have a barbershop and a gym, and what's more, we're practically a bank when it comes to cashing checks. The gals particularly appreciate our policy of "stealing" no candid pictures. My publicity man, Don Arden, always gives them fair warning, and if they just don't feel in the mood for a snapshot, we don't insist. The other night, I saw Don go up to Sylvia Sydney, who looked good enough to eat, and ask if he could snap her. She said she was tired and not at her best and—please, would he mind— Don said, "Sure, next time," and went on to the next table. Miss Sydney was awfully grateful. A little consideration of that kind goes a long way with our customers. They appreciate, too, that we protect them from autograph hounds. The night we had Harold Russell here, for example, many curious patrons wanted him to sign their menus. Our waiters handle those situations with finesse, and nobody's feelings are hurt. Recently, we've been giving visiting movie folks another service. Somehow or other, we've become an unofficial information bureau. They can call up and say, "Where's June Allyson staying?" or "Has Danny Kaye been in?" or "What train is Crosby leaving on?" And nine times out of ten, we'll know.

Why, if Dorothy Kilgallen wants to know what Merle Oberon eats—for her Interesting People column—our headwaiter can tell her. (The answer to that, incidentally, is practically anything with garlic.) If we wanted to stick our necks out, we could predict at least one marriage and a couple of divorces. We can tell you that Lucille and Desi Arnaz have more fun than anyone, that Bob Walker dates the world's most gorgeous gals, that Jimmy Stewart likes to eat alone. (We don't as a rule encourage stags, as they're too often wolves on the prowl, but Jimmy's a nice guy. He can come anytime.)

The women stars who come in are usually dressed to the teeth. However, there's no rule against casual clothes. We've seen Dorothy McGuire looking mighty beautiful in a sweater and skirt, and Lucille and Desi in sport clothes many times. Don't think any girl's ever come in in slacks.

There are five rooms at the Stork. The bar room, the main dining-room, the Loner's, the Blessed Event Room and the Cub Room. The last-named is reserved for the important, the famous, and the beautiful. And more than one struggling model has gotten a break because a well-known illustrator or editor spied her dunking doughnuts at Mr. B's Stork Club.

Table Fifty—that's the one dead ahead of you as you enter the intimate Cub Room—is *the* table. Admiral Halsey has sat at it, and Barry Fitzgerald—now there's a fine chap—Walter Winchell, Brenda Frazier, Elliott Roosevelt, (wish those Roosevelt boys would bring their mother), Jim Farley, Helen Hayes, a lot of nice people. When the waiter seats you at #Fifty, you'll know you've arrived. My youngsters prefer Table Three. It's right near the orchestra, and for them, that's the big attraction. Celebrities, they've seen. They're much more blasé about 'em than the old man.

ask joe, he knows . . .

People often ask us how we know a celebrity from a traveling salesman. How do our waiters know that this unassuming chap is Joseph Curley, Hearst's right hand man; that this soft-voiced woman is a top flight literary agent who, if she likes us, will bring famous writers to us in droves? I don't know how other clubs do it, but at our entrance, we have one, Joe Lopez, a fellow with a photographic eye and a sixth sense for people. He can't quite explain it himself, but Joe just knows. Have we ever put anyone in the Cub Room by mistake who wasn't Anyone at all? Not by mistake. Sometimes, I'll put my non-celebrity friends in there, or a nice young couple who look as if they might be on their honeymoon, or a spectacular-looking woman whose name is simply Jones or Smith.

Not all the stars want to be in the Cub Room. Ingrid Bergman, for example, always asks for a quiet, out-of-the-way table at which to eat her favorite Bel Paese cheese. Annabella, who drinks beer, by the way, likes to be near the band. Columnists like good central tables in order to see what's going on, and we try to give them to them in order to insure plugs for our favorite bistro in their columns.

I guess every columnist in the business averages a visit a week to the Stork. Dorothy Kilgallen and her good-looking husband, Dick Kollmar, are frequent diners, usually ordering Italian food. (We have an Italian chef, in addition to our famous French and Chinese ones, and he's terrific.) Winchell comes over after the theater for a chickenburger à la Winchell, or sometimes, a blueberry tart. Ed Sullivan is in a lot, and I'm still amazed when I hear him order a pot of tea when he's all finished dinner.

I have a lot of good friends among the columnists, and among movie people, and on my birthday and at Christmastime, they turn the tables and give *me* presents. I'm not an easy man to give things to, because I don't drink or smoke at all, so almost everyone sends me ties. Hand-painted ones, foulards, woolen jobs, the louder the better. They know loud ties



The 18 celebs in the Cub Room of the Stork (page 46)

1. VAN JOHNSON
2. LUCILLE BALL
3. SYLVIA SIDNEY
4. ORSON WELLES
5. ANNABELLA
6. ROBERT WALKER
7. LANA TURNER
8. TYRONE POWER
9. SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY
10. DOROTHY LAMOUR
11. DOROTHY MCGUIRE
12. BING CROSBY
13. JAMES STEWART
14. BARRY FITZGERALD
15. DANNY KAYE
16. MERLE OBERON
17. WALTER WINCHELL
18. INGRID BERGMAN

are my weakness, in spite of my conservative suits, and my kids assure me that I now have enough ties to wear one every day for six months without repeating!

From all of this, you can gather that owning a night club is fun. Life is never the same two days in a row. One day, a fellow will call up and say, "Look, I'm in a jam. Some out of town clients are in town, and I've talked a little big to them. How can I establish credit so that I can sign for our dinner there tonight, instead of paying cash?" I tell him to send over the cash in advance, then he can sign all night up to that amount. Another day, a lady will come in and want luncheon for herself and her Great Dane. Or a guy will call up from Paramount Pictures and offer me a cool $100,000 for the use of the name, Stork Club, for a movie. (P.S. It was a deal!) Or maybe things will be kind of slow and nothing much will happen except that Hedy Lamarr will drop in.

compliments of mister b. . . .

Part of what I like about my job is the chance to play fairy godfather to people. Sure, it's good business to give out lipsticks and perfume, but it's fun, too. I like to watch Crosby's face light up when the waiter says, "No check. Compliments of Mr. Billingsley," and sophisticated Orson Welles break out in a big grin when the bottle of champagne appears on his table with my card. It's fun to pick out some couple you've never seen before, and will probably never see again and give them dinner on the house. After all, we gross nearly a million and a half a year, we can afford to do things like that, but lest you think we don't have tremendous running expenses, just listen to this. Our weekly laundry bill is in the neighborhood of $700. Those fresh flowers on the tables cost me $10,000 a year. Also, I have two hundred and fifty well-paid employees on the payroll. Someone asked me how much I lost a year through souvenir hunters. About two thousand of our big black ashtrays with The Stork Club lettered on them in white vanish annually, but we're happy about that. They're doing a good advertising job for us somewhere.

Getting back to the business of giving gifts, it's expensive, but, as I said, it's fun. I've given everything from dogs to diamonds. The biggest present we ever gave anyone was a new car. The smallest, I guess, was the tab we picked up for a glamorous deb and her football hero beau, only to discover that all they'd had were two glasses of milk!

Which just goes to show you that you don't have to be a big spender to come to the Stork. We've had youngsters linger and linger over a couple of cokes, and our waiters haven't hovered annoyingly. On the other hand, we've had to gently ease out people who'd spent a couple of hundred dollars because they were growing noisy or objectionable. We haven't any bouncer, and to date, we haven't needed one. Our waiters generally sense an impending fight and the belligerent parties are encouraged to be on their way before they get to the stage where they start trading punches.

We like well-behaved people at the Stork Club, and we generally get them. No obviously intoxicated people are admitted, no rowdies, few stags. But unless we're honestly filled up—and that can happen, since we can seat only 374 people, and between three and four thousand try to get in every night—respectable-looking, sober, well-dressed people, and we mean just plain people from Hoboken or Sioux City or Flatbush, are assured a real welcome at the Stork.

Don't forget, friends, I'm just an Oklahoma boy, myself.

CATCH EYES...CATCH HEARTS...WITH

that Always-Fresh look

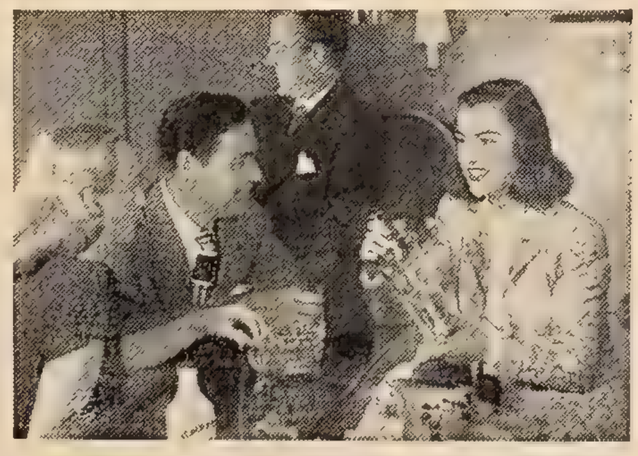


ELLA RAINES
in Nunnally Johnson's
"THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET"
A Universal-International Picture

TRY ELLA RAINES' BEAUTY-GLOW CLEANSING



DAYTIME! Before studio hours, Ella paints. *She's* a picture...skin rosy-awake! "For my wake-up facial, it's Woodbury Cold Cream. *Cleanses deep and clean,* coaxes fresh beauty-glow!"



PLAYTIME! Ella "at home". "Studio day done, my *first* date is Woodbury! So rich—it not only cleanses, but *softens, smooths dryness.* Leaves skin velvety!"

"First—smooth massage with Woodbury Cold Cream," says Ella. "Its *deep-cleansing* oils lift away make-up. Tissue and swirl on more Woodbury. *Four special softening ingredients* smooth dryness. Tissue again...spank with cold water. Your skin glows silken-clean, with that Woodbury 'Always-Fresh' look!"



Woodbury Cold Cream

Avoid underarm irritation . . .



. . . use YODORA the deodorant that is ACTUALLY SOOTHING

Wonderful! Yodora stops perspiration odor *safely, quickly* . . . yet is *positively soothing* to normal skin. Made with a face cream base, with no harsh acid salts to cause irritation, Yodora actually helps *soften* your skin, like a face cream. ***No other known deodorant gives this PLUS protection.*** Try Yodora, the *soothingest* deodorant. Tubes or jars, **10¢, 30¢, 60¢.** McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

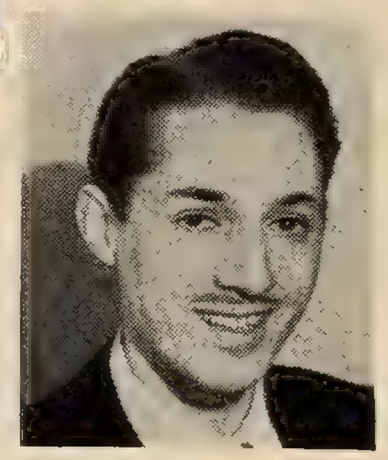


BLONDES



Don't let your beautiful blonde hair get dull, dark, faded or streaked. Blondex, a wonderful new shampoo for blondes only, keeps light hair from darkening and brings back the golden gleam and sparkle to dull, faded blonde hair. The first shampoo leaves blonde hair soft, easy to manage, shades lighter, with a lovely lustrous shine. Safe for children's hair. Try BLONDEX at home tonight. It's the world's largest selling blonde shampoo. At 10c, drug and department stores.

sweet and hot



By LEONARD FEATHER

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average.

POPULAR

CIVILIZATION—**Ray McKinley (Majestic); *Danny Kaye & Andrews Sisters (Decca); *Louis Prima (Victor); Woody Herman (Columbia); Sy Oliver (M-G-M); Murphy Sisters (Apollo); Jack Smith (Capitol).
Notice how semi-calypso novelties are catching on? There's another one groping for the Hit Parade right now, *Bread and Butter Woman,* waxed by those expert Trinidaddies, Danny Kaye (Decca) and Sy Oliver (M-G-M). But I'll take *Civilization.*

PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE, BABY—*Betty Rhodes (Victor); *Frankie Laine (Mercury); Hoagy Carmichael (Decca); Duke Ellington (Columbia); Skitch Henderson (Capitol).
Frankie and Hoagy wrote this, but it still wasn't a good choice for Duke's first Columbia release. Let the Duke make his own hits!

THEY'RE MINE, THEY'RE MINE, THEY'RE MINE—**The Soft Winds (Majestic); *Buddy Clark (Columbia); Guy Lombardo (Decca).
Soft Winds are a great, gentle-voiced trio of refugees from Jimmy Dorsey's band. Excellent piano by Lou Carter and guitar by Herb Ellis. A distinguished debut.

TUNE FOR HUMMING, A—*Woody Herman (Columbia); *Jean Sablon (Victor); Hoagy Carmichael (Decca); Eddy Howard (Majestic); Bob Houston (M-G-M).

TWO LOVES HAVE I—*Billy Eckstine (M-G-M); *Perry Como (Victor); Frankie Laine (Mercury); Ray Noble-Buddy Clark (Columbia).
First popular in its native France around 1930 as "J'ai Deux Amours," this opus owes its revival to Frankie Laine.

HOT JAZZ

LOUIS ARMSTRONG, MILDRED BAILEY, JACK TEAGARDEN, ETHEL WATERS—*"Singing The Blues" Album (Victor). Warning: Above album was recorded by MODERN SCREEN'S music man.

CHARLIE BARNET—**Sharecroppin' Blues (Decca).
Noteworthy for a wonderful vocal by Kay Starr, who should be a big starr.

COUNT BASIE—*Futile Frustration (Victor).
Less depressing, by far, than its title!

TEN CATS AND A MOUSE—*Ja-Da (Capitol).
Unique record on which everyone plays the wrong instrument. Singer Hal Derwin plays guitar; guitarist Dave Barbour plays trumpet (one note); trumpeter Bobby Sherwood plays trombone; alto saxman Benny Carter and tenor saxist Eddie Miller switch horns; Paul Weston blows some good clarinet, Frank DeVol imitates Slam Stewart on the bass, and vibraharp star Red Norvo does right by the piano. But don't overlook that solid rhythm background by the drummer—Peggy Lee!

FROM THE MOVIES

CARNEGIE HALL—All the World is Mine: *Harry James (Columbia).

ESCAPE ME NEVER—Love for Love: *Claude Thornhill (Columbia); *Andy Russell (Capitol); Hal McIntyre (M-G-M); Vaughn Monroe (Victor).

GOOD NEWS—The Best Things In Life are Free: *Beryl Davis (Victor); *Jimmy Lunceford (Decca); Dinah Shore (Columbia); Mel Torme (Musicraft); Danny O'Neil (Majestic). Pass That Peace Pipe: *Dinah Shore (Victor); *Beryl Davis (Victor); Kay Kyser (Columbia); Margaret Whiting (Capitol).
Best Things is a good old tune and the Lunceford version a good old version. Mel "Velvet Fog" Torme, who's seen in this picture, sounds a little too foggy.

IT HAD TO BE YOU—Title Song: *Deep River Boys (Victor); *Buddy Clark (Columbia).

YOUR RED WAGON—**Ray McKinley (Majestic); Tony Pastor (Columbia).
The McKinley band really rocks, and Ray's vocals are refreshingly relaxed. Tune is a rehashed traditional blues thing (there was a great Lunceford disc in 1940, now unavailable), and if you don't know what "your red wagon" means, well, that's *your* red wagon!

FIRST LOVE

(*Continued from page 61*)

been swell. There were crowds of fans at the Capitol's stage-door every night, and once, when it was cold and rainy, and there wasn't a cab in sight, one of the kids had disappeared, and come back in five minutes, triumphantly riding a running board.

"A cab," she said. "For you." And Jane had never even found out the kid's name.

New York had much to recommend it, and if there was something missing, you could only decide that the lack was in you.

There was another night (that day, a letter *had* come) and Jane and a girl-friend, sitting in the hotel, had an inspiration.

"I've always wanted to take a hansom around Central Park," Jane said, and the other girl said she had, too, and they grabbed coats, and went out into the street, and hired themselves a cab.

It was a wonderful night, full of stars, and the air not too crisp for comfort, and they sat back, feeling luxurious, and Victorian.

"Romantic," the girl friend said.

And then they both giggled. "But not with *you!*"

With Tommy, Jane was thinking. Ah, with Tommy. . .

It was strange to look back. There was a time when she'd been almost bored. For an eighteen-year-old girl—well, lacking only a week or two—who was healthy, beautiful and possessed of a fine fat contract with M-G-M, this was an unusual state of affairs. She had on a brand new evening dress this one night; her hairdo was impeccable; and she was sitting at a table in Earl Carroll's very swank, very glamorous theater-restaurant, watching one of the biggest benefit shows of the season. All the photographers had been by, and stopped, and set off flashbulbs in her face. Three young men, handsome but somehow anonymous in their dinner jackets and tans, had asked her to dance. It was February, 1947.

And something was missing.

what's wrong with this picture? . . .

It would not have been easy for anyone in that night club, even Janie's escort, to have diagnosed what was essentially wrong. It was something to do with the night, the new moon, the music.

Janie, to simplify this, was just ready to fall in love, that's all. She had never been in love before, and she would have hooted at the very idea, but there it was.

And there was Janie, just ready. And presently, wearing a dinner jacket like everybody else, his dark hair somewhat mussed from driving in an open car, his nice, young round face flushed from the cold air, and one of Janie's best girl friends on his arm, there came to the table Thomas Batten, 21, Kappa Sig, Senior at the University of Southern California.

Three years before, he'd been at Metro on a contract, and he and Jane had studied together but they hadn't seen each other since.

During her second dance with him, Tommy said, "My fraternity is tossing a dance at the beach Saturday night. Kind of a spring thing, to open the season. Want to come?"

"Yes," said Janie.

"Three years ago," he went on thoughtfully, "I never realized—"

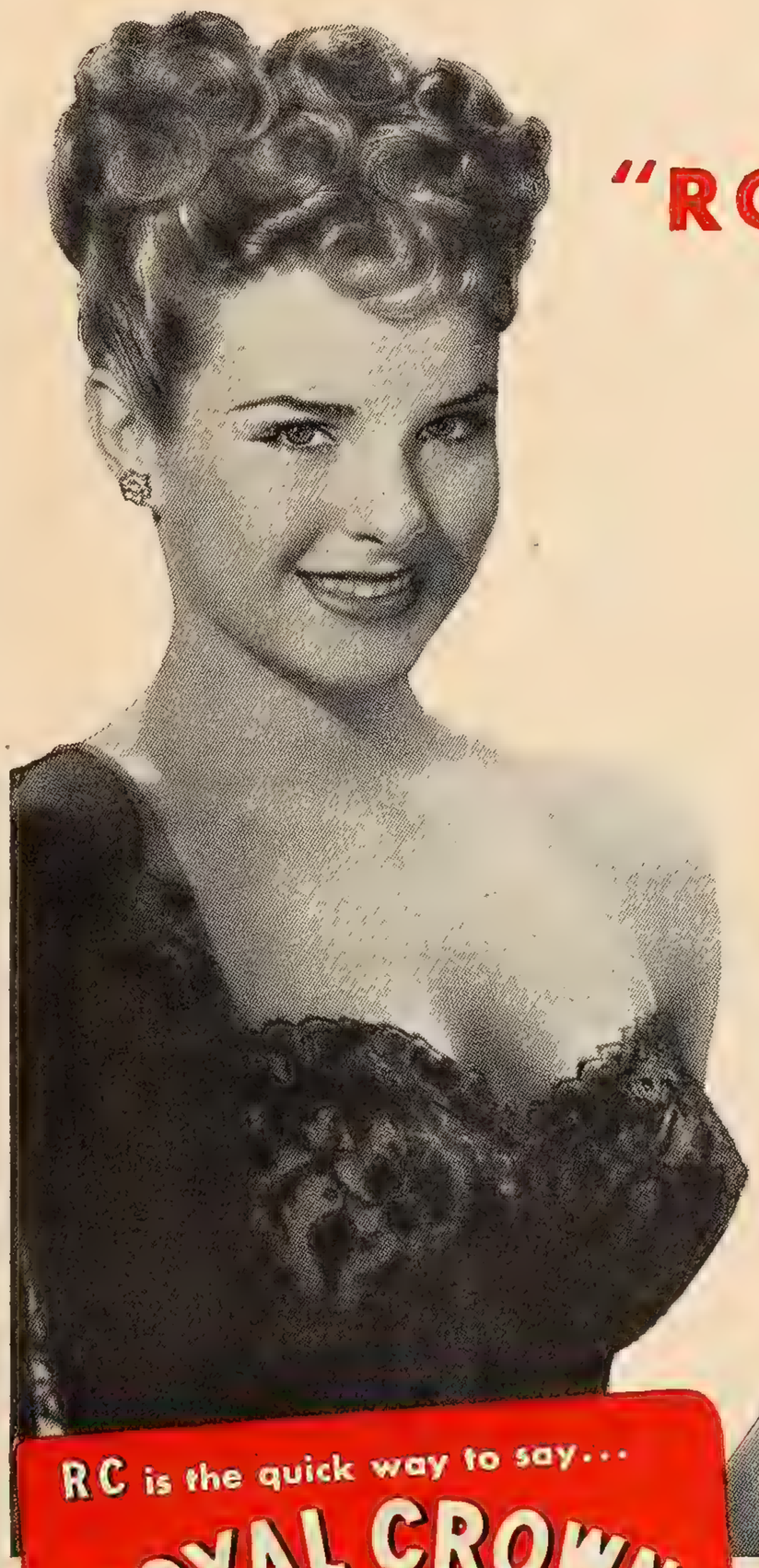
"You never realized—?"

"I mean, could I give you a ring about next Saturday?"

So there it was. Tragedy. New house, in the valley. No phone. The company had

Sure as shootin'...





"RC tastes best!"

says

JEAN PETERS

See her in

"CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE"

A 20th Century-Fox Technicolor Picture



RC is the quick way to say...

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste-test



"Here's why I'm so sure!" says Jean. "I tasted leading colas in paper cups—and RC turned out to be the best-tasting by far!" Try it! Say "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a cool, refreshing quick-up with Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

JEAN TAKING THE FAMOUS TASTE-TEST



JUST USE NESTLE COLORINSE! It gives your hair the lovely glowing color that makes you look "alive". Not a permanent dye or a bleach ...easy and absolutely safe to use. Try it —you'll be thrilled at the new beauty of your hair.



HAVE THE WHOLE FAMILY use Nestle Creme Shampoo—the wonderful new lanolin creme shampoo in a tube. They'll love it. 10c, 25c, 59c at all toilet goods counters.

said, "In a few weeks."

"That's the way it is about the phone," Janie said, in further explanation. "But you could give me a call at the studio. I'm on a picture. How about that?"

"Mmmm," he said, dubious. You called the studio, you went through thirteen secretaries, you got the stage, someone said, "Sorry, the red light's on." You waited. Next time the one set phone was busy. He knew that routine.

"I'll *try*," he said.

On Friday afternoon, she had all but forgotten the incident. (Not quite, of course: you do not entirely forget first important moments.)

As a matter of fact, she was in her dressing-room collecting the things she wanted to take home for the weekend, when an assistant director came up to the door and said, "Telephone, Janie."

Tommy was very nice about the car, in his diffident, almost shy way. It was a Chrysler convertible of ancient vintage, which he'd had before the war and somehow managed to hang onto all through his service. When he brought her up to it, at the curb in front of her house, he said, "If you'll wait just a minute—" and then proceeded to spend a minute and a half untying the knot in a sturdy section of clothes line. As the knot gave, finally, the door sprang loose and fell into the street.

breakaway jalopy . . .

"Oops!" he said. "I forgot to hang on to the back part." He retrieved the door. She got in. He put the door back, and tied it.

"We're off," he told her, and for a minute or two they drove in anything but silence, although neither spoke a word.

Janie giggled. "You've gone five blocks and you're still in second."

After a moment's pained pause he said, "We're in high. It was second we started in. Low doesn't work."

Eight blocks later he said, "You should have brought a scarf for your hair. It's kind of blowing."

"We might put up the top, then."

He didn't answer that.

She said finally, "I'll help."

"I can put it up myself. Only there's just half a top. The rest is ripped. You get a worse draft when it's up."

She began to laugh. "I'm happy. And I can comb my hair at the dance."

She had never meant anything more sincerely in her life.

After the Hollywood boys she was used to, Tommy was like someone from another world. He said he'd finished all his premed training, and quite simply had decided that being a doctor was too hard a row for him to hoe. "Besides," he explained, "it's getting so everyone specializes, and that takes even longer. I'm twenty-one now. My gosh, I'd be an old man before I ever got anywhere."

So he was getting his degree in entomology—which he'd probably never have occasion to use—and helping out his current income by assisting a professor of physiology.

"Sounds like a lot of studying," Jane said. "Dorsal aortas, and all."

He looked at her in surprise. They were sitting out a dance in the lounge, having a coke. "What do you know about dorsal aortas?"

"I took zoo. The dorsal aorta is just back of the post caval vein, and where would your renal arteries get off without it? Now ask me about malphygian corpuscles."

"I'm convinced you have a brain," he said, "so let's dance. For aortas and corpuscles, I have Doctor Beers. For fun and dancing, I have you. Come on."

That night, when he took her home, it seemed perfectly natural that, after raiding the icebox and eating cold lamb sandwiches, he should kiss her goodnight at the door.

The first time he came to dinner, he arrived by way of the garden and the back door. "I don't usually do this when I visit people's houses," he said, "but there was a slight obstruction called a skunk sitting on your front porch. Maybe it will go away."

"Indeed," Jane said, "it will not." She went to the front door and opened it, and the skunk, tail high, came mincing in.

"Oh, now look here," Tommy said.

"This is Scent of Jasmine, called Jazzie for short," said Jane. "Certain alterations have been made and she hasn't any fight left in her. How about a swim before dinner?"

They went dancing at the Florentine Gardens that evening, and when they got the car from the parking lot Janie slid under the steering wheel, from his side. They drove out into the street, stopped at the red light, and the door fell off.

While impatient horns behind them grew more insistent, Tommy got out. "Oh Lord," he said finally. "The rope's busted."

"Well, throw the door in the back and we'll go on without it."

"Too dangerous for you," he shouted above the deafening horns. From the turtleback, he brought an enormous ten-foot chain, meant for towing purposes. He secured the door with that, and they drove on at last, clanking like Scrooge.

After that Tommy had no alternative but to wire the door permanently shut. When in formal evening dress, Janie walked around and slid under the wheel. When in slacks, she learned to climb cheerfully over her own side.

two lives have i . . .

The spring wore on, and became summer, and Janie had two lives. One was at the studio, working like mad, clowning with the enchanting Iturbi, practicing her music. The other was the gay college social whirl, always with Tommy. They danced. They sat around bonfires on the beach, and ate charred hot dogs. They drove for hours along the coast, watching the moon.

Once, at breakfast, Mrs. Powell said rather anxiously to her daughter, "But you don't see so many of your old friends any more. Just these college people. Don't you miss the kids who are in pictures?"

"I like it this way," Janie said. She brandished a slice of toast for emphasis. "Don't you see? I'll never be able to have the experience of going to college, and this is the nearest thing to it.

"Besides—I like to be where Tommy is."

"He's pretty important to you, isn't he?"

Jane did not look coy. She said firmly, "He is very important to me."

But her mother's remark remained in her mind, and later that week when Jose Iturbi's niece invited her to a swimming party at Jose's Beverly Hills house, she accepted for herself and Tommy. They had a wonderful afternoon at the pool, because a heat wave had set in; they had a barbecue for dinner; a party developed afterward, and they danced until midnight.

Then, tired but contented, they set out for Janie's house in the Valley. Coldwater Canyon winds for a long way up over the mountains, and halfway up the road, empty of traffic except for their car, the radiator cap blew off, the motor uttered a few indignant burps, and froze.

"I guess it was letting the old girl sit out in that blazing sun all day," Tommy said ruefully. "All the water must've evaporated out of the radiator. Shall we start back to Beverly?"

"That doesn't make sense. Let's go on

to my house."

"Do you know how far that is?"

"Are we young and healthy?"

He groaned. "Woman, I am swum out and danced out. But—lead on."

They sang as they hiked. After about fifteen minutes, while they sat on a stone wall to rest, he said seriously, "I've liked a lot of things about you, honey, but this is one of the nicest things you've done. A lot of girls would be sore at me for what's happened."

She was genuinely astonished. "But *why*? You didn't know the car would conk out on us. I'm loving every minute."

After a few moments he reached over and pinned something on her sweater.

"That means I'm your girl," Janie said.

"It means you're my girl."

A car picked them up a few minutes later, and took them all the way to Janie's house, after they had explained their predicament. It was already one o'clock, which was Janie's deadline for getting home, so Mrs. Powell had to be roused, and listened sleepily to their story. They had to find a really big can, to put water in, and get out Janie's car, and drive back to the Chrysler. Then Tommy had to follow Janie back to her house, because she mustn't go traipsing around lonely mountains alone at that hour.

the "morning after" . . .

Tommy got back to the Kappa Sig house in Los Angeles at four, and did not do so well in the quiz that was tossed at him during his eight o'clock hour. Janie, on the set at nine, looked in the mirror and reflected that she was lucky to be eighteen, so her face didn't look haggard; and it was good to be a movie star, and in love, and Tommy Batten's girl.

It was October, with the World Series over and the football season on. In the Coliseum, one Saturday, Janie and Tommy yelled themselves hoarse while SC romped all over Oregon State.

There was no less charm or glamor in the tea dansant that followed the game, at one of the fraternity houses. As they danced, Tommy said, "You're so quiet. Didn't you enjoy the game"

"The way it turned out? You know better. It's just—oh, let's go out in the patio for a few minutes."

He followed her, a puzzled frown on his face. "Let's have it."

"I'm going away for a while."

He didn't say anything to that. She went on: "It's a big chance for me. Two weeks at the Capitol in New York. Four and five shows a day, but lots of money. If it weren't for missing you—"

But he was begining to laugh. "For a minute you had me worried," he said. "I thought you were going away permanently. I guess I can manage for two weeks."

"Oh? Well, it's going to be longer than two weeks. I've got reservations at the Waldorf, and mother's going with me, and the studio thinks I can stay on after I've finished at the Capitol. Indefinitely."

He was not to be fooled. "You've got another picture starting the last of November. You'll be back. And New York will do you good. But you be careful in those cabs—they don't care how they drive."

"You'll have fun, too. You know a lot of other girls."

"That I do." He grinned at her, and she grinned uncertainly back. She saw his eyes. She read what they had to say. Then she sighed happily and stood up. "Let's go back and dance some more," she said.

As they walked inside she added, "At least you'll get a lot of studying done while I'm gone. I leave you to explore the omphalomesenteric vein to its fullest. In thirty-six hour embryo chicks."

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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director

GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

Hi, Clubbers! Tell us truthfully, how many times have you had to answer the question, "What good are fan clubs, anyway?" Kay McGowan, the very attractive and intelligent vice-president of the Jeanne Pierre Aumont Club, was asked that question recently by a New York newspaper. Here's the answer Kay gave her:

"A fan club enriches you with a cleaner concept of tolerance. You never think of such trivialities as who is a Gentile or who is a Caucasian. You think in terms of who is loyal to the particular aims and principles dearest to your star. You learn that it is simple to find common ties between members from every walk of life. We originally banded together out of admiration for Pierre; we soon found lasting attachments and gained a new outlook on life. A fan club, at its best, can be a living laboratory for democracy . . . an outlet for youthful energies that is constructive, ie., journals, meeting people, gaining poise. This club has taught me more about getting along with others than anything in my life."

How about that? Do you like Kay's answer, or do you have an even better one? We'd like to hear what you think.

Bargain snaps: For those of you who missed our last announcement, here's how to get finest quality 4 x 5 snaps at lowest possible prices. Irving Klaw, the man who's nationally famous for movie star photos, has made this wonderful offer to clubs associated with the MSFCA ONLY. You must order through us, you must order a minimum of 10 prints. You may borrow our negatives, or supply your own. Send inquiries to Gloria Lampert, MSFCA, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16.

ANNOUNCEMENT: Trophy Winners in the Sixth Semi-Annual MODERN SCREEN Trophy Cup Contest will be announced next month in this column. Watch for this important news!

6TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST

Sixth Lap: (the following results are based on journals, reports, other data received at our offices during the month ending November 15). Individual Prizes. Each winner in THIS IS MY BEST Contest receives a generous gift package of FABERGE's Perfume and Cologne. Best editors are each awarded a special assortment of POND's beauty preparations. Winning artist gets a handsome TANGEE Trip Kit for travel. First prize winner, CANDID CAMERA CONTEST, receives a year's subscription to SCREEN ROMANCES, a year's subscription to SCREEN ALBUM, and 4 Dell Mysteries. Other Candid Camera winners, a neat package of 4 Dell Mysteries. (Suitable prizes always substituted for male winners.)

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners: Lewis E. Brown, "A Day With The Circus," (Lloyd) *Bridges To Stardom* (Denahy). Nat Hentoff, "Understanding Is The Word," *Talkin' To Teddy* (Walters). Doris Anderson, "Dear Diary," *Voice of The People* (Sinatra). Doris Albritton, "Don't Want To See," (Dennis) *Moore's Mesquiteers.* Clelia Barger, "Is This What They Fought For?" *Idol Chatter* (Sinatra, Fries). Shirley McBroom, "British or American Movies?" *Corvinus* (Charles Korvin). **Candid Camera Contest:** First prize, Nancy Martin, The Duffies (Howard Duff). Others, Joel Pacilio, Frankly Impressed C. (Sinatra). Pat Maben, Dan Duryea C. Ellen Tanner, Allan Jones C. Gloria Hoyle, Teddy Walters C. Elsie Ellovich, Louise Erickson C. **Best Editors:** None qualified in League 1. League 2. Isabel Lee, *Jive* (Bob Crosby). 3. (tied) Margaret Staley, *The Crooning Barber* (Como), Ron De Armond, *Four Star Review.* **Best Journals:** None qualified in League 1. League 2. (tied) *The Caroler* (Landis), *Golden Comet* (Jeanette MacDonald, Farrington). League 3. (tied) *Jottings on Janis* (Paige), *Bab's Boosters* (Lawrence), *James Melton Club Journal.* **Best Covers:** None qualified in Leagues 1, 2. League 3. (tied) *Corvinus, Jottings on Janis, Burt Lancaster Club News, Talkin' To Teddy, Arthur's Echoes* (Kennedy), *Racing With The Moon* (Vaughn Monroe, Staub), *Cubanly Yours* (Desi Arnaz, Martinjack), (Lloyd) *Bridges' Chronicle* (Gockel). **Best Original Art Work:** Astrid Rundberg, *Spotlight on Sinatra.* **Most Worthwhile Activities:** 1. Club Crosby, contributed raffle proceeds ($21) to Vets' Hosp., Wood, Wisc. 2. Ladd's Legionaires (Kee), have pledged $200 to United Construction Relief Fund, already paid $20 (proceeds of skating party). 3. Johnny Desmond C. (Skoff), contributed decorations for Christmas tree to Lockport Vets' Hosp. Also, 35 presents to Red Cross for personnel of ships which were at sea during Christmas Holidays. **Greatest Percentage Increase in Membership:** 1. Bill Boyd C. 2. Club Friendship. 3. Nina Foch C. **Best Correspondents:** 1. Kit Pritchett, Dennis Morgan C. 2. Margaret Walton, Carole Landis C. 3. Lee Valentine, Barbara Lawrence C.



Prexy's dream come true! (l. to r.) Mimi Kraushar, Joel Pacilio, Anna Ling, Doris Anderson and Audrey White, pilots of Sinatra clubs, lunched with Frankie, visited the set of *The Kissing Bandit.*

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 23)

piano in a dive in San Francisco, and the only reason he has that job is because the leader of the regular band there, Chick Morgan (Hoagy Carmichael), got it for him.

Dan might be playing there yet, if one night a girl hadn't drifted in with some friends after the opera. "Slumming," the friends called it. Catherine Mallory (Merle Oberon) her name was, and she was wearing a mink coat, but Dan couldn't see that, and wouldn't have cared anyway. When she sees Dan and hears him play, something happens. Maybe it's partly the way he looks, and his independence in spite of being blind. How can you explain love at first sight? How can you explain love?

Catherine is bright enough to realize—and Chuck confirms it—that Dan would accept no help from her. So, with the help of her Aunt Willey (Ethel Barrymore), Catherine Mallory becomes a blind girl, Mary.

Yes, blind. Because that's the only way to do it, the only way to get into the strange, dark world where Dan lives. Mary is part of that world, he thinks—and with her help he at last goes back to composing music—something he hasn't done since his blindness.

And with the help of Catherine Mallory, he wins a prize for a concerto and goes to New York for an operation which restores his sight. But here's the catch. Now that he's back in the bright world of light, what interest has he in blind Mary?

Ethel Barrymore gives impact to a rather minor part. Dana and Merle and Hoagy do all right for themselves, too.—*RKO*

TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE

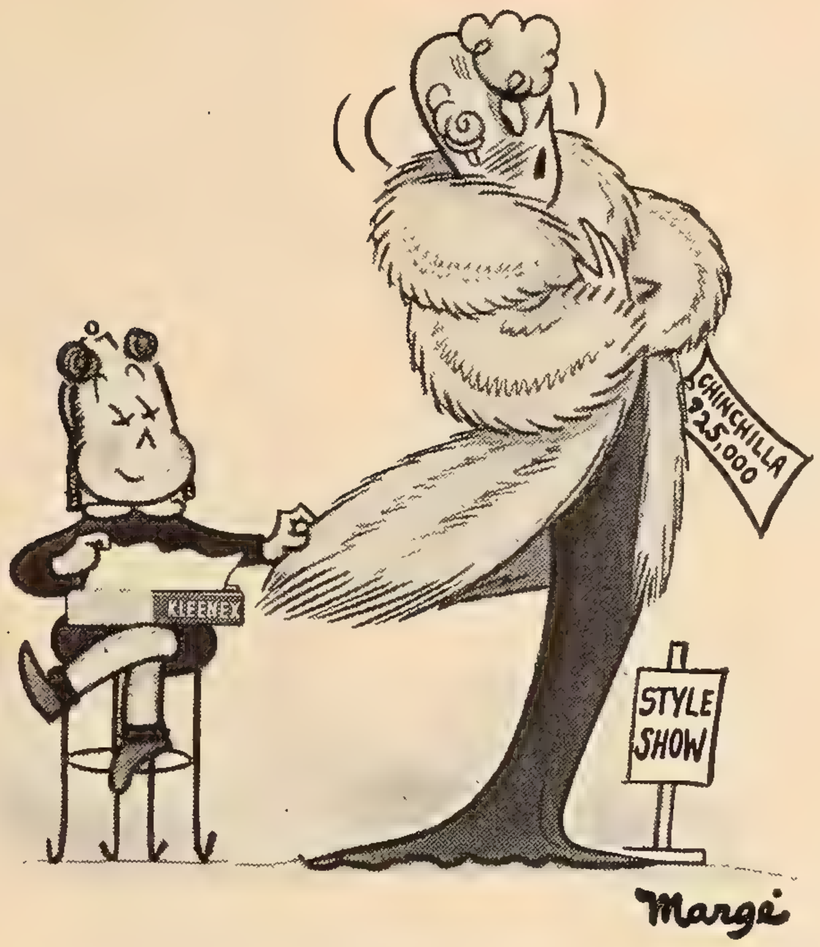
I'm always faintly mournful when they put Humphrey Bogart in a picture with an all male cast. Not that he isn't good at the kind of thing he does in *Sierra Madre*, but he's pretty good in the romance department, too.

Anyway, here he is as a broken down American bum, in Tampico, Mexico, in 1920. Call him Dobbs. Maybe that's his real name



Treasure Of The Sierra Madre: Humphrey Bogart and Walter Huston seek gold in Mexico.

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and maybe it isn't, but in Tampico nobody cares. His theme song is "Brother, can you spare a dime?" and he can spot a rich American tourist three blocks away. He can also occasionally beat the bootblacks to a discarded cigarette butt, which is quite a trick in Tampico. One tourist gives him a dollar and Dobbs gets a shave, a meal and a lottery ticket.

That same day, he meets another bum named Curtin (Tim Holt), and the two of them regretfully decide that things are so tough, they'll have to take jobs in one of the construction camps up the river. A few weeks of work puts them in reasonably good physical shape, and when they get back, Dobbs has a surprise. He's won the lottery. It doesn't amount to any fortune—about a hundred dollars in American money.

Maybe it's coincidence and maybe it isn't, that they have just been talking to an old gold prospector, Howard (Walter Huston). He knows where there's gold, all right, but as he says, if it was easy to get out, everybody would have it. The trip is tough and what's worse, he warns, you get gold-crazy. The stuff seems more important to you than anything else in the world and you'll sacrifice your best friend for it, even when you already have enough.

In spite of these predictions, the three of them join up in a gold-hunting expedition. And everything Howard said comes true. Sure, they find gold. And hatred and disloyalty and —finally—death, along with it!—*War.*

THE GAY RANCHERO

I don't know what it is about Roy Rogers' pictures that gets me. Maybe it's because they don't demand any heavy thinking—you just sit back and relax and watch the shooting.

The Gay Ranchero in Technicolor has the usual ingredients. Roy is a sheriff in a small southwestern town. The principal activity in the place is the airline run by Betty Richards (Jane Frazee) with the assistance of Cookie Bullfincher (Andy Devine).

There is also a hotel outside town where a mysterious South American beauty is staying. Actually, she only *looks* mysterious. Her name is Consuelo Belmonte and she has come here to get away from a young man named Nicci Lopez (Tito Guizar). Not that she doesn't love Nicci. She's as crazy about him as he is about her and she's not really mad when he turns up there. But she thinks he's a coward, because he has renounced bull fighting. Seems a silly reason to me for dropping a handsome fiance, but I don't share Consuelo's mad passion for bull fights.

There are, naturally, several villains in this same town. Vance Brados, Mike Ritter, and a couple of what are usually referred to as henchmen. Brados has envolved a fine, practical scheme for making money without working for it. Betty's airline flies gold in from the mines to the bank in town. Brados has a guy called Breezy planted with the airline as a mechanic. He fixes it so the gold-laden planes run out of gas at a nice, deserted spot. The pilot goes to look for gas, and the villains take the gold. All very simple.

The trouble is that, like most crimes, if you pull it too often, people begin to catch on. And Brados pulls it too many times, so Roy takes over for a wild and woolly finish. —*Rep.*



The Senator Was Indiscreet: Senator William Powell, looking for votes, joins an Indian tribe.

THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET

Probably large numbers of Senators dream of becoming President. It's an occupational disease, and Senator Ashton (William Powell) has it in a particularly virulent form.

Ashton is quite an influential man. He is head of a Committee for something or other, and he has a press agent, Lew Gibson (Peter Lind Hayes). Lew gets the Senator inducted into the usual Indian tribes, has him made a Kentucky Colonel and photographs him kissing enormous numbers of babies. But things are tougher these days. The public wants something really special from a presidential candidate.

Press agent Lew's girl is not much in sympathy with his methods. Poppy (Ella Raines) thinks the American people deserve better treatment and eventually she breaks with Lew, and begins a campaign of ridicule in her newspaper against Senator Ashton.

The Senator goes on a speaking tour of the entire country. He comes out flatly against inflation *and* deflation, but is in favor of a mysterious something called "flation." He has a health bill guaranteeing every adult a normal temperature. He is super, terrific and unshakeable. He makes no sense at all, but his speeches sound as if they did and he rapidly becomes "the people's choice."

Ashton has one weakness from the point of view of the professional politicians who are backing him. He insists on keeping a diary all about the party's affairs. The diary disappears and everyone suspects everyone else. With good reason, Poppy might have stolen it. Or the beautiful redhead, Valerie Shepherd (Arleen Whelan), whom the Senator has befriended. And Lew. And all the party leaders.

There seems to be just one solution. Throw Ashton out as a candidate, then the diary won't matter. But throwing Ashton out proves far more difficult than anyone anticipates.

Some amusing satire in this. I think you'll like it—*Univ.*

KILLER McCOY

This is the story of a prizefighter. A little guy, not a big one, but with all the guts and toughness it takes to stay in the ring with bigger guys and take what they hand out. Tommy McCoy (Mickey Rooney) his name is, and you're going to like him.

Tommy comes from the kind of neighborhood where you learn to fight as soon as you learn to walk. You have to. His father, Brian (Jimmy Dunn) used to be in vaudeville. Now he's just a drunk. Mrs. McCoy (Gloria Holden) does sewing and Tommy sells newspapers and somehow they keep going.

Then, one night at a neighborhood benefit,



Killer McCoy: Mickey Rooney, Jimmy Dunn's son, becomes a boxer with Sam Levene's help.

Brian is asked to do one of his old vaudeville acts. Uncertain on his legs, filled with panic before an audience now, he gets Tommy to do it with him. They're a hit. Tommy's even more popular later when he challenges an older, heavier boy to a fight in a ring that has been set up for some boxing matches.

Tommy wins and Martin (Mickey Knox), who's in charge of the fights, takes the boy and the old man on tour as part of the act. A year later, Tommy is really a fighter. Martin and his trainer, Happy (Sam Levene), have seen to it that he knows all they know, which is plenty. Martin retires as a fighter, and Tommy loses track of him but keeps a feeling of affection for him in his heart.

There are things about the racket that Tommy hates. He quits it once, but it's the only thing he knows and he goes back. His contract is owned now by a gambler, Caighn (Brian Donlevy). He discovers that Tommy has a terrific right, although his reputation is built on his left punch. That's the kind of angle Caighn can use in his business—the gambling business.

It's strange that Caighn should have a daughter like Sheila (Ann Blyth), although it certainly isn't strange that Tommy should fall in love with her. If only Tommy hadn't had to fight his old friend, Martin, who's trying to make a comeback. Martin dies from that fight, and they call Tommy "Killer McCoy!" —*M-G-M*

SO WELL REMEMBERED

There is plenty to remember in this story which begins in England right after World War I, and carries on till Victory Day of World War II. Its central figure is George Boswell (John Mills), a young politician in the town of Browdley.

Or maybe I'm wrong. Maybe the real central figure is Olivia Channing (Martha Scott). The Channings dominated the town of Browdly for many years, until Olivia's father was sent to jail for some financial skullduggery which involved keeping the city slums just that—slums.

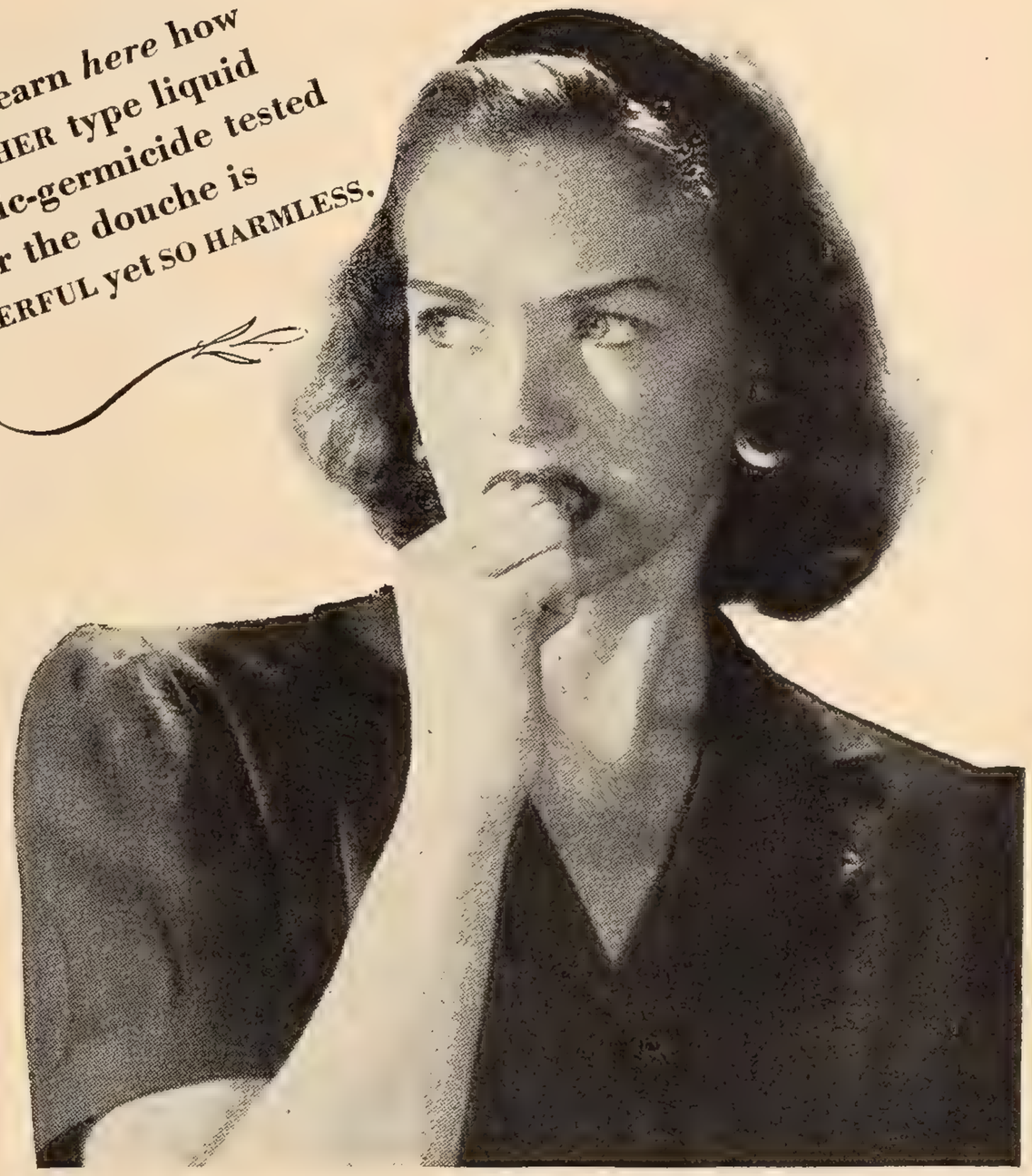
Mr. Channing is just out of jail when the crusading young George meets Olivia. Like most crusaders, George is a romanticist. He sees lovely, deep-eyed Olivia as a victim of the town's prejudice against the Channing fam-



So Well Remembered: Martha Scott, Trevor Howard and John Mills in a politico-love drama.

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ily. He not only gets her elected to the post of town librarian, but is soon wildly in love with her.

Olivia is an opportunist. No romantic nonsense for her. She marries George not out of love, but because she thinks she can make him a successful London politician with its attendant riches and pomp. For a while it seems she's right. George stands for Parliament. They live more in London than in Browdley, and Olivia is admired as an astute and brilliant wife.

Meanwhile, George's crusading spirit has lagged considerably. Even when he gets a report from his old friend, Dr. Whiteside (Trevor Howard) concerning the terrible condition of Browdley's slums, he allows himself to be persuaded that Whiteside is a fanatic. It is only when a serious outbreak of diphtheria gives direct and terrible proof, that George becomes himself again. And then Olivia leaves him.

Twenty-five years pass before Olivia comes back to Browdley. She has a son, by a second marriage, who is in the RAF. It is when she, with her old dominating ways, tries to break up the boy's romance, that George once more comes into her life.—*RKO*

THE UPTURNED GLASS

Nothing to do with drinking—just murder. James Mason and Pamela Kellino are the stars. Pamela (Mrs. Mason, as I'm sure you know) has also co-authored the screen play which is adapted from a story by John Monoghan.

As it begins, we are listening to a lecture on crime. The lecturer is a casual, oddly attractive man. He's telling the class about a murderer, a sane and sensible fellow, who committed his one crime from a sense of justice.

This man, the lecturer explains, he will refer to as Michael Joyce. He is a surgeon, a brain specialist, and one of the best in the field. However, aside from his work, he leads a dull and lonely life. He is separated from his wife and doesn't have any particular interest in the women he occasionally sees.

One day he meets, professionally, a charming young woman whose little daughter must have a brain operation. Michael performs it successfully, and by the time the child is well, he and the mother, Emma Wright (Rosamund John), are in love. However, she has a husband in the Near East on a geological expedition and Michael has a wife who won't divorce him. Being honorable people, they finally decide never to see each other again.

You can imagine Michael's shock when, not much later, he hears that Emma has fallen from a high window of her house and has been killed. He goes to the inquest and immediately becomes suspicious of the behavior of Emma's widowed sister-in-law, Kate (Pamela Kellino). She obviously hated Emma.

There's nothing very definite to go on, but Michael starts a campaign of attention to Kate. Flowers, dinner dates, the usual things. It's very easy. She soon not only wants to marry him for his money, but is really in love with him.

All the while, Michael is gathering evidence against her. She finally learns his real purpose in a scene that will chill your blood like iced champagne. And even after that climax, there is more of the story to come.—*Univ.*

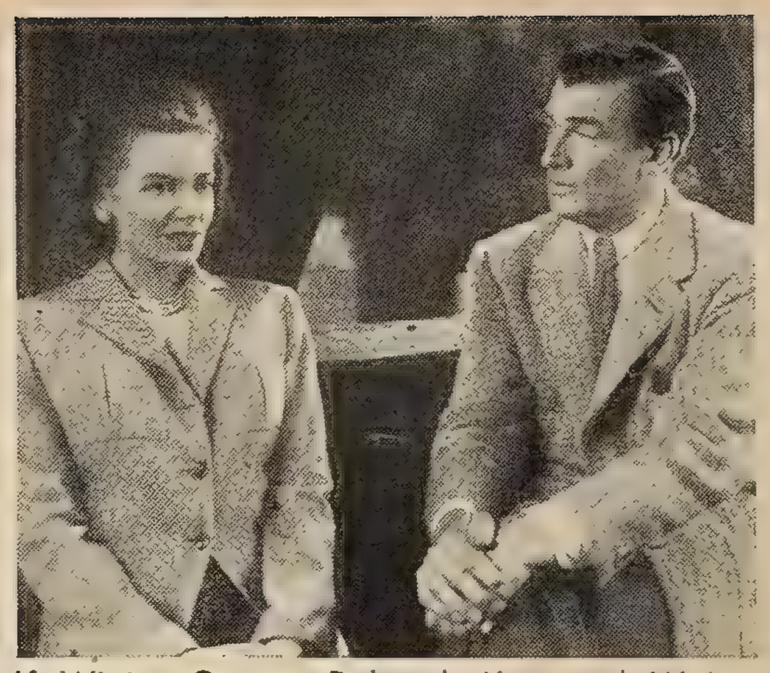
IF WINTER COMES

A friend of mine has a favorite saying—"In this world a good deed never goes unpunished." Cynical? Undoubtedly, but a perfect example of the way it works is to be seen in *If Winter Comes.*

Here we have an Englishman, Mark Saber (Walter Pidgeon), who has plenty of friends,



The Upturned Glass: James Mason, surgeon, and Rosamund John, victims of an unhappy love affair.



If Winter Comes: Deborah Kerr and Walter Pidgeon married to others, are still in love.

a good job, and a wife (Angela Lansbury) who, like many wives, never knows quite what he is talking about but doesn't care. She does care, however, when Mark's ex-fiancée, Nona Tyler (Deborah Kerr), returns to their town of Tidborough with her worthless husband, Tony. She's afraid Nona will get Mark back.

Actually, Nona and Mark are still in love. But they aren't, they find, the kind of people who can take their happiness at the expense of others. They do consider for a little while the possibility of running away together—a possibility which definitely goes by the board when war is declared, and Nona's husband joins up. She plunges into war work, and Mark tries to forget his unhappiness in his job with a publishing house.

Now we come to the good deed that causes all the trouble. There is a girl named Effie Bright (Janet Leigh) whom Mark has met quite casually. Her father is a clerk. When a young friend of Mark's, Freddie (Hugh Green), goes off to war, Mark gets Effie a job as companion to Freddie's mother. It seems an ideal arrangement for all concerned, and probably it would have been, if Freddie had stayed away all the while.

But, of course, now and then he got a leave. And equally, of course, he fell in love with Effie. So before long, Effie finds herself about to become an unwed mother, and a whole series of idiotic coincidences point to Mark, not Freddie, as the father. Mark's wife leaves him, he loses his job, and Effie—aghast at the effect of her indiscretion—commits suicide.

It's quite a trick to produce a happy ending out of a setup like that, but they've managed it.—*M-G-M*

THE LOST MOMENT

A girl—a really beautiful girl—who is living in two centuries at once. That's the theme of a ghostly drama starring Robert Cummings and Susan Hayward. The scene is Venice around 1900. Lewis Venable (Robert Cummings), an American publisher, comes there to try and find some lost love letters.

Not his own. No, these were written by a famous poet, Jeffrey Ashton, who disappeared in Venice in 1830 and was never heard of again. But the woman Ashton wrote them to, Juliana Bordereau (Agnes Moorhead), is still alive at the age of one hundred and five. Lewis is to be a "paying guest" in her home while posing as a writer, but he has every intention of finding those letters



The Lost Moment: Susan Hayward and Robert Cummings find the body of aged Agnes Moorehead.

and publishing them if they exist. His theory is that Jeffrey Ashton was so great a poet that any word, any phrase, written by him, belongs to the world.

Lewis finds that the Bordereau household is an odd one. It is run by Tina (Susan Hayward), Juliana's niece. She's a stern, unfriendly young woman who tells Lewis frankly that it is only because they must have money that they allow him in the house. There is an old cook who mutters what sounds like Italian curses every time she sees him. There is the little maid, expertly played by Joan Lorring, who is obviously afraid of Miss Tina. She warns Lewis that something is wrong in the house but refuses to say what it is.

One night, he hears a piano playing softly. He traces it to a secret room and finds that it is Tina playing. But you would never recognize her. Lovely and feminine with her gorgeous hair down around her white shoulders, she looks like a dream from long ago.

And it seems she is. Because she calls Lewis "Jeffrey" and obviously believes herself to be Juliana. She kisses him passionately to prove her love. But when they meet next day, she apparently has no memory of what has happened. It takes Lewis a long time to unravel the mystery, and with it, he discovers the secret of Jeffrey Ashton's disappearance.—*Univ.*

TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

Your name is Mike Barrows (Dick Powell), and on a cloudy, fog-bound night in San Francisco Bay you are watching the captain of a Jap freighter toss a hundred Chinese slaves overboard to drown. This is before the war. You are working for the Treasury Department, in the Narcotics Division. There isn't a thing you can do about the Chinese slaves. But you ask yourself, "Why was this thing done?" And, being Mike Barrows, you decide to find out.

Mike takes a vacation without pay and gets aboard the next Clipper for Shanghai, where the freighter came from. He reports the incident to Japanese officials there, and is met with polite smiles and a bland request for proof. Of which he has none.

But he meets a man named Lum Chi (Vladimir Sokoloff), and later two girls, Ann Grant (Signe Hasso) and Shu Pan (Maylia). They tie in somewhere, although he doesn't yet see where. Ann is the widow of an American engineer. Shu Pan is a pretty Chinese girl whom Ann plans to take back to the States with her.

Egypt comes after Shanghai. Mike finds a clue there which points directly to Ann. The whole situation, he discovers, is based on an international narcotic ring. Suicides follow his trail now, but Mike blazes along, trying to get to someone who will talk. Suicides don't talk.

Havana is next. You really get around when you're after international smugglers. Mike finds Ann and Shu Pan there, ready to take a boat for New York, and he takes it, too. He knows quite well that a $5,000,000 shipment of narocotics is on board and if he can catch Ann bringing it in, he has her cold. As it turns out, Michael is the one who's cold—out cold, hit over the head with a life preserver.

From here on it's strictly fox and hounds stuff, with the criminal one jump ahead until the very end. If you like spy stories you'll be happy with *To The Ends Of The Earth.* —*Col.*

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SPEAKING FRANKLY—By Ed Sullivan

(*Continued from page 27*)

medicine cabinet crowded with pills for nervous stomachs—and disclose that Joe Hero and Josephine Heroine are afflicted with nothing more glamorous than low blood pressure. When people or movie stars make decisions that are influenced by poor health, those decisions are liable to be off the beam."

"Uh-huh," I murmured. Mrs. Wilde looked at me icily.

"You don't believe me!"

"Let's put it differently," I said. "This is the first time I've ever heard of that low blood pressure routine, and—"

"And nothing," she stormed. "It's no routine. It happened! It happened to Cornel and me. The only time we ever experimented with a trial separation, it was because he was worn out and nervous. His blood pressure then was less than 80. He'd just finished *Bandit of Sherwood Forest* for Columbia. He came home that night, completely exhausted. After dinner, a studio barber arrived to cut his hair; then he went to bed all in. I had to wake him at 6 o'clock the next morning, so that he could start for Arizona for his next picture."

She gestured.

"Cornel sat at the breakfast table that morning, wordlessly. His face was drawn; there were deep circles under his eyes. This, then, I thought to myself, was movie stardom!

"For ten years the two of us had struggled to make the grade. We had stood up to heartbreak and discouragement, we had fought against sickness, we had laughed off shows that folded after one or two nights—and for what?"

"Wait a moment," I enthused. "This sounds like a great story."

"Not a great story," corrected Mrs. Cornel Wilde, "but a tragic explanation of why some Hollywood marriages go on the rocks. Not maliciously, but with a certain sense of smugness, people say that the Hollywood star is overwhelmed by problems that the average citizen meets in stride. It is consoling for people outside of Hollywood to feel that the movie personality lacks the moral fibre, the sense of proportion or the moral courage of John Q. Citizen."

"What are you driving at?" I asked her.

"Just this," said Mrs. Wilde, "the problems of Hollywood stars are completely dissimilar. Actors encounter occupational hazards that never touch the lives or affect the happiness of those who aren't on Hollywood sound stages.

"For instance," she said, "after Cornel became a star, we rarely saw each other, and then only when he was so exhausted that it was an effort to make conversation. Both of us were on edge; he was worn out from too much work; I was lonely and unhappy. The day he left for Arizona, I packed his bags for him.

"'Don't forget my pills,' he told me. 'My stomach is doing nip-ups.'

"As I watched Cornel walk out of the house that morning to the studio car, I thought to myself that it had been far better when we were struggling to earn rent and food money back on Broadway."

"Tell me about Broadway," I suggested.

"Well," she said, "in New York, we had been together continuously. We had gone to agents' offices together, we'd lunched together, had dinner at the Automat together, and it was all wonderful. We both got parts in Tallulah Bankhead's *Antony and Cleopatra,* and we felt flattered that she'd selected us. That was back in 1937, just before we eloped to Maryland. Then, to our dismay, we learned that Miss Bankhead had planned a long road tour, and like most kids, we wanted to stay on Broadway. So we told her. She was very nice, and understanding, and we left the company, confident we'd grab another job, quickly."

"What happened?" I asked.

"We eloped, came back to Broadway, and never got another offer from a producer."

"What," I asked, "did you do for money?"

"What any other young stage couple does, I suppose," she said. "Worried ourselves sick. Every time we'd make some money, we had to pay it to the doctor. Luckily, the manager of the hotel where we lived was swell. No impounding of our trunks or anything like that. We played periodic 'subway circuit' engagements in *Moon Over Mulberry Street,* and finally I landed a job in the Ethel Merman-Bert Lahr musical, *Dubarry Was a Lady.* It was the security of the $40 a week that permitted Cornel to look for a part leisurely.

"If you read fan mags, Ed, you know the rest of our story. The first real break for us—parts in the Laurence Olivier-Vivien Leigh production of *Romeo and Juliet,* and traveling to San Francisco, and opening there, and the Warners' scout raving about Cornel. Warners used him twice, dropped his option, and six months later, he signed with Fox.

"For two long years, we waited and waited, and then Columbia borrowed him for *Song to Remember.*"

"Where does the low blood pressure enter the script?" I asked her.

"Starting right then," said Mrs. Wilde. "For years, Cornel had been under contract, doing nothing. Once he clicked in *Song to Remember,* they ran him ragged. Three pictures in a row at Columbia, then *Leave Her to Heaven, Centennial Summer,* three weeks with Peggy Cummins in *Forever Amber,* then into *The Homestretch,* then the Linda Darnell version of *Amber,* and out of that and into *It Had To Be You,* with Ginger Rogers. So instead of enjoying this new-found stardom, we were worse off than ever. And that's when we finally determined on a trial separation.

"The separation did the trick?"

"It gave us both time to think things over sanely. It enabled both of us to remember that we loved each other a lot. If I'd forgotten, it reminded me that Cornel was the most wonderful guy I'd ever met; sweet, considerate, thoughtful and a lot of fun—when he wasn't on the verge of a nervous breakdown because of overwork. So we determined that from now on, we'd live differently. Now that he is a star, he can ask for certain things—and the first thing he asked for was a six-month clause in which he could do a play. Never again will we ever permit Hollywood to disrupt our happiness."

A few nights ago, the Sullivans went to a dinner party in New York. There was a Wall Streeter and his wife, there was a toy merchant, there was a big league baseball star and his wife, a doctor and his wife and some other couples. "Another Hollywood divorce on the front pages," said one of the guests, shaking his head. "Well, I guess marriage means no more in Hollywood than it means to Peter Rabbit."

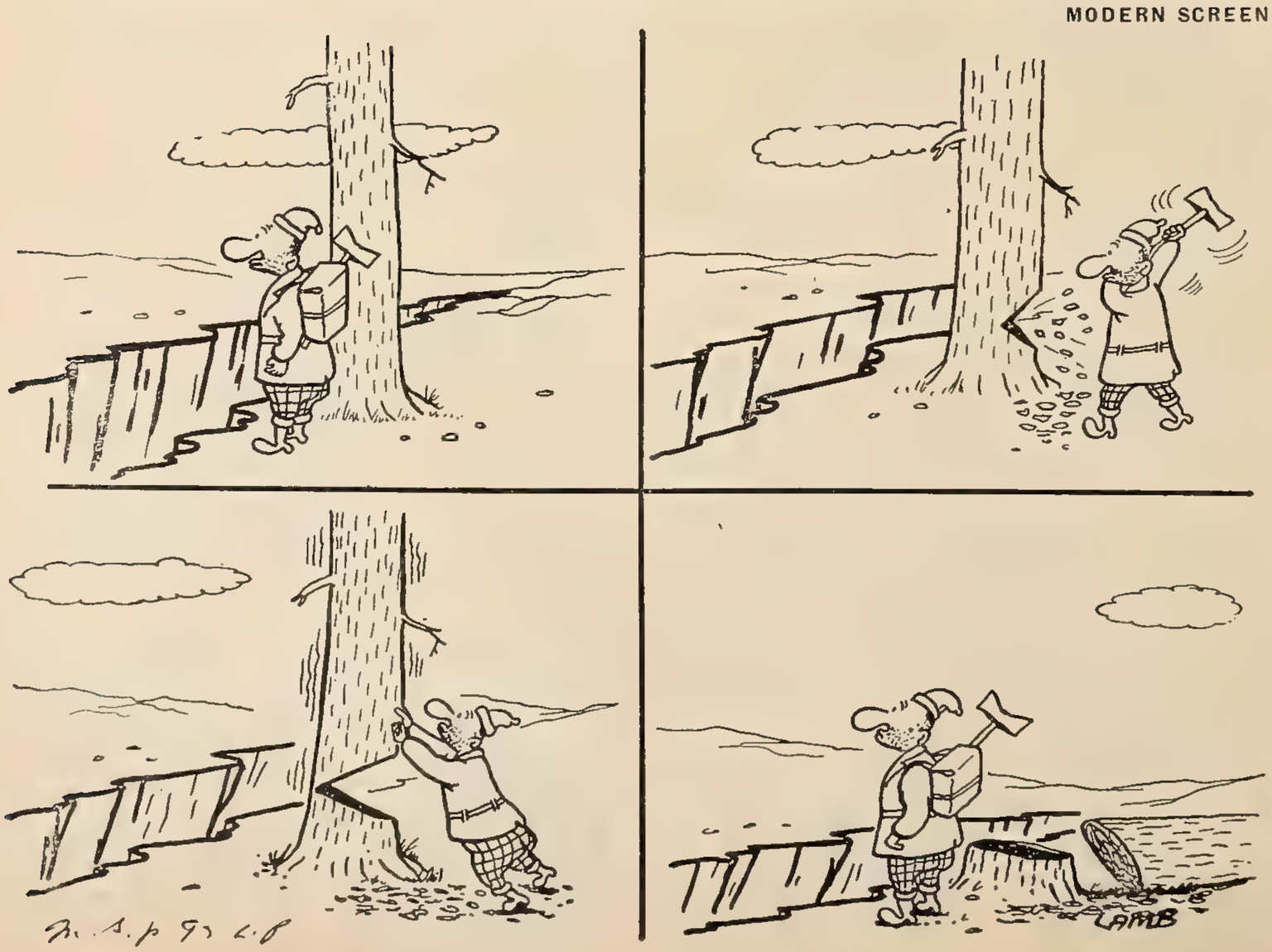
"They can't stand success," said the doctor. "When they click out there, they lose all sense of proportion."

"It's the atmosphere," suggested one of the wives. "It breeds promiscuity." Another wife chimed in: "They have too much money."

"The problems that all of us face and defeat, every day," said the doctor, "destroy them. Every married couple has disagreements, but we lick them. Hollywood people can't take it."

I think that any movie fan will agree that he or she has said practically the same thing about Hollywood stars. It is a nice concession to your own ego to ponder on the fact that the problems which all of us citizens solve are the very problems that send the movie stars scurrying to Reno.

So next time you're tempted to be smug, remember this story by Mrs. Cornel Wilde.



THE YEARS BETWEEN

(*Continued from page 48*)

face.

"I beg your pardon," he said feebly. "I—I'm looking for a room for my wife. We've been married since Christmas Eve. I'm stationed over at the camp three miles from here, and I thought—I mean this looked like such a nice place, the kind Pat would like—but of course I don't blame you at all." He finished, breathless.

"Now, now, slow down, young man. How much were you thinking of paying?"

"I hadn't thought, actually. Whatever you say."

The farmer's wife muttered something under her breath. It sounded like "a fool and his money are soon parted." But fifteen minutes later Dick was peddling triumphantly to town.

Back at the barracks, Dick took a good-natured ribbing. "Easy for a matinée idol like you," the boys said. "I think I'll try telling the next old hag I ask that I'm Clark Gable!"

left his career behind . . .

Actually, of course, it had never occurred to Dick to mention that he was the Richard Greene who had made pictures in both England and America before the war. His career had been successful, certainly, but he had put it behind him when, in September, 1940, he left Hollywood, to go home and enlist in the British Army.

Some of his friends told him then that he was crazy. "You've got a bad leg from that car accident you were in a while ago. Use that for an alibi, and stick right here. America isn't at war, and you're just going good. You'll make a fortune."

"It wouldn't be enough to buy back my self-respect," Dick had said quietly. "I don't like war any better than the next man, but England's my country."

He enlisted as a private in the ranks of the 27th Lancers. Promotions came, but slowly, as they do in the British Army. Then the leg injury he had suffered in Hollywood was aggravated by an added strain during training.

"Sorry, Greene," his superior officer told him. "No combat duty for you, after this injury. Your leg wouldn't take it. You're eligible for medical discharge now, if you like," the officer went on briskly. "Or you can stay in the Army and do non-combat work. There's plenty of it to be done."

Dick was silent for a moment. A discharge would mean that he could go back to Hollywood and take up where he'd left off. Probably the money he could make and contribute to the British cause would help a lot more than the non-combat work he could do. Damn it all, he hadn't sacrificed his career and come over here and gone through training just to sit the war out at a desk!

That mood lasted about ten seconds, then Dick grinned. "I'd like to stay in the Army, sir."

He wondered a little as he said it, what Pat would think. Because by now he was married to Pat Medina. She was half-Spanish and half-English. He had met her late in 1941 when he was given a temporary release from the Army to make a propaganda picture at Denham.

One day Dick was strolling across the set of another picture they were making there. He noticed a beautiful girl talking to the director. Soft black hair to her shoulders, smooth peach-colored skin and lively dark eyes.

"Not bad," he said to the friend with him. "Not bad at all."

The friend laughed. "Our national genius for understatement. That's Pat Medina and she's not only beautiful, she's a good actress."

"Know her, do you?" Dick asked, very, very casually.

"As it happens, I do. Come to dinner at my place Thursday night and you can talk to her all evening."

Thursday night came, and at the party Dick sat down by Pat who was looking chic, cool and detached in a black dress that flowed smoothly around every curve.

"A bit silly to talk shop so violently, isn't it?" he offered, as the babble of the other guests' voices rose and fell around them.

Pat pounced on that like a puppy on a bone. "What's silly about it? We make a living out of acting. Why shouldn't we talk about it?"

Dick swallowed. "Sorry," he said. In a moment he made an excuse to get over to the other side of the room. The girl was beautiful all right, but what a disposition!

So that was that, and Dick forgot about it. But a couple of weeks later Dick was in London for the weekend. On the street ahead of him some GI's whistled appreciatively at a girl crossing Trafalgar Square. A girl with smoky black hair and tawny skin. A girl named Pat Medina.

Dick found himself walking faster and faster. Not that he really wanted to see her, of course. And not, he thought wryly, that it would do him any good if he did. She obviously hadn't thought much of him. Still, she might be willing to have a drink.

Fifteen minutes later, over sherry, they were both wondering how they could have been so wrong. Pat was wonderful. She bubbled like champagne, with a dry wit and delightful charm.

"You certainly didn't like me the other evening when we met," Dick said eventually. "What did I do wrong?"

an explanation . . .

Pat explained. "When I got to the party everyone was having a fearful row, and I felt left out with no one to argue with. Then you came in so I started on you, thinking it was the thing to do. Only you wouldn't argue, you just went away."

Dick laughed. "We seem to have made a botch of things, between us. Let's make up for it by having dinner together tonight."

So they went to Dick's favorite restaurant, but since it was London in war-time they had to "queue up" for a table. By the time they got one, an hour later, they were in love. By the time they'd had dinner, they were engaged. On Christmas Eve they were married in a ceremony that left out all the pomp and circumstance but left in all the beauty and solemnity.

There couldn't be any honeymoon. Dick's picture was finished and he was back in the Army. But they had three days together in London. Three days to catch up on all the things they wanted to know about each other. To recall and compare their childhood Christmases, when they had never dreamed that any Christmas could be as wonderful as this. To make love, and argue, and make love again. Three days to be happier than any two people had ever been before.

Then Dick had to join his regiment in Yorkshire, while Pat waited in London. But now he had found this bedroom in the old stone farmhouse, and Pat was arriving tomorrow, and life would be heaven again.

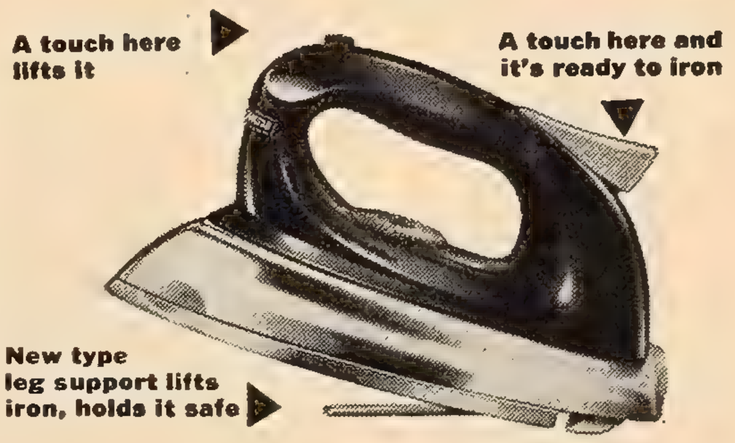
He had one awful moment of misgiving when she stepped off the train. She looked

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so elegant, so completely out of place among the dumpy country women who followed her. What was he doing, bringing a girl like Pat to live on a farm, with nothing to do but wait for him to come out from camp?

He needn't have worried. The minute he kissed her, he knew somehow that everything would work out. That as long as they were together, nothing else would matter to either of them.

And Pat in slacks and a sweater, with her hair blowing in the wind as she cycled along a country lane, bore little resemblance to the svelt, bored actress he had first met. She was happy and carefree and her sense of humor carried her over the rough spots.

"Our landlady doesn't approve of me," she confided to Dick. "I'm sure she doesn't believe we're really married. She said 'What do you expect me to call you?' and when I said 'Mrs. Greene' she positively sneered!"

"She has a heart of gold under that sneer," Dick assured her, laughing. "And I'll bring out our marriage certificate and put it on the mantel over the fireplace."

That fireplace was their delight. They sat in front of it during the long evenings, reading, talking, holding hands. It was all very romantic—until eleven P. M. Then the farmer's wife would come in and make the same little speech every night.

"If anyone wants to use the 'conveniences,' they'd better do it now before I lock up."

The "conveniences" was her euphemistic term for the outside plumbing.

One day Dick came downstairs in the morning looking very preoccupied.

"I just remembered that they're showing *Kitty Foyle* at camp tonight," he told Pat. "They've never shown a picture I was in before, and I'm terrified. Suppose the men hiss!"

Pat howled with laughter. "I think it would be too funny," she said unfeelingly. "A new sort of mutiny—one you couldn't do a thing about, Lieutenant Greene. I *must* come to the picture."

"Don't you dare! It will be quite awkward enough, without that."

But at eight o'clock there was Pat, in a scarlet coat that made her look like a young gypsy queen, her eyes dancing with mischief. They sat together in the back row, while *Kitty Foyle* unrolled and Dick squirmed.

embarrassing moment . . .

There was a general turning of heads when he first appeared on the screen. Dick wondered gloomily if any of the four generations of acting Greenes who had preceded him had had to cope with any situation like this. He thought back to the previous most embarrassing moment of his life. It was when he played his first stage role, that of a spear-carrier. Dick had decided really to make a production of that spear-carrying. He had leaned against the wall, started an animated, if silent, conversation with another spear-carrier, and made gestures like Barrymore playing *Hamlet*. He had visions of the director calling him over after the performance and saying "No more walk-ons for you, Greene. From now on you'll have good parts." The director called him over, all right. He said "Greene, you're fired!"

But this experience was even worse. Dick dragged Pat away before the picture was over. He worried all night. Suppose when he gave orders the next day, the men just laughed! They didn't, of course. In fact, some of them said "Very good picture last night, sir." Dick felt better.

That was why he was delighted when, in 1943, he was offered a chance to tour France, England and Belgium with an Army company of *Arms And The Man*. Pat was in it, too, which made everything wonderful.

In December of 1944, Dick was given a medical discharge by the Army. Less than a year later he and Pat were in Hollywood where Dick was to make *Forever Amber*.

They came over on a Liberty ship. The weather was bad and the trip took far longer than they had expected. Pat says she spent all her time on deck alone, singing "Sentimental Journey." Dick was busily playing poker with the GIs on board—and winning. Some months later he went into 21 in New York and the captain who showed him to a table was one of the men he had won it from.

"I couldn't afford to play with him now," Dick says, grinning.

forever delay . . .

The first few months in Hollywood he was terribly restless. Everything seemed to conspire to delay the shooting on *Forever Amber*. Dick was one of the few members of the original cast retained when they started all over again. Twentieth had originally suggested that he should play Carlton, the man Amber really loves throughout the picture. But he himself felt he was better suited to Almsbury, Carlton's friend, and that was the role he eventually played.

At last *Amber* began really to roll, and Dick was happy again. It was good to be back before the cameras, making a big picture. Even the beard he had to wear didn't bother him—much.

But *Amber* was over, eventually, and the restlessness set in again. Dick had agreed with his studio that he wouldn't make any quickies which might beat *Amber* out as to release date, since they'd all figured his first post-war appearance should be something flashy.

So he went home and sat. He knew he was going to do *Britannia Mews*, at some point during the next year, but the point seemed far-off, and if it hadn't been for the new house, he couldn't have stood the inactivity.

The new house took a lot of thought, and a lot of time. It's in Coldwater Canyon (Beverly Hills) and it's two-story Georgian. It's set back off the street about sixty feet, surrounded by privet hedge, and it has a small pool on the front lawn.

Pat did a couple of pictures while Richard fidgeted—*Moss Rose*, and *Foxes of Harrow*—both loan-outs to Fox from Metro, where she's under contract.

She'd come home at night, and Dick would sigh. "Fine thing. My wife rushing off to work every day, while I hang around and worry about how three men lay the green carpeting, and the way they're remodeling the wood-work upstairs."

"You're an idiot," she'd say briskly. "*Amber'll* be out any day now, and then—"

The small brown Pomeranian called "Amber" would wander in at this point, and hearing herself named, would act foolish and ingratiating, and what could Dick do but laugh?

"I guess I'm a crank," he'd say. "Don't know when I'm well off."

Now *Amber's* been released and the period of waiting's over. It's just a question of what comes next. The Greenes discuss this, evenings.

"Maybe a play," Dick says. "A New York play—but serious, not a comedy—"

And the way his eyes light up, his wife could cry. Because here is a guy who loves to work, and gets excited by the prospect, and there's something so marvelously eager about him that he can't help communicating the excitement.

But they're British, so they don't talk emotionally. Pat simply says, "A play would be lovely," and her eyes say all the rest.

DREAM GIRL—By Ida Zeitlin

(*Continued from page 45*)

But it started from nothing. No movie connections. No ambitious mamma shoving her darling toward the limelight. Just a middle-class family of modest means, and a father who carried snapshots around same as yours did.

Roughly, the beginning divides itself into four scenes. *Scene 1.* George Temple, manager of a branch bank, showing his snaps to a depositor, who happened to be a dancing teacher. "That's a cute kid," she said. "You ought to give her dancing lessons."

He grinned. "She's just a baby."

But he mentioned the incident that night, and Mrs. Temple turned thoughtful. The baby did love to dance. She'd sway her body to the rhythm of radio music, and Sonny, their 13-year-old, would take her hands and trot her around the room. "You know, she's a little shy with other children. Dancing school might be good for her."

Scene 2. The day they arrived at dancing school after several months of lessons, to find the other kids done up in their best. Shirley was in her dancing uniform.

"What goes on here, a party?"

"No, some movie director's coming to look for talent."

Mrs. Temple hustled her daughter into coat and cap, but the teacher nabbed them at the door. "Oh, let her stay, they're not taking pictures, just looking—what harm can it do?"

So Shirley stayed with the children, while the mothers waited in another room. "What happened, Prune?" Mommy asked on the way home.

Prune—her mother's pet name that stuck through the years—chuckled. "I hid under the piano, but they found me. Then they said walk up and down, and what's your name, and that's all."

Four days later, the director called. Would Mrs. Temple bring Shirley in for a screen test? Daddy hit the ceiling. He wouldn't have the child turned into a little showoff. What finally brought him round was knowing that his wife didn't care for showoffs either.

Followed a series of shorts. Nothing startling happened. Shirley got some good notices. "A brown-eyed little vamp whose head is a halo of golden curls . . ." "Shirley Temple's already queen of the troupe, and she's breaking lots of hearts . . ." But the pictures weren't important enough to attract much attention, and it might have ended there except for:

Scene 3. Jay Gorney, a songwriter for *Stand Up and Cheer,* ran into Mrs. Temple and Shirley in the lobby of the Ritz. He'd seen those two-reelers. "Look, they need a youngster for a spot with Jimmy Dunn in this picture. I wish you'd take her over to *Fox.*"

"Where do you take her? How do you get in?"

"Ask for Lew Brown. He's producing for Winnie Sheehan."

Lew Brown had seen 150 children. He took one look at Shirley. "I want you to take this song home and learn it—"

Which brings us to *Scene 4* and the climax. The sound recording room at *Fox,* crowded with people. Shirley standing on top of a table, singing *Daddy, Take a Bow,* and then Winnie Sheehan's office, and Mr. Sheehan saying, "Shirley's going to be one of the screen's greatest sensations. A star within a year and after that, anything can happen."

He was a truer prophet than he knew. When *Stand Up and Cheer* showed at Radio City, the audiences did just that for Shirley. For four years in a row, she topped all box-office winners. "A world-wide emotion," somebody called her. Presenting her with a special Oscar in '34, Irvin Cobb said: "When Santa Claus did you up in a package and dropped you down Creation's chimney, he brought the world a beautiful Christmas present."

By the time she was eight, people were fondly speculating about what she'd be like at 18. Clark Gable said to me once: "They'll never let her go. They'll want to watch her grow from a little girl to a bigger one. They'll follow every stage; in a way she's their own kid, they've adopted her."

We're a democratic nation and we pick our own royalty. What Elizabeth is to the British, Shirley became to us—princess of American girlhood.

Gable was right. Shirley was still fifth on the box-office poll when she left 20th-Fox for school. Came a couple of years and a couple of pictures that did no one any good, but her name still made headlines. In *Annie Rooney,* Dickie Moore kissed her on the cheek. "Shirley Gets Her First Kiss!" blared the papers. ("I never heard so much bother about nothing," said Shirley.) Through those years of relative inactivity, the fan letters con-



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tinued to pour in.

David O. Selznick bought *Since You Went Away,* and asked Shirley to play Brig. Under contract to Selznick, the career went zooming again. When she left Fox, Nicholas Schenk said: "We owe her a great debt. I look forward to the day when she'll be taking her place among top-ranking adult players."

The day has arrived. She's the only child star who ever made it. Her name on the marquee pulls customers in as it did ten years ago. And in bringing her career up-to-date, there's a final romantic touch that you'd never dream of dreaming in, it's too far-fetched.

As you know, John Agar's also under contract to Selznick. He went through a long arduous period of training. Finally John Ford, casting *War Party,* started looking at tests for someone to play the young West Point subaltern, and stopped when he came to Jack's. "There's the fellow I want."

Later he told Daniel O'Shea, president of Vanguard: "Now I need a girl. Someone like Shirley Temple."

"Well, why don't you get Shirley Temple?"

The minute he realized O'Shea wasn't kidding, Ford made tracks for the phone. Shirley hesitated. I'll talk to Jack first, Mr. Ford, then I'll let you know."

It was the baby of course. Nobody knew about the baby yet, but she couldn't make the picture without telling Mr. Ford. So she went down and sort of whispered it in his ear.

"Shirley," he promised, "I'll carry you round on a feather cushion, if need be."

So her last part before the baby comes is played opposite her husband. "It's perfect," says Shirley. "I chase Jack all through the picture."

Before she was 12, Shirley'd earned enough to be independently wealthy for life. Remember the giant moneymakers? *Little Miss Marker, Little Colonel, Wee Willie Winkie,* and on and on. Manufacturers clamored for Shirley's name on toys and bags, on dolls and clothes and cutouts.

The Temples took their responsibility hard. No product was ever endorsed till their lawyer had made an exhaustive checkup. By the time she was six, Shirley's financial affairs were such that her father left the bank to take over. George Temple's no exception to the tradition of conservative bankers. Carefully, he invested his daughter's money for his daughter's future. In the interests of her welfare, he and his wife turned down for Shirley at least as many thousands as she made. Not to mention what they turned down for themselves. Gertrude Temple was offered $5,000 to tell radio listeners the secret of Shirley's success. "How can I take money," she asked, "for something I don't know?"

5 bucks for sodas . . .

So Shirley became a million-dollar industry. She had a guard, but to her he was just the chauffeur. She got five dollars every two weeks, most of which went on soda pops for herself and pals. "Is that my salary, Mommy?" she asked once.

"Oh no, you make quite a bit more, but Daddy's saving the rest for when you grow up."

"That's good. I'll need it to buy my vegetable market." An ambition that lasted a good six months.

With the Temples, home and family came first. To say that their life was unaffected by Shirley's success would be silly. To say that its spirit remained unchanged is true. The only thing they splurged on was a new home. Driving up Sunset Boulevard one day, they stopped at a wooded hill overlooking the sea. Shirley ran ahead. At the base of a tropical bush, she found a family of quail. "Here's where I want to live. The birds like it here."

There the new place went up, with its pool and terraced gardens, its badminton court and playhouse and everything to delight the heart of a child. There Shirley lived till she and Jack built their five-room French Provincial cottage next door. Now the guest room will be a nursery. In the flagstone court at the Temples', the bush still stands where a little girl knelt enchanted on a sunny afternoon. The little girl made a fortune. But her great pride today is that she budgets her household within Jack's income.

If it's fame you're after, Shirley's had the world at her feet. No child ever had a better excuse to become unbearable. Shirley stayed lovable.

The movie greats she acted with were just a lot of friendly people to Shirley. Orson Welles was the only one who ever made her eyes pop, and that was on account of his broadcast from Mars. To reward him, she let him win from her at croquet. But her contacts weren't limited to the movie world. Statesmen, artists, scientists—if they came to Hollywood,

our man of
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the march
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larry parks
on the
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february 10

most of them asked to see Shirley Temple.

One spring in '38, Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, the First Lady of those days, came, and wrote in her column: "She's one of the most charming children I know. I marvel at her mother's achievement in keeping her unspoiled. Shirley told me she was coming to Washington to see the President soon, and I hope she will not delay her visit too long."

When the President of these United States keeps his Secretary of the Treasury waiting, in order to spend ten minutes with a child, brother! that's fame. It happened the following June. Mr. Roosevelt and Shirley discussed sailboats, fishing and children. She told him about the tooth she'd lost in a sandwich. He told her not to feel too badly. "You know, Shirley, I've lost a few of my own, and it doesn't make a bit of difference. I still manage to say all I want to say."

She emerged on a roomful of reporters, popping questions. What had they talked about? "I was so excited, I'm afraid I can't remember everything, but when I said, 'Will you please sign my autograph book?' he said, 'Sure, Shirley, I'll be glad to do that.'"

She showed them the book. "To Shirley, from her old friend, Franklin D. Roosevelt, June 24, 1938." His wife's name was on the same page. "Mrs. Roosevelt left a space for the President when she was out at the studio that time. It's a very important book now."

"Did you like him, Shirley?"

"Oh yes, he was simply grand."

"Did he like you?"

That chuckle again. "I don't know, I didn't ask him."

She spent a day at Hyde Park with the Roosevelt grandchildren. "It's awf'ly nice of you folks to invite me here," said Shirley. Mrs. Roosevelt wrote another column about her simplicity. She didn't mention the President by name, but said "a gentleman present was her willing slave for the afternoon."

Darling of her countrymen, and their President "her willing slave," if only for an afternoon. Try that in your dreams, girls.

the simple life . . .

On the other hand, you may be for the simple life. The normal round of home and games and school and dates and fun. Shirley must have missed all that, you say. A girl can't have everything.

Shirley didn't miss it. When the drums began beating after *Little Miss Marker,* the Temples eyed each other, incredulous and scared. George was the first to recover speech. "Looks like we've got a movie star on our hands," he gulped. "What'll we do now?"

What they did through all the years that followed was to put Shirley, the child, ahead of Shirley, the star. Mrs. Temple will never stop being grateful to Winnie Sheehan, because he insisted that little Shirley have her own bungalow, where she ate and played and studied. It was he who ruled that she never be taken to the studio commissary for lunch. "You can't keep people from making a fuss over her, and enough of that'll turn anyone into a smart-alec.

Mrs. Temple was an old-fashioned mother, who believed that no child should consider herself too important in the scheme of things. Once there was a great to-do over whether to spank or not to spank in *Wee Willie Winkie.* "What's so awful about spanking?" Mrs. Temple inquired crisply. "I've done it myself once or twice; Shirley's no different from other children." So June Lang, as her screen mother, spanked her, and Shirley giggled to her own mother: "She never hurt me a bit, but I bet her hand stings."

She had as much time to play as any child who goes to school; she never worked more than 25 weeks a year, averaged between two and three hours before the camera, and thought it a joke when people asked if she minded working. The only thing that ever bothered her were people who went gooey and wanted to kiss her. But as far back as I can remember, there was a dignity in her that served as its own protective barrier. Years later she said, "I'd keep calm and think about my rabbits or something, and that way I'd feel safe in my own private life."

In the backyard behind her studio bungalow were sandpiles and swings and boxes for the beloved bunnies. Her stand-in and closest companion was Mary Lou Isleib, daughter of a banking associate of George Temple's. Mary Lou was a bridesmaid at Shirley's wedding, and this year Shirley served as attendant at Mary Lou's.

Loved and looked after like any small daughter, she was definitely no star in the home. Her two brothers' healthy attitude toward her was best summed up by Jack. "Are you Shirley Temple's brother?" he was asked.

"No," he snapped, "she's my sister."

She raided the pantry, made mudpies—Mom found her selling them at the gate

one day for ten cents apiece—and became the hero of her gang when she tripped on an electric wire and got a black eye. She adored the Lone Ranger, sent box-tops to get her into the club, and got an answer back, saying little girls shouldn't tell fibs about their names. "What's wrong with my name?" she demanded indignantly, while Mom hastened to iron that one out.

She grew older and joined the Campfire Girls and rode a bike, no hands, and started ribbing her brothers about their dates. And in 1940 she was enrolled in the Westlake School for Girls. Her mother had picked Westlake for several good reasons—among them, that the parents of many of the girls were connected with pictures, and a movie star was nothing special to them.

tight shoes . . .

It was super from the start. The French teacher introduced her to a class of about twelve, and one of them came forward and took her by the hand, and said: "I'll take care of Shirley." That was Betty Jean Lail, another bridesmaid at the wedding. It was with her classmates that she went to her first formal. She got home at eleven, complaining happily that her feet were killing her.

The girls called her Butch, and the only time they ribbed her about the movies was at Senior Initiation, when they made her do an imitation of Shirley Temple doing the Lollipop song. Otherwise, pick any schoolgirl you know, and that was Shirley. Sweaters and skirts and saddle shoes till Friday and Saturday nights rolled around; then moaning for glamor hairdos and "Oh Mother, that lipstick's *not* too exotic, *all* the girls use it." Typing themes by what she called the Columbus system—discover and land—studying to the blast of the radio, jabbering endlessly on the phone. Bringing new boy friends home, so the folks could give them the old once-over, getting a crush on Van Johnson, and on the way she felt when she found she'd turned down a dance with him. One of the girls asked if she'd like to trade dances, and Shirley said no, she had such a smooth partner. Then lo and behold, the other girl's partner was Van, and Shirley stayed mad at herself for a week.

On a June day in '45, she was graduated from the Westlake School with her class. Forty-two white-gowned girls walked down a flower-banked lane, and received their diplomas. Gertrude Temple's thoughts flew back to another day.

"Looks like we've got a movie star on our hands. What'll we do now?"

Their first job had been to protect her against influences that might distort her natural growth into womanhood. That job was done now, and well done.

* * *

All this, and heaven too. All this, and a storybook romance, and two young people loving each other more dearly at the end of two years, and a baby coming before Shirley's 20th birthday.

She was fifteen the first time she looked up at Jack's six-foot-two. A bunch of them were down at the Temple pool, and Ann Gallery had brought the young buck sergeant over. Twenty-two doesn't take fifteen too seriously. This particular fifteen was dating about six nice boys, and marriage was far from her mind. Yet she wasn't quite seventeen when she got her ring, and not seventeen and a half when she said, "I will."

"How can you be sure it's love?" somebody asked her.

"When it's love, it's love, and you don't need a chart to tell you."

He was the dream prince all right, tall, blond and handsome. Better still, with tastes and standards like hers, and the same solid background. Even the difference in age was perfect. Shirley'd always gone for older men.

They meant it when they promised not to marry for two years. But suddenly the war was over, and it looked as if Jack might be sent overseas with the occupation troops. "If he has to leave me," said Shirley, "I want him to leave me as his wife."

Life had showered her with all its gifts, but I assure you that Shirley's wedding day meant to her exactly what yours would mean to you—the same radiance, the same hopes and visions.

At home she went round in circles, while Mom answered millions of last-minute phone calls, and everyone looked kind of numb. They must have been numb, because on the way to church, they suddenly realized they'd forgotten brother George, who'd gone to pick up his girl. In the Brides' Room at the Methodist Wilshire Church, Howard Greer, who'd designed all the wedding clothes, was waiting with his assistants. Under Mom's supervision, Shirley and her bridesmaids were dressed. "Is Jack here?" Shirley'd ask every two minutes.

Outside, the streets were jampacked. You couldn't keep the crowds away from their adopted child. But within the candlelighted church, lovely with pink roses and looped blue ribbons, everything was as Shirley wanted it—not a Hollywood circus, but a quiet gathering of close and valued friends.

Mrs. Temple in gray, Mrs. Agar in gold crepe, took their places. Jack stepped to the altar, with Shirley's brother Jack as his best man. *I'll Be Loving You Always* dissolved into the Wedding March. Behind her bridesmaids in periwinkle blue, behind Mims, her sister-in-law and matron of honor, came Shirley on her father's arm. Her gown was of ivory satin. As she joined Jack at the altar, she looked up at him and smiled.

"Dearly beloved," began the Reverend Willsie Martin.

When he finished the ceremony which made the sweetheart of millions the bride of John Agar, her husband turned and took Shirley into his arms. Not even Gable, as one onlooker put it, ever kissed a girl with greater authority.

marrying a legend . . .

Of course there was lots of chatter at the time. Wise talk about a boy, who'd never had a thing to do with pictures, marrying not merely a fabulous movie star, but a legend.

"I'm not marrying a legend," smiled Jack. "I'm marrying my girl." He said it simply—and meant it.

Whatever the pitfalls, they haven't snared these two, and to them the reason's simple. "I don't like giving advice," said Shirley once. "But since you ask me, I think the secret of any marriage is love. Nothing else matters."

They love each other enough. They're planning a family of three, though Jack's inclined to four. "Maybe we'll compromise," says his wife, "and make the last one twins."

At the moment she's busily knitting on a pink and white afghan. If you point out that pink's for girls, she replies firmly: "Our son, if he turns out to be a son, will use it and like it. Because his mother has a pretty strong notion that pink's for babies."

So there you have her up-to-date, the girl who's lived your dreams. To me, the top miracle of the lot is that Shirley Agar sounds sweeter in her ears than Shirley Temple, and what she wants most out of life is to go right on being her husband's dream girl.

Perhaps I know



some things

you don't

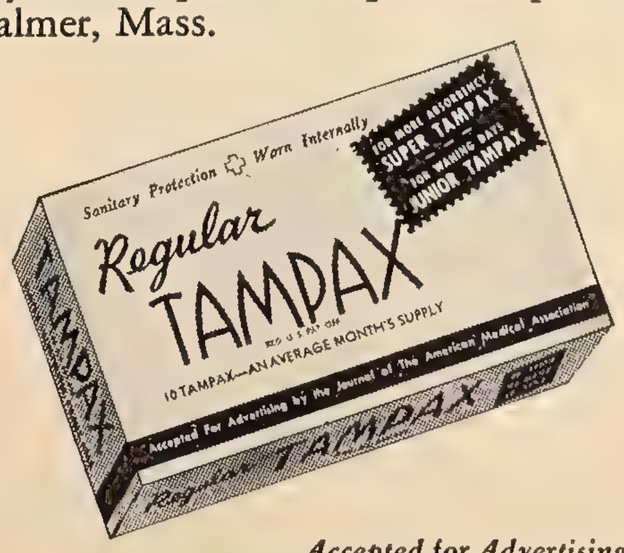
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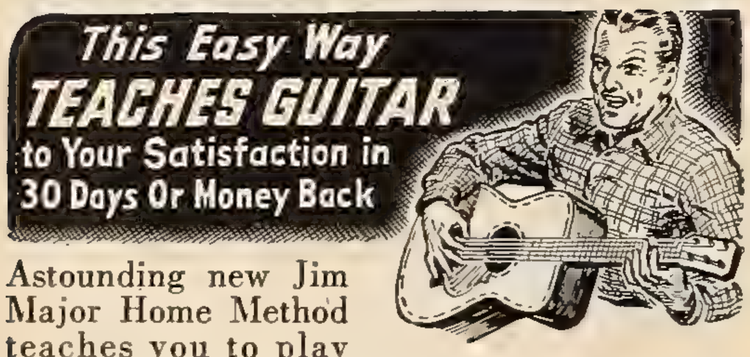


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HOMECOMING

(*Continued from page 40*)

look like?" Esther said he looked like a pipe-cleaner with ears.

"Is it true about Jane Russell?" Esther replied that they did not move in the same sweater circle.

"What about Communism in Hollywood?" Esther wouldn't know about subversive activities. She said all her activities were submersive.

She took a male consensus of long skirts. The consensus: They're awful. But one Johns Hopkins student said he didn't mind, he had a long memory.

"What movie star do you like to kiss the best?" Esther got that question everywhere. She replied by getting the questioner on stage, and putting him through a little scene in which the poor, anxious fellow expected to get kissed and didn't. She also sang a little song entitled "Can't I Do Something But Swim?"

She did four shows a day, two or three radio programs, and three or four press conferences. She walked in parades with high school drum and bugle corps. ("Felt silly, but it's fun.")

She visited hospitals, doing thirty wards, when necessary, to see everybody. She had pictures taken with everybody who came on stage. She called for one boy to come up in a Boston appearance, and got four Harvard men. They stayed through four shows and turned up later in her hotel room. Miss Pumphrey gently pushed them out. They followed her by telephone all over New England and said they would be in Hollywood soon. The Yale men, Miss Williams found, were co-operative but twice as conservative. Late at night, the Misses Williams and Pumphrey did their own laundry in their room.

In Boston, which was new and fascinating to them, they wanted to do some sightseeing. A theater manager shoved them into a car and sent them forward to their next split-second engagement. "I'll send you a book about Boston," he promised.

In Providence, they had a half-hour to spare, tried to shop for antiques. Real antique lovers don't walk into stores and pay the first price. They haggle. Haggling is necessary and expected. When Esther appeared with four motorcycle cops, a fur coat and an orchid, the jig was up. Prices in pewter and highboys inflated like bubble gum. Free advice: Don't wear orchids while haggling.

In New York, Esther played four theaters, met the press, met the fans, was photographed, admired, and tugged at. In her Warwick hotel room, the telephone rang. "Long distance," said the operator. "California calling." It was Ben Gage.

Mr. Gage said he was fractured, said he was lonely, said he was sad, forlorn and six miles lower than a deep blue funk. Said the dog was lonely, too.

Esther brushed tears from her eyes as she hung up the phone. There was a rap on the door. She opened it abstractedly. Ben Gage caught her in his big arms.

"He fooled me all the time," says Esther. "You know, I'm awfully sorry for all the girls who didn't get to marry Ben Gage."

Ben, who's a big time radio announcer and singer, currently on the Joan Davis show, thinks nothing of flying 3,000 miles between rehearsals and bribing telephone operators in order to surprise his wife. If all husbands were like Ben Gage, airplane stock would zoom.

In New Haven, Esther was dressing for dinner after the afternoon show. The phone rang. Miss Pumphrey answered it. There's a man from the airport who says he's Miss Williams' husband," the operator said. "Of course we know he's not, but he is a very persistent man."

Miss Pumphrey, who admires Mr. Gage, pretended to be talking to a fan. She promised to talk to him for five minutes in the lobby. Then she steered Esther down and into Ben Gage's arms again.

In another city—they can't remember



Three times during her p.a. tour, Ben Gage surprised his wife, Esther Williams by popping up unexpectedly. At Loew's Poli, in New Haven, Conn., he appeared in the audience with huge bouqet.



A rare honor has fallen to Esther Williams. She's "water girl" of the Yale football team.

accurately all the cities they captured—Ben sneaked into the audience, indulged in his favorite trick of bribery, and appeared on stage at the end of the act with an enormous bouquet of flowers.

Esther and Miss Pumphrey got a cop's-eye view of New England. They went through the countryside in automobiles following state highway patrolmen. Esther thought the New England scenery would be wonderful if it would only hold still.

Her way with people was casual.

"My, what are all you folks doing here? Whom did you come to see?" she asked a jam-packed mob outside the theater in Baltimore. The crowd grinned, moved aside, made way for her. A girl reached for her hair. The cop moved. Esther moved quicker. "If she wants to feel my hair, let her," she told the policeman. "It's just hair."

On one occasion, a squadron of policemen pushed so hard through a crowd that they left Esther completely behind. She remained where she was, safely protected by a little ring of fans—while the cops found it impossible to get back to her. When she decided to go, she grinned and walked through the crowd, which opened the passage without even pushing.

Esther even disarmed the critics, and in Boston, of all places. Boston, as you know, has high standards. Esther addressed the press at an enormous hotel banquet.

She answered questions, was witty, good-humored and, an understatement if there ever was one, a luscious package to look at.

"You surprised?" she asked. "You surprised I could even put several words together? Yes, I know. I make swimming pictures. It seems lots of people like them.

"There's an enormous studio out in Culver City called Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and way out on the back lot, you will find stage 33, and a swimming pool, and I'll be there. And orders from the big offices will go down to say the words such-and-such a way, and play the scene such-and-such a way, all these important people deciding on it, and finally the director says, 'Esther, do it this way.' And I do it that way. Under water, mostly."

Esther grinned at the audience.

"When you consider all that, and now that we know each other, I defy you to be too critical of me. Why don't you just say, 'My, why don't they give this lovely child better pictures?' "

That sort of thing brought down the house in a roar of laughter. Miss Williams is now very popular in Boston.

Esther's homecoming, as aforesaid, was something in the nature of the arrival of a conquering army. All this was engineered by Ben Gage. Mr. Gage planned to surprise her at Union Station with examples of the sign painter's art, and he did. Being the kind of man he is, he went one step further, and it might as well be told on him. He couldn't wait for the train to pull in. He boarded the streamliner fifty miles out of Los Angeles, and tackled the conductor for permission to enter Miss Esther Williams' stateroom.

Conductors plying between Hollywood and the East are sophisticated executives who are accustomed to dealing brusquely with ardent young men who want to get into movie queens' staterooms. He was considering throwing Ben off, when Mr. Gage escaped in the barber shop. (Those fine trains have barber shops.)

"You're Ben Gage," the barber said instantly.

Ben isn't a man who flabbergasts easily, but this staggered him. "How'd you know?"

"I did Miss Williams' hair last night. She talked about you all the time. She described you exactly. Which isn't hard to do, sir, since you're six-foot-five. I'll show you where she is."

And he did, and that's when Esther Williams leaped into the arms of her husband, and that's how she arrived home with New England, Baltimore, Washington and New York in her pocket.



COMMAND PERFORMANCE

(*Continued from page 55*)

sketches of the dress; the second printed a brief account of its magnificence. I hear Buckingham Palace is in a royal swivet. Their Majesties are angry. The princess is in tears, but the secret is out. What I wonder is how on earth any girl can move, or carry off a wedding gown of such regal magnificence, embroidered with such a tremendous weight of seed pearls and crystal. It must weigh a short ton. The princess need have no fears the dress will be copied. It is indeed a gown only for a future queen. Who else can afford 8,000 bucks for a wedding dress? Yes, the secret is out, but it's safe.

Nov. 13: To Buckingham Palace this morning to pay my respects, but not to Their Majesties. I saw them crowned in Westminster in 1937, and traveled for six weeks with them through Canada and America in 1939, but that does not constitute formal introduction in England. So I went to the working, or overall, side of the palace. This is comparable to the executive wing of the White House. If anything, it is easier to get into. The bobby on guard at the palace gates casually beckoned the taxi into the palace yard. It had been almost six years since I was last in Buckingham. The only difference I can see is that it is just si : years shabbier. Heaven knows it was worn and shabby in 1941-42, but the red carpets are a lot thinner today, and the rose brocade on the little French chairs in the anteroom is reduced to a handful of threads. The stuffing of chairs is even beginning to leak out. Tsk, tsk—things are tough all over. I paid my respects to Their Majesties' press secretaries, and





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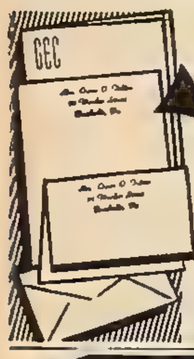
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FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, FOUNDER

left, wishing to high heaven some good old American huckster was in charge of the press arrangements. A press agent who speaks with a broad "A" is a very upsetting experience to one who has always voted a straight democratic ticket.

Nov. 14: Dear Diary, I was too excited last night to finish my daily stint. I was joining a new fan club. It is the Princess Elizabeth club. I went to a charity ball which she attended last night. I think she is one of the prettiest girls I have ever seen. Her coloring is out of this world. From her mother, she inherited porcelain skin, her peaches and cream complexion. Like Her Majesty, her hair is so dark brown it's almost black. Yet for all her poise, she has the defenseless look of all the young who must yet face hard experiences of life that spare neither royalty nor rabble. Her beau did not come. Lieut. Mountbatten dined with his uncle and aunt, Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma, who had just arrived via plane from India. Princess Elizabeth looked beautiful in a lovely frock of stiff white brocade. The skirt was full, the bodice fitted, and outlined across the shoulders with a fichu of the same material. No tiara, just a string of pearls, and two teensy weensy diamond bracelets. Hardly enough glitter to get a girl into El Morocco.

enter prince charming . . .

Nov. 15: Lucky, lucky me. Lt. Philip Mountbatten almost trapped me in a revolving door today. At first, all I could see was a big blond boy rushing like mad to get out of the Savoy. I jumped aside to avoid collision, and glared, until I recognized the bridegroom. Heavenly day! Then I just stood and gaped and wished I'd worn my bobby sox, so I could scream and swoon. A dream boat—that's what he is. Darn it!—work's interfering with pleasure. Had to refuse Lady Nancy Astor's week-end invitation to Cliveden. Last time I spent a week-end at Cliveden, Pearl Harbor happened. She guaranteed no catastrophe this week-end, but I don't dare leave town with such a big story as the wedding on the fire.

Nov. 16: The wedding week, and everyone getting more and more excited about it. Life is damn austere and hard in England. People are looking forward to Thursday as temporary relief from the hard monotony that is the lot of Englishmen today. But what a contrast is this royal wedding to the coronation! Then I went out every night to half a dozen great dinners, balls and receptions. Today such entertainment is impossible in England. It is all one's friends can do to scrape up a meal for a few guests semi-occasionally. There is to be a little dance tomorrow night at the Palace for the Princess and a few of her young friends. Then, on Tuesday night, there is to be the only great function in connection with the wedding—a reception for all the visiting royal firemen, at Buckingham. Even the wedding breakfast on Thursday is limited to 100 guests. It is against the law in England for more than 100 persons to eat at a private or public dinner.

Nov. 17: Luck of the Irish holds. I drew the No. 2 press seat in the abbey, when seats for the American press were drawn this morning. Glory be. Even the first formal display of the royal wedding gifts at St. James Palace this afternoon takes second place to that No. 2 seat. But presents! Holy smoke, if worse comes to worst, they can hock diamonds, gold service and silver plate for a very fat fortune. Four diamond necklaces, four diamond tiaras, a diamond stomacher, diamond rings, diamond bracelets—count 'em, what a haul! Enough silver to stock Sears Roebuck for the next fifty years. Not to mention antimacassars sent by old ladies, an electric dishwasher, an ice-box, a television set, shoe brushes, dozens of pairs of warm wool socks for the bridegroom, and two kitchen aprons for the bride. The presents overflowed four huge rooms in St. James Palace, and they overpowered me.

Nov. 18: This town is full of pickets and princes. All the European royalty still holding down jobs on the same old thrones are here—not to mention a lot of beat-up royalty now at leisure. An honest woman can scarcely push her way into a posh pub like Savoy, or Claridge's, without asking a royal flush to make way. In fact any social gathering not opened by three kings or better is a bust. Earl and Countess Mountbatten had a swell cocktail party at the Dorchester Hotel this evening. Both handsome as Greek gods.

Nov. 19: Just before the battle, Mother, I am thinking most of you. It's almost H-hour. His Majesty has just pivoted his future son-in-law to the head of the line. He is no longer plain Lt. Philip Mountbatten, British commoner, but HRH Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Merioneth, and Baron Greenwich. Philip is one Greek who made good in London without starting a restaurant. Buckingham Palace is all lit up tonight, and a great many of His Majesty's loyal subjects have followed suit. I drove up the Mall for a glimpse of the flood-lighted palace, and it is lovely, but the rest of London can scarce scrape up enough bunting to make a handkerchief. The few pitiful decorations attempted make London look more than ever like a picked chicken. Only on the government offices in Whitehall is there any bunting or color.

Nov. 20: It is almost midnight, and between excitement and exhaustion, I have almost knocked myself out. The wedding was wonderful. Next to the coronation, it is the most splendid sight I ever saw. What a beautiful bride! Loveliest I ever saw, and one of the most radiant, too. The new duke was a solemn bridegroom, but only, I think, because so much pomp all but scared the wits out of him. I loved that moment when bride and bridegroom left the sanctuary for the high altar, and King George had to get down on his knees and wrestle with the bride's train. It caught on the sanctuary steps, and the little pages were no match for it. So down went the King, his ceremonial sword swung aside. He strove manfully with the problem, and won. The whole ceremony was so beautiful, and there were so many little, human incidents proving royalty can be people. Queen Elizabeth didn't cry, as do most mothers. But old Queen Mary—and what a woman she is!—blew her nose vigorously. If I weren't tired, I would go up to Buckingham Palace to join the mobs now yelling themselves hoarse. I do hope Jim Farley and the boys in the back room don't hear about this and disqualify me.

moment of a lifetime . . .

Nov. 25: All my life I have heard about Command Performances, and now I have seen one. This monarchy business isn't half as bad as William III made it seem. The second Royal Command Film Performance tonight, at the Odeon Theatre in Willie Shakespeare's Leicester Square drew only a slightly smaller street crowd than the royal wedding. The traffic jam around the theater was so tremendous, ticket holders abandoned their cars blocks from the Odeon, and walked. I had the usual luck of the Irish. I was escorted by a flying wedge. Secretary of State George Marshall was in the vanguard; American Ambassador Lewis Douglas was protecting the rear, and Scotland Yard was on the flanks. It wasn't intentional.

I just got mixed up in the formation when we all abandoned cars, and the Secretary and the Ambassador hustled me along with their parties. The King and Queen with their guests, Princess Margaret Rose, Queen Ingrid of Denmark, and King Michael of Roumania sat in a beautiful box encircled by a small formal garden of chrysanthemums. Thank goodness America did send an excellent film, "The Bishop's Wife," for the event. That, plus the first showing of color films taken of the royal wedding, and the parade of half of Britain's and America's film royalty, made a gala evening for people who had gladly paid 100 dollars for a seat.

And what a parade of stars it was. Bob Hope, Robert Montgomery, Ann Todd, David Niven, Carole Landis, Margaret Lockwood, Sir Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Alexis Smith.

Hope drew the most laughs. He gave the King and Queen an album full of autographed pictures of Hollywood stars, as a wedding present for Princess Elizabeth. When the King, chuckling, asked if Crosby was in the book, Hope nodded solemnly. "Yes, sir," he said. "He's put down three crosses. You see, sir, he can't write."

The queen laughed so gleefully her diamond tiara was knocked sideways.

But there was a serious note in the show, a speech made by Loretta Young, one of the stars of "The Bishop's Wife." She was introduced by David Niven, who was also in the picture, but Niven seemed to be keeping deliberately in the background. The year before, another Niven picture "Stairway to Heaven" had been the Command Performance choice, and it was as though he thought he'd had enough of the glory, and was stepping aside so the others might be seen more easily.

His introduction of Miss Young was brief. "The main topic—Anglo-American relations," he said, speaking right to her, and not the audience. "You have to say something, and you have to do it on your own."

Miss Young, very beautiful, and a little frightened looking, nodded. "I have to say something—on my own."

She turned to the guests. "I know what I want to say; there's a lot of oratory on the subject, and some of it is sincere, and some of it, well, just oratory. But in back of all the words is the truth. That our friendship, our relationship, is like a lighthouse that shines in the dark, that we use only in times of danger.

"We argue and we bicker with each other, and sometimes the fact that we speak the same language seems to be an embarrassment, rather than a help. Sometimes it would be better if each of us couldn't understand the other.

"When times are good, when the world is full of peace and prosperity, we can enjoy the privilege of insulting each other. But when times are bad, that is when we wake up and realize that we're in the same family, in the same boat. We need each other, and we stand together. That is the way it has been, that is the way it is, and always will be.

"Personally, I hope that times will soon be so good again that we can go right back to our old normal healthy habit of calling each other names. While the sun is shining, and the weather is calm, and everybody is happy, we do not see the beacon in the lighthouse. But it is always there to guide us when we need it.

"With all my heart, I thank you for this great honor."

She bowed, and the theatre was quiet for a minute, and afterward, General Marshall and Ambassador Douglas came up to congratulate her, and Queen Elizabeth took her hand and spoke to her.

The evening had been a huge success for both the Commanders and the Commanded, and you left with the feeling that the ties between the two countries were both whole and sound.

ARTFUL DODGER

(*Continued from page 51*)

of armor." I dropped the receiver and ran. I wasn't taking any chances. I know Harry Lillis Crosby too well. Let me tell you a story that happened not long ago.

There's a man whose job is to pay Bing $5,000,000 in the next few years. His name's Pierson Mapes and he's Bing's contact man with Philco, the radio company who sponsors his broadcast. Well, Mr. Mapes had been trying to pin Der Bingle down for a certain important advertising picture. Finally he flew out from New York. He got an iron-clad, honest Injun promise from Everett Crosby, Bing's manager bud, that he'd have baby brother in tow one day for lunch and the sitting. Then he trotted across Sunset Boulevard and went into a huddle with the chefs at LaRue. He ordered specially cooked lunch goodies he knew Bing loved. He arranged for Bing's favorite music to be piped into the dining room. He had his ad copy and layouts in a handy display for Bing's inspection. He took Bing to lunch.

Bing enjoyed every minute of it. He was gay, jovial, friendly as a pup. With his tummy full, at last, and his pipe puffing, Mapes led him across the street to the photographer's. The whole busy studio had been cleared for two solid hours. That's what they'd counted on—lots of shots of Bing Crosby tuning in Philcos.

Bing sat down by the radio. He looked innocently at Paul and Pierson. "Okay, boys," he said. "Now, whaddya want?" They told him. Hesse squeezed his bulb, got one shot. Bing hopped up, stuck out his hand.

"Well, fellows," he grinned. "Thanks a million." And out he walked. They had to use that one shot! Bing looked somewhat like a dying calf, but that was the picture. You've seen it in the magazines.

Pinning Bing Crosby down for anything in the line of extra-curricular work is like keeping Houdini in a strait-jacket. That's why he'd hardly hung up the receiver before I was bobbing my best bonnet in front of his nose, my pencil flying.

Bing stared at the turkey-tracks on my pad with startled eyes, and sighed.

"Fire when ready, Gridley. You won't know what you've written anyway."

Well, Bing, I've fooled you. Maybe the transcript's on the fuzzy side here and there, but you're interviewed, Baby, and in print. The way it stacks up is like a radio script. So why not write it that way?

HEDDA: Bing, why don't you like interviews?

BING: I do. I do-o-o-o. Love 'em. Love those interviews.

HEDDA: Now, Bing, I want the truth—

BING: Well, the trouble with interviews are questions. If somebody comes up with a new set I'm delighted, happy as a lark to talk all day, have to gag me. But I've been around Hollywood a long time, Hedda. The answers have been printed so many times you could write 'em backwards. Crosby's an old story. I bore my-

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self. Got any newies?

HEDDA: You bet I have. How do you like making *Connecticut Yankee?*

BING: Couldn't be happier. It was my favorite Mark Twain book as a nipper and I was nuts about it when Will Rogers made a movie. I was nuts about Will, too. That's why I nixed doing his life. I'm not in that guy's league. I'm a crooner—you know—Boo-boo-boo-boo?

HEDDA: Your modesty makes me positively ill.

BING: You look a little puny. Maybe there's a doctor in the house.

HEDDA: Never mind. Now look, what's on your mantelpiece at home?

BING: Wait, don't tell me. I know, an Oscar.

no kewpie doll . . .

HEDDA: It's not any kewpie doll. Well, how did you get that?

BING: Sometimes I wonder.

HEDDA: I don't. You got it for giving the best screen acting performance of 1945 in *Going My Way,* that's how. You want to know something else?

BING: I'm all ears.

HEDDA: You're not kidding.

BING: Touché! As we say in Broken Bow, Nebraska.

HEDDA: Don't change the subject. Why, if it hadn't been for your mother, you wouldn't even have showed up the night they handed out the Oscars. She made you go."

BING: Well, Mom always knows best. But, Hedda, I'm all over blushes. This is Technicolor—you'll wreck my next shot. Thought we were talking about *Connecticut Yankee.*

HEDDA: We are—as of now. How do you like Rhonda Fleming, your new leading lady?

BING: There's a cute, smart, sweet and shapely kid, Hedda. Can sing, too. David Selznick sure picks 'em. We do a duet, "Once and For Always" and confidentially, she steals it.

HEDDA: Incidentally, how do you like the modern tunes—are they as good as the oldies?

BING: Every bit. But they wear out too soon, introduced one week and old hat the next.

HEDDA: Stay on your side of the street, Crosby.

BING: Lordie, gal—I never said *your* hats were old. But about tunes—look—every month a flock of swell scores break out. Lots of them I'd love to sing. But by the time I get around to 'em, they're old and fuzzy around the edges. What with disc jockeys, juke boxes, a radio beating night and day—they're done. Sometimes I wonder if Petrillo hasn't got something. Anyhow, by the time his ban goes on, if it does, we'll have enough recordings to last up to Easter. I'm cutting two a week myself.

HEDDA: Think you'll ever go back to a live broadcast, Bing?

BING: I certainly hope not. Me, I'm lazy. I like transcribed shows. I'm not tied down every week, for one thing. You know, every show we transcribe we record a full hour. Then we cut out a half-hour. What's left is only the best. Makes sense, doesn't it? It's really more work, but I can work a while, play a while, and give Hope a golf lesson now and then. The boy needs 'em.

HEDDA: How's about you and Bob? Thought maybe you'd show up at his testimonial dinner the other night.

BING: I should go to a testimonial for Hope to let that guy know how I feel about him! I wouldn't expect Hope to stay up late for me. He needs his beauty sleep and, confidentially, so do I.

HEDDA: Don't give me that. You look exactly the same as you did twenty years ago.

BING: You're just dazzled by my curly hair and wasp waist, that's all. Ah, well, when I get too old to fool the bobby-soxers I can make a living playing golf with Hope.

HEDDA: Can you take him?

BING: Take him? Why Hedda, my girl, I could lick that guy on the links wearing boxing gloves and a long hem line. I've got to hand him five strokes before he'll bet me. I don't want that to get around, though. Hope's my own private pigeon.

HEDDA: I won't tell a soul. But what about you and Bob in pictures? Any more "Road" movies with Dottie Lamour?

BING: Paramount says "no," but I wouldn't be surprised myself. You know why? S-h-h-h-h. They make money!

HEDDA: Think you'll ever play any more priest parts?

BING: Doubt it. Two's enough.

HEDDA: How about Dixie? Think she'll ever return to the screen?

BING: Not Dixie. She's not twins, but she's got 'em, and believe me with four young Crosbys she has her hands full. Doing some job raising those boys, too.

HEDDA: I heard somewhere, Bing, that you'd vetoed the idea of the boys appearing in pictures. How about it?

BING: A fabrication and a gross canard—and the answer's absolutely no! I have no objection in the world to any of my kids making movies. That's how their Old Man pays the rent, isn't it? Matter of fact, Walt Disney and I've been kicking the idea around of my doing the prologue for his *Legend of Sleepy Hollow.* If I do, the kids do it with me.

HEDDA: The kids sing, too?

BING: They can carry a tune but that's all. No, the idea's a father-son thing, trying to sell American kids on a few classic stories instead of Superman, Flash Gordon, and atomic comics. They no like the pitch at first, but then I lead 'em through Disney's animated old-timer and they love it. Pretty constructive idea for kids, hey? And my kids could do it. You know they're pretty smart, if I do say so. I'm pretty puffed up over that Gary of mine. Know what he's sending back from Bellarmine, where he goes to school up in San Jose? Straight 90. He never got that from his Pop. Maybe it's association with Leslie Gargan, Bill's boy—his sidekick up there.

HEDDA: You mean Gary's old enough to go away to school?

almost a grandpop . . .

BING: Why Hedda, any minute I'll wake up and find myself a grandfather. I'm at the stage now where the kids look the old man over with a fairly fishy critical eye. Matter of fact, I just squeezed through Gary's entrance once-over to Bellarmine. The school head took a trip over to Nevada to observe our whole gang. He didn't say yes or no when he left. But the good word came through. You know what I think impressed the Father? Gary's job.

HEDDA: Don't tell me you've got him working for Bing Crosby, Inc.!

BING: Gary went this solo—ranch handling. Talked me into a job punching at $5 a day. Only fourteen, but he kept up with the men and salted away $400 for spending money at school. I used to indulge him with a buck a week but I chopped that off when he got rich.

HEDDA: Can the kids ride? Got their own horses?

BING: Ride? Listen, they've got not only their own horses but their own *string* of ponies. That's a working ranch I've got up there in Nevada. Three thousand head of cattle graze on the open range.

HEDDA: What do you do with all your millions, Mister Crosby?

BING: Catch her! Another day, another dollar, that's with me. Matter of fact, my kids have all the trust funds. If they grow up and turn out to be heels, Dixie and I are sunk. They've got all the dough. Show signs of generosity, though. Other day on Dixie's birthday, Denny, Gary, Phil and Lindsay chipped in and came through with a French poodle for their maw.

HEDDA: What did you give her?

BING: Nothing. Just baked a cake. We had ourselves a wedding anniversary couple of days before, and Dixie nicked me for a pretty then. A little necklace thing—I think it had some gold on it.

HEDDA: And maybe a few stones?

BING: M-m-m-m-m-m—maybe a few.

HEDDA: Understand you stepped out, too, to Ciro's, but I want to know why you and Dixie refused to pose for photographers there.

BING: You ought to know me better than that, Hedda. But they tagged me just as Dixie and I were stepping onto the floor. I don't hold it for anybody when I want to dance with Dixie.

HEDDA: When you step out with Dixie—like the other night—do you dress up?

BING: Haven't you heard? Men of distinction are simply mad with envy since I got my new prefabricated tux. Straight from Smilin' Frankie's.

HEDDA: Go away! What I did hear is that you're having pants made to match those God-awful flying fish, sunrise-over-Tahiti shirts of yours.

BING: Don't think even I would have that much nerve. But, it's an idea.

(I told Bing a story I heard high in the sky in a DC-6 this summer. A fellow plane passenger from Los Angeles had just toured Jasper Park in the Canadian Rockies. Driving in the woods, one day, he spied what he thought was a tramp shagging along the road, jerking a thumb for a ride. His heart melted, and he picked up the character. Only when the weary-willie pickup opened his mouth, did he recognize Bing Crosby!)

hallelujah, i'm a bum . . .

BING: Lordy, Hedda, I *did* look like a bum, too. I'd been hunting, and my car had busted down. I originally got a load of that Jasper Park country making *Emperor Waltz* and I'd hustled back for another look with my Daisy air rifle. No kidding, since I've got my New Deal—the transcribed radio show and a contract for just two pictures a year—I'm getting around, meeting the people. I made more trips just looking at scenery last year than you'd ever guess. I'm a softie for autographs and things when I'm in the out-country, too. Those people up at Jasper, for instance, act like they really like me.

HEDDA: Whatever made you think they didn't?

BING: Well, I don't know. Around Hollywood here, it's so professional, this glamor stuff. And I'm such an old story. You won't believe me, but I rolled into a town last summer, parked my Cad and came back to find the new canvas top covered with crayon scribbles. Kids. They'd ruined it. But you know, I kind of liked it, although it cost me a new top. Now and then I get a kick like I got on that GI trip during the war.

HEDDA: Ever hear from those soldier guys you met overseas?

BING: All the time. They drift around to the studio and I'm always tickled to see 'em. I ain't such a mean, hard, nasty old man, Hedda, honest. I'm really quite sociable. Getting out my road maps for next vacation already, I am.

HEDDA: Why don't you fly? You'd cover a lot more ground.

BING: I don't mind flying when I have to. Did all over Europe, you know, and keep a little plane up at the ranch to hop back and forth to Hollywood in emergencies, but I'm strictly a terra firma man, myself. I'm skeert.

HEDDA: Pooh. When your time's up, it's up, that's all.

BING: Yeah, but what if the guy sitting next to you has *his* time come up—and you're in the same plane? But I know what you mean. I could sure look after my interests that way.

HEDDA: How about all those Crosby, Inc. interests—baseball for instance? Are you going to hire Leo Durocher to run the Pittsburgh Pirates?

BING: First time I've heard that one.

HEDDA: I heard, too, that you were buying a farm in Pennsylvania and a few big hotels scattered around the country.

BING: Wrong again. I need new business interests like a hole in my head.

HEDDA: Is that why you sold your racetrack at Del Mar and your race horses?

BING: Didn't sell 'em all. I've got about six hayburners left up at Bob Howard's place in San Mateo.

HEDDA: What made you quit—all those jokes about Crosby horses?

tired of feeding hope . . .

BING: Well, I did get a little weary feeding Hope gags for his radio show. But the real reason is, when you have a thing like a racetrack and stables on your hands you've got to look after them. Got to make policy, run the joint, customers with gripes want to see the head man—that's me. I wasn't enough people to handle it, so I sold out. It's work, Hedda, and you ought to know I'm allergic to that stuff.

HEDDA: How about that picture you've signed to do in England?

BING: That looks like fun—if and when. Been wanting to take Dixie and the kids over there ever since the war anyway. So when Arthur Rank brought up the idea at a golf game, I went for it. But nothing's set. I haven't seen a script. I'm cagey that way. Wouldn't I look silly traveling 6,000 miles to make a stinker, when I can do that right in Hollywood?

HEDDA: Tell me, how do you explain that our mutual friend, King Bing, has just been crowned top male star of the boxoffice for the fourth straight year?

BING: A-h-h-h—People are funny.

HEDDA: Not that funny.

BING: Now you're making my ears burn again and I told you this was Technicolor. Jiggers—here comes that man right now.

(It was Director Tay Garnett, all right, coming over with that look in his eyes! "Two more questions, Tay," I told him. "Then you can have him.")

BING: These the sixty-four dollar ones?

HEDDA: Sort of. First, are you going to make a picture with Al Jolson?

BING: That would be news to me, Hedda. Fact is, I don't even know if Al wants to make a picture in Hollywood. Why should he—with Larry Parks hanging around? Wish I had a guy to handle my acting for me; all I'd have to do is sing.

HEDDA: Okay, one gone. Now, how are the pipes holding up? Ever think about retiring?

BING: Every day. Every day. But leave us face it—I couldn't stop singing for keeps and have any fun out of life. Far as I know, the old gravel box is just like it always was. So I guess, unless I break a leg and they have to shoot me, you're just stuck.

HEDDA: Stuck with you—or on you?

(Bing didn't answer that one; just gave me the back of his hand and his Irish grin. But frankly, I'm in love with the guy, and I always have been, and I can't think of anyone I know who isn't.)

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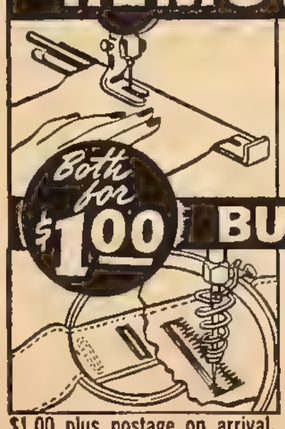
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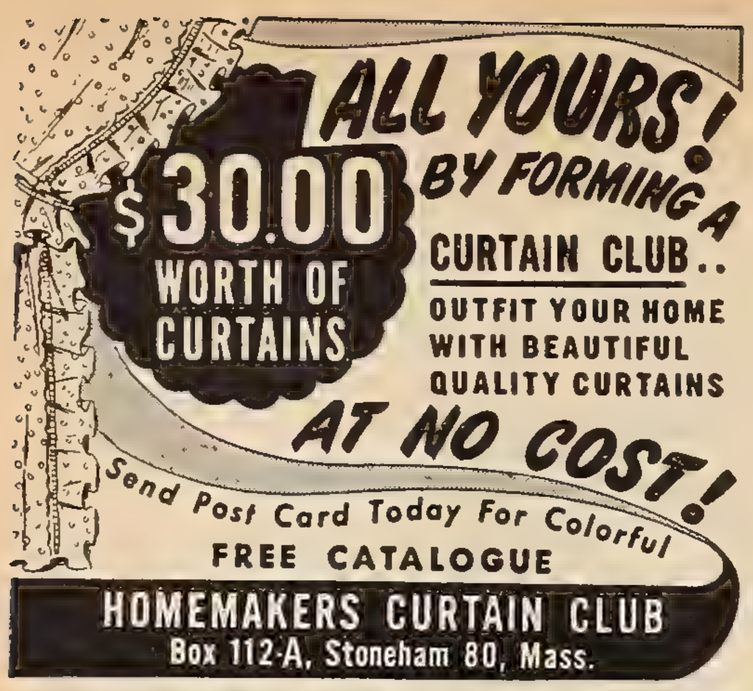
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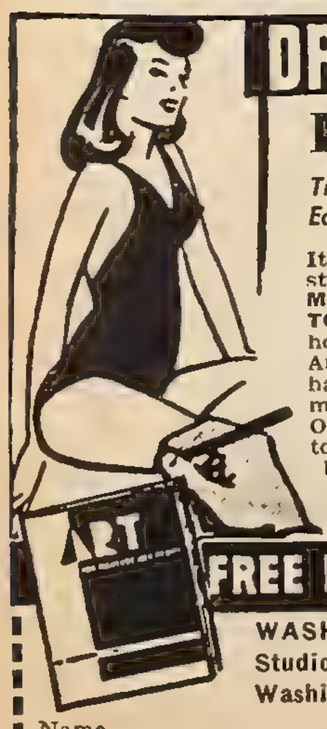
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IT HAPPENED IN HOBOKEN

(Continued from page 35)

two were to go to Hoboken, and try our luck. I went first, and got passes from the Mayor's secretary. Supposedly, these would see us safely through all the police lines.

When I called Bert up in New York to tell him I had them, he said that was nice, but that a fire had just broken out in the Hudson Tubes, and he didn't know if he could get over.

"Naturally," I said bitterly, and settled down to wait outside a nice, shiny cigar store.

Bert showed, for a wonder, laden down with flash bulbs, a raincoat, and a look of woe, and at eight o'clock, the appointed hour, we made our way back to City Hall. It was beginning to rain, but the steps were swarming with people waiting for Frankie to come out, curiously oblivious to the fact that they were getting soaked.

We shoved our way in, and upstairs, to the Mayor's office. There seemed to be hundreds of people there, and most of them were taking pictures. Frank posed with his father, Fire Captain Martin Sinatra, who was in a blue uniform and cap, and the resemblance between the two men was unmistakable. Captain Sinatra's face is rounder and fuller, and he only comes up to Frankie's shoulder, but the blue eyes are the same, and their smiles are alike as two peas in the proverbial pod.

Mrs. Natalie Sinatra, Frank's mother, wearing a black dress, a white fur coat, and a small black satin hat, smiled, as people passed, and waved, or called to her. "I feel sorry for myself tonight," she murmured, at one point, but her face stayed smooth and cheerful, and you could see she was happy.

She talked about Frank a little; said he was East quite often, and always dropped in for "mother and son visits, in the house he gave us—"

Frank came over to her. "Pop and I are going out to ride the fire truck now. You go in one of the closed cars, so you don't get wet."

(Originally, cancellation of the parade had been broadcast, and now the other floats had to be quickly reassembled, when the word got around that Frankie was going to ignore the rain.)

a fair exchange . . .

Surrounded by police, Frank walked out to the steps, and took a huge dummy key from the Mayor. The onlookers screamed, and he grinned, and swallowed. "In return for the key to Hoboken—I can only give Hoboken the key to my heart."

They screamed again, louder, and on the lower steps, the photographers knelt, shooting, as Frank started down the flight of steps.

There was a surge toward him, and the policeman grabbed at him, but he freed himself. "It's okay, fellows. Don't hold my arms." He walked easily through the mob with his father, and they hopped onto the truck.

Photographers were permitted on the truck, too, and we all raced for it.

Up in front, Frank and his father waved, and grinned, and called out greetings to people they recognized. "Hi, Gus," Frankie'd yell. "How ya doing?"

By then the truck was rolling, and the answers came back disjointedly through the noise and the rain, and the cameramen hung on the running boards, getting pictures and colds indiscriminately, and wondering if there weren't better ways to make a living.

A few soggy floats rode ahead, and behind the truck, the cordon of police kept hundreds of children from getting too close.

People filled the windows on both sides of the street, and in the apartments where the lights were out, the figures had a strange look, like wax dummies in a clothing store.

It had really begun to pour, when the truck stopped. Frank seemed to have disappeared, but the photographers sloshed on over to Veterans' Field, where the ceremonies were supposed to be held.

Frankie wasn't there. A detective told us that. "He's back at City Hall," he said. "I'll drive you over."

I collected Bert, and the detective drove us back to City Hall, explaining along the way how sympathetic he felt toward newspaper people. "Used to fancy that line of work myself," he said.

His name was Joseph Marotta, and as it happened, he was an old pal of Frankie's, and lived with the Sinatras.

landlady sinatra . . .

He called Frankie's mother "my landlady," jovially, and he seemed really upset about how badly disorganized the evening had been. There were people waiting for Frank at the Field, there were people waiting at one of the schools, but somehow the whole system had broken down, and Frank, as bewildered as the rest of us, had been taken back to City Hall, as soon as the fire truck had stopped.

Delivered to the City Hall by Special Officer Marotta, we raced up to the Mayor's office one more time.

There were a few more pictures of Frankie, some with his mother and father, some with a boy named Eugene MacMasters, a paraplegic, and then Frankie had to go. He was apologetic, but he had to get back to New York because he was appearing in a benefit for Bellevue Hospital at Madison Square Garden, at eleven o'clock, and it was already after ten.

He kissed his mother and father, and went out, looking tired, but still smiling. The room emptied slowly after that, and a few people walked around, talking quietly about what a guy Frankie was, and that was it.

A couple of days later, there were pictures in the New York papers of Frankie at the Metropolitan Opera, hob-nobbing with all the blue-bloods, and looking very much at home. But if you were one of the fans who'd watched him get his head soaked and his feet wet, and his heart warmed on a certain night in Hoboken, you knew there was a difference. The blue-bloods, he may like; those Hoboken crowds, he loved.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While attending the races at Del Mar, we noticed two celebrities in the box above us. Every time the bugler announced a race, the man in the box shuddered and hid his face. He just couldn't stand a note off-key. And who could blame him? It was Harry James, the trumpet king, and his wife, Betty Grable.

Helen Kinney
San Bernardino, Calif.

DARK MAN IN YOUR FUTURE

(*Continued from page 62*)

airplane flew away, and there was a great deal of rushing about and confusion. The revolution had come to Torreon.

Every day at noon, after that, for twenty successive days, Ric's father and uncle would wait in front of the house, searching the sky until the droning speck appeared in the distance. They would shout, "There it is! There it is! *Andale!*" And mother would round up Ric and his brother and sister and shove them under one of the big beds. It was all great fun, and Ric was sorry when the plane stopped coming.

Torreon was in a barren part of Mexico, but two rivers ran past it and in the country outside, endless fields of wheat and cotton stretched toward the distant mountains; from the fields gold poured into the town, making it one of the richest cities in Mexico. Here, Senor Montalban, who had come from Spain, established his department stores.

first bull-fight . . .

It was when Ric was twelve that he spent his first summer vacation at the great Durango hacienda of Señor Gurza, his father's old friend. Señor Gurza raised bulls on his estate. That August, Ric saw his first *Tienda.*

All the neighboring rancheros and their families gathered around the private bull-ring at the Gurza hacienda, after the noonday barbecue, and Juan Gonzales, the foreman's son, explained the *Tienda* to Ric. "It is that you can fight a bull only once," he said. "After that they know—they shy from the cape. But the Señor Gurza must find out if the little bull is growing up to be a sissy, or if he will be fierce and put up a stiff battle.

"Now, *mira,* all the little bulls have sisters, and it is known that a bull and his sister always are born the same, with the same characteristics. So we have a trial fight with the little cow, just nicking her a little, not to hurt her, and so we find out. *Verdad?*"

"Men do not fight cows," Ric said.

"No. You and I and the other *muchachos* will fight them. Come along."

"I? I've never faced a bull—or a cow, even. I'd be gored."

Juan looked scornful. "You have to start sometime. You know the passes, don't you? You've seen fights?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then come on. They'll think you're afraid."

Ric stood trembling in the middle of the ring, watching the young cow—no delicate ego, hers—pounding toward him. He had never realized how much taller a cow was than he, until she pulled up, raised her head and stood glowering at him, for a moment. Then she lowered her head again and charged.

Shutting his eyes tight, because he was afraid to look, he waited until the sound of hooves was almost upon him; then, as he had seen the matadors do, he made a slow wheeling turn to his right, sweeping his cape in an arc as he did so.

The cow thundered past, and in momentary relief, he opened his eyes, waiting for applause. Instead, there was a storm of laughter from the wall, and hoots of derision. The cow had charged *behind* him—

Fury mounted in him, throbbing in his throat and making his face dark. He faced the ugly little cow again, brandishing the cape wildly, and met her second charge full-face, with his eyes open. He was so angry he forgot to sidestep. The next instant, he was sprawled in the dirt, stunned and breathless, and the cow was worrying him with her horns and a fore-foot. A cow-hand distracted her before he was too badly mauled, and he had not been gored. But he was a sorry sight.

Señor Gurza was furious. "You shouldn't have tried it without practice!"

"I will do this again tomorrow, with your permission, sir," Ric said. "I couldn't let a *cow* beat me in the ring."

The older man smiled. "As you like."

After six summers at the Gurza, Ric was a fairly accomplished amateur matador.

But the rest of his early life was mundane enough. He had a remarkable boy's soprano until he was fourteen, and his voice shattered on a high C one afternoon and thereafter was no good at all.

Since his father was a merchant, it occurred to him that he might become an accountant; and by the time he finished high school he was considered one.

But a few weeks as an apprentice in a dry goods store cured him. He was bored.

"I shall be an engineer," he announnced grandly.

"How?" asked his father.

"There are schools in Mexico City."

"Your brother," Señor Montalban said, "has a better idea. He is living in Beverly Hills, and he writes that if you want to live with him and go to school in Los Angeles, he will be happy to watch over you."

"Don't they teach school in English in Los Angeles?"

"Learn it."

Ric learned. It took him three months, in the only high school in Southern California which accepted students who did not speak English.

By the time he switched to Fairfax, he was good enough to play the lead in the school production of *Tovarich,* and that was the beginning.

When his brother went to New York to live, Ric went too, determined to be an actor.

He tramped the streets for weeks. Then, one afternoon, he read of an audition, and applied for it.

The first candidate was a tall, good-looking gentleman, with a barrel chest, who sang two songs in a loud tenor. He was quite good, and there was applause. After him came a statuesque contralto. More applause.

"And now," said the announcer, "Ricardo Montalban will sing a Spanish ballad for us."

no canary he . . .

Ric stood up. "I can't sing."

There was a slight pause. "Oh well," he added, "if I could use the mike, maybe—"

He adjusted the mike until it blasted, and eventually started singing "El Rancho Grande." By this time, everyone was laughing, anyway, and he thought he might as well gag the whole thing.

When he was finished, the agent conducting the audition called him aside.

"You'll never get anywhere with that face or that voice," he said, "but you've got guts, and a personality. I'll find a place for you somewhere." And he did.

An actor in Tallulah Bankhead's play, *Her Cardboard Lover,* forgot his lines, and Ric stepped in as the logical replacement. After that, he made some slot machine movies—one of which was called *The Latin From Staten Island*—and then went back to Mexico, where he made nine pictures,

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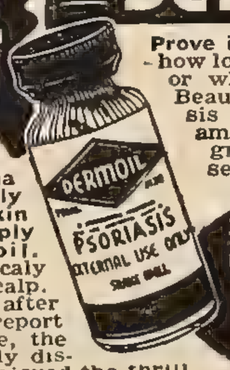
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was mentioned for the Mexican Academy Award, and was discovered by Preston Foster.

Whereupon, of course, he came back to Hollywood.

The traffic cop was most understanding. "I'm late for mass," Ric told him, and the cop, whose name was O'Mara, nodded.

"I'll just have a look at your license, me boy, and if it's in order, you may hightail it for the church."

Ric handed him the cellophane folder from his wallet. The cop examined one side of the license; then, turning the folder over, stared. "Who's this?"

Flushing, Ric said, "Just a picture of a girl."

"But she's only about eleven or twelve."

"I've had it for seven or eight years. I just like to look at it."

"Well, I can't give you a ticket for that. Say a Hail Mary for me."

"That I will," Ric promised. He was late, all right; all the parking places were gone and he had to leave his car in the alley behind the church. Later, coming out, he saw another motorist had had the same idea. She passed him, and he had a glimpse of flying blonde hair and a lovely almost-familiar face.

Her car was already turning into the street when it came to him who she was. A moment later he careened out of the alley after her. Catching up, he leaned out of his window and said "Hey!" It was all he could think of, and it was not enough.

Georgianna Young, whose picture he had carried for almost eight years, allowed him one icy glare, and disappeared in a cloud of fine California dust.

Two weeks later, Ric ran into Norman Foster. "We haven't had a decent talk in too long," Norman said. "Come home with me to dinner."

"Delighted," said Ric; unknowingly accepting a date with destiny.

Because Norman Foster's wife is Sally Blane Foster, and Sally Blane and Loretta Young and Georgianna Young are all sisters.

Wherefore, when Ric stepped through the doorway of Norman's house an hour later, three beautiful girls walked into the entrance hall to be introduced.

It is not for a Montalban to be without words for very long.

"Hey," he said.

"I'm beginning to think you really mean that." Georgianna grinned. "D'you know, all that Sunday I wondered why you'd chased me. At first, of course, I thought you were just another wolf. Then I remembered what you looked like, and it occurred to me there must have been something wrong with the car, and finally, I got out of the car and went in back and saw what you meant."

"I beg your pardon?"

"The tail light. Knocked off and hanging down and banging against the fender. That was it, wasn't it?"

After a moment he said, "But, of course. That was it."

"What *are* you two babbling about?" Sally asked. "I thought you didn't know each other."

"What a ridiculous notion," Ric told her. "We're old friends." He smiled disarmingly at Georgianna. "Aren't we?"

She smiled back. "Oddly enough," she said, "I believe we are."

And it was shortly after that that Ric told Georgianna how long he had loved her, and how much; and how desperately he needed and wanted her for his wife. That was on the twelfth night after the evening of the dinner party at the Fosters'.

And on the fourteenth day they were married. It was, to be exact, October 26, 1944.

On August 12, 1946, their first child, Laura, was born. Their son, Mark, followed as soon as God and nature would permit. Somehow, this is also typical of Ric: this haste in the great, important things of life as well as in the lesser things. He wants everything, and he wants it immediately.

Robert Hillyer wrote a verse called "Twentieth Century" once, and its lines fit the way Ric is headed for fame and fortune and greatness:

There is no time,
No time,
There is no time—
Not even for this,
Not even for this rhyme.

"V. J." DAY

(*Continued from page 58*)

soldier, like his mates now being taken from the cars, did look grim. His eyes were sunken, uninterested. He had been lifted and handled dozens of times; this was no novelty. Van Johnson swallowed hard, and stepped farther back on the hastily built platform. Then he froze. The first soldier had yelled something.

"Hey!" his voice rang out. "Hey, you guys! Look! Van Johnson!"

Another soldier took up the cry, craning his head from the stretcher. "Yeah! Hey, Van! I saw your last picture! Me and a million mosquitoes!"

Somebody pushed Van forward, and before he knew it, he was shaking hands with the boys and talking to all of them as they were taken from the train. Thus, the first Pacific wounded at Birmingham were greeted on their homecoming, and thus, they learned to know Van.

And these same Pacific boys—long before our actual victory over Japan—seized upon Van Johnson's initials to designate his visits as their own kind of "V. J." Day.

It's still "V. J." Day at Birmingham when Van drives over, but now he drops in as a friend, and not a stranger.

There are other stars who are keeping up their wartime habit of going out to Birmingham, although it's been changed from an army debarkation to a veterans' hospital. The six hundred vets that Van and the other stars know best are the paraplegic and tubercular victims, about evenly divided in number. (Paraplegia is paralysis of the lower half of the body, from the waist down.) There are as many more patients, less seriously disabled, who form a shifting or transient group, being constantly replaced by others as they are cured and returned to civil life.

The boys at the hospital have their own ideas about the Hollywood stars who visit them. If a star comes out once, they accept it as just a gesture and not much more. If he or she makes a second trip, they are pleased. But if the star continues to come out and see them, the visits begain to have real meaning. A friendship is formed; the visits take on the significance of reunions.

When Gregory Peck walks in, there are a hundred of the boys with whom he has formed associations. He knows the names of their whole families. He knows the color and style of their homes. They know Greg, and they know his wife, Greta. Many of them have been out to his home.

Take Janis Paige, of Warners, who comes out regularly with Don McGuire. A month

ago she was kidding around in one of the wards when the doors flew open and in came a wheelchair vet carrying a big birthday cake. Nearly a year before Janis had happened to mention the date of her birthday. The boys had remembered.

Or think of Lou Costello crashing into a ward, waving his big cigar ahead of him and yelling, "What the hell's been goin' on around here since I seen you guys last? Huh?" The latest thing Lou did was to get into an argument with a group of vets who were kidding him about the ability of his kid football team out at the Youth Foundation which he supports.

"Okay, you guys!" he yelped, finally. "I'll bring the whole damn team out here, and another team for them to play, and we'll see how good they are!"

He did just that. It didn't settle the argument, which still goes on, but it's strictly between old friends.

That goes for a lot of Hollywood's famous names. For Susan Peters, herself a paraplegic as a result of her unfortunate accident, whose pet delight is to take a bunch of the boys fishing. Or for Desi Arnaz, who was stationed at the hospital as a sergeant during the war and never gets back to Hollywood but that he drives out to Birmingham to celebrate "Old Home Week." Or for Bob Burns, Andy Devine, Dinah Shore, Don Ameche, who are neighbors, since they live near the hospital, and often drop in to meander around.

The hospital attaches still talk about Jose Iturbi who was asked to give a concert for the boys once. Great preparations were made for it and the piano placed on the stage of the recreation theater where all could see and hear. Iturbi gave his concert but he didn't seem too pleased.

Not long afterward, he phoned the hospital and said he would like to come out the next day.

"But Mr. Iturbi, we're not prepared to make the arrangements that quickly," the special service representative protested.

"No, no," came back Iturbi. "I don't want to give a show. I want to play for the boys I know. I want to just drop in and play. Like you visit somebody, see?"

And drop in he did. And he has dropped in often; never giving any notice, never desiring a formal concert atmosphere, and forbidding any publicity about it. There isn't any argument about it; he *likes* to drop in and play.

casual cary . . .

Cary Grant doesn't even bother to phone. If he has finished a picture and has time on his hands, he simply shows up. He breezes into a ward, renews old acquaintances and has as great a time as the vets.

While Van Johnson is the old faithful of the boys, the "model" visitor is perhaps Olivia De Havilland. She established her technique on the first day she came. She was told that by confining herself to speaking a few words at each bedside, she could go through from ten to sixteen wards before it was time to leave. Olivia nodded and entered the ward. She went to the first bed and began talking. In a few minutes she sat down beside the bed, still talking to the soldier. Fifteen minutes later she was still there. When "chow call" sounded hours later, Olivia, instead of doing sixteen wards, hadn't even finished one!

"Miss De Havilland," said one of the nurses, "you're making a wonderful visit with each of the boys but you'll never get through all the wards this way."

"Oh, yes I will," said Olivia. "I'm off every Tuesday. I'll come back."

"But it will take *ten* Tuesdays to finish."

"At least that," said Olivia, and for the next ten Tuesdays she was back.

If you are a movie star, particularly a male, it is not the easiest thing in the world to walk into a ward and face two long rows of badly war-wounded men. There is an emotional interplay of such feelings as resentment and envy, and you are aware of it. It can be controlled and eliminated if you're a nice guy and can show it.

When hospital visiting first began at Birmingham some stars made grand entrances into each ward. It was a mistake which resulted in every soldier instantly freezing stiff. Nowadays, the visiting star, unless he's an old friend of the boys, slips into the ward quietly and is talking to the first veteran before any of the others are even aware of his presence.

Not all visitors to Birmingham are stars. One day, the hospital got a phone call from a chap who said his name was Malcolm Beelby; he was a staff musician at Warner Brothers. He wanted to come out and play the piano for the soldiers in the "closed wards." These contain the mentally deranged veterans whom none but near relatives ever visit ordinarily.

music for the soul . . .

Malcolm, a young vet himself, can ramble on for hours through classics or swing numbers with equal facility. One afternoon a piano was rolled into one of the closed wards—they are not quiet places, as can be imagined—and Malcolm sat down to play. At once, a few of the men retreated from the music and were led away by attendants. The rest seemed not to notice it at first. One of these was a youngster who was the victim of a laughing mania, and was actually in such a fit now.

Malcolm played on. The men grew quieter. Some began to gather closer to the music. Fifteen minutes after Malcolm had started to play, the boy who was laughing stopped. His face bore a look of relaxation that doctors had been trying to induce ever since his admission into the hospital.

Toward the end of the session, Malcolm had a perfectly quiet and attentive audience. The medical men begged him to come back, and he's now one of the hospital's most appreciated visitors.

Most of the stars come out on Tuesday and Saturday afternoons, when the Volunteer Army Canteen Service holds its parties, and distributes cigarettes. If you pass a ward and hear whistles, you can be sure Jane Russell has dropped in to say hello. Or you might catch Eddie Cantor singing to the music of a midget piano that he rolls around with him.

Remember when Bob Hope's book, "So This Is Peace?" came out? He brought a case of the books to Birmingham and handed them out after autographing each copy. Bing Crosby wandered into the hospital during the afternoon, and promptly accused Bob of peddling the books from bed to bed!

There are formal parties, like the last Christmas affair when the hospital had four Santa Clauses: Guy Kibbee, Chill Wills, Bill Bendix and Harry Von Zell. They cruised the wards distributing gifts and then all came together for a super party in the recreation hall.

There are even more significant parties, including those held to celebrate the weddings which have taken place in the past few years between thirty paraplegic patients and their nurses.

And when it is a case of a party being thrown in the home of a star, it must be remembered that many patients make the trip all by themselves in their own cars. As a result of the hospital's rehabilitation training, a paraplegic can wheel his chair to his specially built car (all hand operated), lift himself into the driver's seat,

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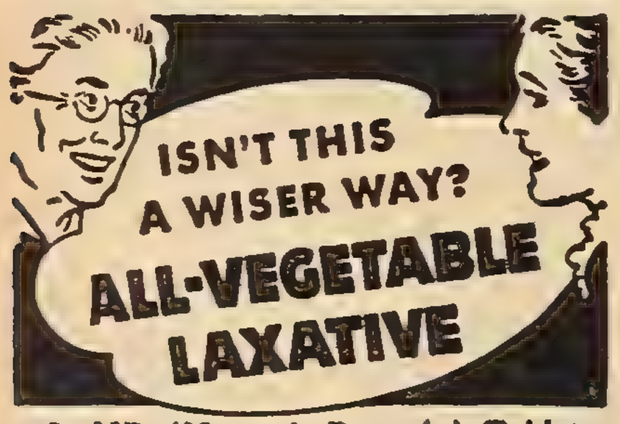
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and lift his wheelchair in beside him.

The stars have figured in this rehabilitation program. As head of the Hollywood Canteen Foundation, Bette Davis has seen to it that the boys received a $25,000 swimming pool, a battery of electric typewriters, and mimeograph machines for their newspaper. One of her personal gifts is her entire stamp collection, contained in a number of heavy, bound volumes.

There is a fine silver workshop in the hospital with full equipment for this craft. It belonged to Russell Gleason, who died in an accident a few years ago. His father, Jimmy, donated it. And to train the boys who want to learn silverworking, he induced one of Hollywood's finest silversmiths, Alan Adler, who has a shop on the Strip, to come out twice weekly and teach.

And then there is Atwater Kent, of course, who has given nearly two thousand small, dis-assembled radios, which vets can put together and keep.

And always, there's the guy they all dote on—the freckled "V. J." himself.

Van has brought "V. J." Day to hospitals, soldiers, and even civilians, all over the country.

On a recent trip to Memphis, he had just 28 hours to spend in town. During this time, he was booked to make four theater appearances, three radio broadcasts, and to take part in a half-dozen newspaper interviews. He raced through them so that he could go out to the Kennedy Veterans' Hospital there, for which he managed to find two full hours.

Around the studio, his faithfulness to his friends and acquaintances is amazing. Two years ago, the head of the portrait photographers, Milton Brown, was stricken with a heart attack. He was in the hospital for three months. Naturally, during his first week there, his friends sent flowers, came out to see him.

But there was an end to that after a while, and he was alone, looking forward to months of loneliness, and boredom. That's when Van showed up. He walked in with an armful of flowers and presents promptly at seven o'clock one evening, and stayed until visiting hours were over. That's not unusual. But consider this: twice a week, for the full three months that Milton was laid up, Van showed, as regular as clockwork!

Sometime after Milton was discharged from the hospital, he suffered a relapse and had to go back for three and a half more months. Van was on the job immediately.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Stopping once at a mountain resort, my mother was told that Pierre Aumont was at the same hotel. He was standing in a doorway, and Mother stood behind him, calling, "Pierre. Pierre." No answer. He turned around, and my mother said, "If you're who I think you are, my daughter would like to have your autograph." "Certainly, certainly," he said very politely. It wasn't until she had his autograph, that Mother learned it was Paul Henreid!

Ruth Ann Woods
San Marino, California.

Not a soul at M-G-M knew about this, and it would never have come to be written here if Milton Brown hadn't forgotten Van's warning to keep quiet. Van, like Iturbi about his piano parties, is dead set against any publicity. It is only because you can't gag a whole staff of nurses and doctors, that his kindness becomes known at all.

One evening, a doctor at Birmingham walked out to his car and found it was blocked by one of those big trailer trucks. Just then the owner of the car next to his came out.

"Oh, Lord!" said the doctor wearily. "I suppose I'll have to run back and locate the driver of that truck. He might be anywhere in the hospital."

"Don't do that, doc," said the other man. "You're tired. I'll move the truck for you."

"You?" asked the physician. "You've spent all day walking through the wards. You must be as tired as I am."

"Naw," said the other. "Besides, I'm a truck-driver at heart."

He jumped into the cab of the big ten-wheeler and started the motor immediately. Skillfully, he backed it clear and let the doctor pull out. Then he rolled the truck into the vacated space, shut off the motor and got into his own car.

It's only natural, isn't it, that that doctor would mention what happened, to his friends. And that the young fellow who went to such trouble so cheerfully should have been old "V. J." Day Van, himself?

TOUGH BREAK, GENE!

(Continued from page 24)

dance again for *five* months."

"But they could postpone the picture."

He said, "Fred, I really mean this. It's a good picture, and you're right for it. If you bow out, my accident means trouble for the studio. If you take the part, everybody will be happy, including me. How about it?"

"To tell you the truth, I'll be delighted," I said, and that *was* the truth. When I had announced my retirement a year before, I had never meant anything more sincerely in my life. I had been dancing professionally for more years than I liked to remember, and I was tired. I found myself, at the completion of each new number, thinking: "This is it. This is the best you've done, and the best you can do. You can't keep topping yourself forever, and yet, if you don't, the public will get wise to the fact that you're levelling off. Now is the time to quit, before people begin asking you to."

So I went back to our home in the East, and began relaxing. It was wonderful, for a few months. Then one morning my daughter, who is four, said at breakfast, "When is Daddy going back to the studio?" I didn't even know she understood what the word meant. She had been brought to a studio to visit me just once, a year before, and apparently the experience had impressed her deeply.

A few weeks later, I dropped in at the school in Aiken, South Carolina, where my son is a student. Fred is eleven, and has the modern boy's sharpness of wit and tongue. "What are you going to do, Dad?" he asked directly. "Retire?" It occurred to me for the first time, then, that my work meant something to him, that he considered it important for his father to be an active, functioning human being, instead of a has-been.

Even the critics, upon hearing the word "retirement," suddenly decided I was better

than they had ever thought before, and said so in print. Also, to my intense astonishment, they said so in personal letters to me.

I came back to Hollywood. I discussed making another picture with Ginger Rogers. I wanted to be in again—but not at the expense of another dancer, not to profit by another chap's misfortune. Gene cleared that up with one of the nicest remarks I have ever heard in such circumstances. He said to a columnist, "Naturally, I hated to break my ankle, but if it means seeing Astaire on the screen again, it's worth it."

There is a gentleman. There is also one of the finest dancers in America today.

An accident such as he suffered is not just a casual misfortune. To a dancer, anything that disables or even impairs him physically, if only temporarily, smacks of tragedy. Twice it has happened to me, and I know.

The first time was in 1919. I was playing in *Apple Blossoms,* dancing to Fritz Kreisler's enchanting score, and we were opening in Providence, Rhode Island, before one of the toughest audiences in America. Everyone in the cast knew just how tough it was, and prepared to strip his gears to put the show over. I was fresh to show business at the time, imbued with the spirit of the evening. I knocked myself out, figuratively and almost literally.

My most difficult turn was performed on a stairway—always dangerous—and at the end of the number I did a series of fast twist steps, then grasped myself by my shoulders and did a spiral full turn into a squatting position; since my feet remained stationary, I finished with my legs crossed, like an Indian at a conference.

I performed this finale that evening with such vigor that, as I landed in the tag position, there was a small sharp report and my sacro-iliac went away somewhere. I managed to finish the show, but later in my dressing room I lay down for what I thought would be a few minutes. I did not get up again, under my own power.

For ten years, I couldn't walk down the street or play tennis or dance without knowing that at any moment I might lose control of my feet, and face a long siege of pain and helplessness.

The other accident served me in good stead, though at the time, I cursed fate. I was dancing with my sister, Adele, and I went in a good deal for high kicking; once, while my right foot remained several inches above my head, the other ankle turned, and I went sprawling into a heap. That sprain put an end to the high kicks, and incidentally, improved my work, since I had to substitute less corny and spectacular—but more subtle and interesting—devices.

Fred Stone, who was once a famous dancer before he became a theater great, took up flying, crashed, and did not dance at all after that. Thank God, Gene's injury will not mean the end of dancing for him. He broke the same ankle once before, in the same kind of accident, and his doctors tell him that it will heal in the same fashion. I say "Thank God," fervently, because I can think of no greater loss to the American stage and screen than if Gene Kelly should not dance again.

I shan't soon forget the first time I saw him, in *Cover Girl.* When Gene did his Alter Ego number I realized that I was watching an artist. I grabbed my wife's hand. "Look!" I said. "Look at that!"

She maintained a loyal silence.

And when I saw his inspired cartoon sequence in *Anchors Aweigh,* I knew. Gene's technique was not only superb; he had imagination and a genius for producing.

It is one thing to dance flawlessly through a piece of music. It is another to take an idea, a mood, and interpret it in terms of rhythm and movement so that an audience discovers what that idea is without hearing a word or reading a line.

Gene's ingenuity is boundless. There have been times when I have known in advance the interpretations Gene would be asked to invent in certain scripts, and I have asked myself, "How would *I* do that?" On a number of occasions I have had to admit to myself, "I don't know."

Then, when I see what he has created in the finished product, I am aware that I am watching, not my greatest rival—although he would be that if we were in competition—but a contemporary whom I regard with respect and admiration.

This is a calculated personal appraisal of Gene's ability, and if it sounds like a back-patting spree I can't help it. Just thank your lucky stars that he'll be back with you in a few months, while I thank mine that I'm back where I belong, on a sound stage.



"Who ordered the shrimp?"

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THERE OUGHT TO BE A WIFE

(Continued from page 29)

of horses so there will have to be some pasturage for them. There will be a flagstone patio, flagstone walks and flagstone chimneys. I guess I like flagstone.

"Going to have my own freezing unit to store the meat from my hunting trips. That's to tell you that I still hunt with bow and arrow, in case you forget to ask. I want a redwood den, a good practical kitchen, and I'm going to build the barbecue pit myself. I guess that will take care of us, all right."

"Us? Who is us?"

"Why, I've got to have room for the four children I want, haven't I?" He smiled, and showed he knew darn well he was skipping the obvious fact that there ought to be a wife involved in his plans somewhere, and that he wasn't naming any such.

That's when Gail's name came up the first time. But the first time it didn't take. Guy went on rambling:

"Now the interior of the house. I won't have much to say about that except for a few things. There will be big fireplaces in the living-room and den. And there will be a lot of animal skins around. In fact, I will have a lot of the furniture upholstered with skins. And, oh, yes, there won't be any dogs *in* the house. There will be dogs, but they will live outside."

the great denial . . .

That's when Gail's name came up again. "Married to Gail?" Guy repeated, and you could tell by the look in his eyes that he considered it a very nice thought. But what he said was, "I have always denied it. Gail's always denied it. The other night we had dinner at King's and danced at Ciro's and we took time out to deny it to each other. Gee, if I am her husband I do an awful lot of telephoning to date her. I ought to cut that out. I ought to call up some other girls. Maybe I do."

Which brings up the fact that Guy's bachelor friends say he enjoys going out with other girls, but he always hedges and won't admit it. On the other hand, when they ask him how he feels about Gail's going out with other fellows, he comes back with that old answer of the proud male: "All depends on what I'm doing that night."

Guy wasn't smoking, the day I had lunch with him. He was on the first month of no smoking after betting a friend fifty dollars he could quit. And everybody on the Selznick lot seemed to be checking him on it.

"Slipped yet?" queried Joe Cotten, as he came by the luncheon table.

"Nope," replied Guy.

"That's the boy," Joe encouraged. "Just put your foot down; that's the only way to stop smoking."

Guy laughed. "Put your foot down, nothing," he said. "You have to put the cigarette down!"

He isn't kissing off nicotine just to win a bet, of course. His reasoning runs like this: "When I first came to Hollywood, I used to smoke only at parties or after dinner once in a while. Little by little, I got to wanting a cigarette all the time, it was like a crutch. I couldn't do anything without them. That was too much."

He has even tried to induce Gail to stop smoking, but when he told her she smoked too much, she flipped a stream of ashes into the air and quipped, "I *like* to smoke too much."

The two are still seeing each other, still having their tiffs, and still making up. Gail has given Guy an oil painting outfit and he likes it, except that instead of painting with the brushes he uses old rags.

Guy still loves to hit the beach on his days off and Gail tolerates it, but not when she has an early morning studio call ahead of her the next day. The sand and grit in her hair are too much to combat.

And their plans? "No plans," says Guy. "We're happy the way we are. At least, I am. I got peace of mind without even reading one book on how to get it."

Hollywood doesn't always do nice things for a newcomer; it has for Guy. He was always pleasant, but hardly a conversationalist, and for this reason some people were inclined to class him as dull. He is a lot more comfortable now, with an ease of manner, and a bit of talent for banter which livens his talk attractively.

In other ways he is still true to the kid that he was; the kid that came to Hollywood fresh out of the navy and celebrated the event by buying himself a wardrobe featuring an array of semi-draped suits; not the sharp stuff, you understand, but not on the square side either.

He has just bought himself a new car and it is *not* a convertible; it is a club coupe. It may have quite a bit of fancy trimming—but it's not a convertible!

One of Guy's youthful eccentricities caught up with him one day in Phoenix, not long ago, during his *Duel in the Sun* personal appearance tour. Gregory Peck and Joe Cotten were on the tour as well, and one early evening they saw Guy slip out of the hotel. Calling a cab, they trailed him in the best thriller tradition.

Guy entered a grocery store, and through the window they watched him, apparently busy laying in stuff for a picnic. Curious, they decided to go in and ask him how come? Wasn't he satisfied with the hotel food?

"Sure," Guy told them, not a whit disturbed. "But what if I get a yen for a midnight snack?"

They howled at this and kidded him all the way back to the hotel. But at midnight, when Guy was in his room making himself a little snack, who do you think knocked on the door?

call of the wild . . .

When Guy was a boy in Bakersfield, his father worked for the Santa Fe Railroad in the locomotive maintenance section. Growing up, Guy was stirred by the call of adventure, but his call had nothing to do with railroading. And it certainly wasn't the call of the theater. Acting was furthest from his thoughts. The closest he got to satisfying his vague impulse was going hunting.

When he got older, he still had no plans, but was pretty sure that his future lay away from Bakersfield. This hunch had something to do with his attitude towards the girls he met in town. He went out with them, danced with them, took them to the movies, but held off from "going steady." If and when the road ahead opened up clearly, he wanted to be free to take it without hurting anyone.

Somehow, during this period of waiting, he formed a pattern of character that is still with him; an ability to be himself and wait for what lies ahead. His faith is not so much in his future, as it is in himself. For instance, he thinks it isn't too important that there is much to acting that he doesn't know. What *is* important is his conviction that he *can* learn it.

Guy hasn't made a picture for some time now, yet he exhibits no nervous hurry about getting started again. A lot of the past year was taken up by the *Duel* personal appearance tours, and what other time he had left he was anxious to spend with his dramatic and diction coaches, Lester Luther and Florence Cunningham. The more knowledge he acquires now, the better his work when he steps before the camera again, he feels.

When he got back from his personal appearance tour and no picture was set for him, Guy took off for a hunting trip to Ruby Valley in Nevada. With him went Howard Hill, his archery mentor and pal, and Kenny Von Zell, of the radio Von Zells. Harry is Kenny's father. The boys had a cabin in Ruby Valley, but otherwise roughed it. When Guy was nominated to cook the breakfasts, he dragged his sleeping bag into the kitchen to be close to his work. Hill handled the evening meals, and Kenny the chores in between.

There was a bit of social life as well—a country dance in the schoolhouse at Ruby Valley. Guy was invited to drop in. He did. He "dropped in" when the dance started, and didn't drop out until six hours later when it was over. In that time he'd danced with every girl present, and that took them all in from three to seventy.

They knew he was a movie star, but that wasn't why he made an impression on one girl.

"You're really a dream dancer," she said. "It's too bad you have to waste your time in Hollywood."

"I don't get it," Guy said.

"Well, all the fellows in Hollywood dance well, I suppose," she said, "so it's no novelty to the girls there. But how about the rest of us in other parts of the country?"

When he got back from the trip, he took up life again in his newly-rented house in the valley. This isn't the "dream house," you understand, but there is a certain significance attached to it, nevertheless. In the first place, he upped and rented it about the time that rumors of his marriage to Gail were flying thicker than ever. In the second place, as he admits, it is too big for just himself and Wayne.

The house, an eight-room affair, is secluded behind a grove of trees on a hill in the valley. The living room is completely empty, not even a lamp, "which makes it hard for me to read," Guy grins. Ditto one of the three bedrooms and ditto the den, excepting for a radio-record-player that Guy has going all the time.

The kitchen is fully equipped and so is the dinette—"a man has to cook his food and have a place to eat it, doesn't he?" One of the bedrooms is done in blue, and it is here that Guy sleeps on the one article of furniture in it—an oversized bed that he had custom-made. In the clothes closet is his wardrobe but *not* his sling of bow and arrows. This he keeps in Wayne's clothes closet in the latter's bedroom.

There is not a chair anywhere in the house excepting in the dinette. Two keys, one for Guy and one for Wayne, make up the only other house possessions. If this isn't a bit of a mystery, it will do until a better one comes along or until Guy cares to explain, which he doesn't right now. At least, he isn't answering a lot of questions which would seem natural under the circumstances, and some of which might run like this:

1. Did he rent the new house because he and Gail had planned an elopement which, for some reason, never came off?
2. Is that why the bedroom is done in blue—which is said to be Gail's favorite color?
3. Is he hesitating about furnishing it further because the "understanding" is off and he knows he doesn't want such a big place for himself?
4. Have he and Gail just postponed the date and is that why he is talking about a "dream house" that he wants to build?

Guy just laughed when I quizzed him, and, instead of answering the questions, started to tell a story of an incident which occurred during his Ruby Valley hunting trip. Seems they were driving along the bed of a dry lake when they caught up with a coyote. An expert shot, by the name of Skeets Moore, started shooting at the coyote from the back of the car.

"Sometimes, we'd get as close as a dozen feet from the animal," Guy said, "but Moore missed and missed. But he kept on trying and finally got him on the twenty-fifth shot."

What did that have to do with the house? Was Guy trying to say that getting the house was a take-a-chance-shot he made that missed, but that he was still trying?

He chuckled. "That Skeets Moore was sure sore when he kept on missing that coyote," he said. "But you take me. I don't get sore when I miss. I just keep plugging along. I'll get there."

Are you listening, Gail Russell?

THE LADDS, INC.

(*Continued from page 56*)

forehead and drank his chilled Vichyssoise. "Think I'll find an air-conditioned movie and pitch a tent in it," he said.

But they appeared at Madison Square Garden on time. And then it happened. The spotlight caught Alan, singling him out in the vast amphitheater like a bug on the end of a golden stick. An amplified voice announced who he was. After an instant's silence, bedlam broke loose.

They would not stop, for minutes. Finally, Ed Sullivan managed to make his voice heard long enough to announce that this was Alan's birthday. Then twenty thousand people stood up and sang "Happy Birthday To You." As she listened to the silly little song roared out in such majestic volume, Sue discovered, to her surprise, that she was crying and thinking, like any wife of any important or popular man, This is it. It's wonderful moments like this that make it all worth while.

And when Alan finally spoke into the mike, his normally deep voice was high-pitched and hesitant, too, with emotion.

In the early morning hours, before going to bed, they strolled along empty sidewalks for a time and stopped for a cup of coffee in an all-night beanery. They did not have much to say, but even in the continuing heat, each recognized in the other a mood of calm happiness.

They did not work too hard at it, this trip. They stayed as often as they could with friends on Long Island's North Shore. In town, they saw *Brigadoon* and *Finian's Rainbow* and *Annie Get Your Gun.*

There was business to attend to, and Alan attended to it with a grim determination. He had originally wanted to make records, as he has an excellent singing voice, but Paramount felt that popular ballads were not in harmony with the kind of character Alan portrayed on

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the screen. In all justice to this point of view, it *is* a trifle hard to envision the Man With the Gun crooning tender sentiments about moon and June via the corner juke-box. In any case, Alan had surrendered that ambition, not without battle, and had turned to another idea.

This was a radio show called "Box 13," in which he would play a young writer who advertised for adventure—and found it. Paramount had at first said no to this, too, because radio rehearsals would take him away from his studio work; but they had agreed to transcriptions.

So a corporation had been formed, and the first waxings made. The show was being sold across the country, to local sponsors, and Alan was still in the midst of negotiations when he was called to West Point for a week of shooting. It was there that he almost ended up in the guard house. One afternoon, when the last sweltering take had been finished, he unbuttoned his tunic, shoved his cap on the back of his head, put his hands in his pockets, lit a cigarette, and started wearily across the yard. An officer of the day took one look at him, shuddered, and went sprinting in pursuit.

Alan turned in surprise. "What's the matter, Mac?" he asked.

It was another long minute before recognition came.

The location trip had been fun, but they had come back to Hollywood on September 20th, and further shooting on *The Long Gray Line* would not begin until October 13th, wherefore it was obvious that Alan would have to get himself interested in some new enterprise.

Learning to make Early American furniture as a pupil to George Montgomery was obviously the answer.

the home-made home . . .

This idea presented itself one afternoon. Sue and Alan in the just-finished living room of the Montgomerys' house, were sitting staring with awe—not at Dinah, radiant as she was with the happiness of coming motherhood, nor at George—but at the furniture.

"That *table,*" Sue said. "It's none of my business, but where did you dig up the buried treasure? I've been trying to find a few Early American pieces for the new room at the ranch, just one room, and the budget's cracked at the seams already."

"Ha!" Dinah said, on a note of triumph. She stood up. "Follow me," she commanded, and led the way out the front door, across the lawn and motor court, past the garage to a doorway. She opened the door and stood aside. Past her came the clean sharp smell of lumber, turpentine and shellac, varnish and wax.

They went inside. Standing everywhere were nearly finished pieces of furniture, scattered among the permanently anchored, gray-painted electric saws, drill-presses, lathes and vises. It was a complete, modern shop.

"It beats me," Alan said finally. "You can't find the furniture you want, so you create a manufacturing plant in your back yard, hire a raft of cabinet makers, and have a custom job done. But wait a minute, what about that patina, those wormholes, that authentic use of porcelain?"

"Who said anything about hiring anyone?" Dinah asked indignantly. "I'll have you know that George made every one of those pieces by himself!"

They watched as George neatly turned a delicate chair leg on a lathe, fitted it to a chair, pegged and glued it, made with sandpaper and pumice stone, and generally behaved like an accomplished cabinet-maker.

Driving back to the ranch late that night, Alan said, "Darn it, I've never felt so inferior in my life. All that furniture's as good as any I've seen in the best shops."

"Don't be silly," Sue told him loyally. "Why, you helped the carpenter all the time when he was building the new room, and put most of the shingles on the roof."

"It isn't the same. Anybody can pound on shingles."

Sue was tired when they reached the ranch, and paid no attention to the number of mysterious articles Alan kept fetching from the car. She went immediately to bed. About one o'clock she woke up, aware of odd grinding and scratching noises coming from the new room.

Mice? Sue thought. Already? (She knew the older part of the house was swarming with them, but although the Ladds possessed seven cats, none was housebroken enough to be allowed inside, and thus the wildlife abounded, unrestrained; the beasties ate very little, in any case, and always ran and hid when they saw her, so she didn't really mind.)

Then she saw a rim of light under the door, and realized that Alan had not come to bed. She put on a dressing gown, and went to the new room.

Alan, kneeling beside the new woodwork of a built-in cupboard, looked up as she came in. He was holding a peculiar, awl-like tool, and on the floor beside him were a saw, a large amount of scrapings, and bits of woodwork.

"What on earth are you doing?" Sue asked. Then she looked closely at the cupboard. She closed her eyes. "Do you know what that cupboard *cost?*"

Alan regarded her without offense. "I'm antiquing the thing," he explained solemnly. "George showed me how. I borrowed some of his special tools. Watch." While Sue gritted her teeth, he punched half a dozen more wormholes into the fresh wood with the instrument in his hand, then took the saw and rasped its sharp teeth across the panels.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

"I think the only word is 'extraordinary'."

"Want to help?"

"You mean you're going to do—this—to more of the woodwork?"

"Well, I've gone this far. I mean, it would look kind of silly, wouldn't it, having an antique cupboard and everything else all fresh and unspoiled?"

"I like that last word," Sue said. Suddenly the spirit of the thing caught her. "By no means," she said, "should we do this thing by halves. You take the saw. I'll take the punch thing. Ready?"

"Ready."

So the sawdust flew, far into the night.

furniture fever . . .

After that, there was no holding the Ladds. There had to be two cabinets made, first, to flank the entrance to the new room. One would hold the radio-phonograph combination, the other Alan's records and anything else that needed holding. They must be Early American, thoroughly antiqued, and as good as anything George could turn out. Alan knew George wouldn't mind sharing his shop.

He and Sue arrived at the Montgomerys' just at lunch time one day, refused luncheon, having just finished; and made at once for the workshop.

Half an hour later George and Dinah came out to watch. The cabinets were all but finished. The knobs had to be screwed on, a few more worm holes added, and the first application of high-smelling goo that eventually would create the color and shading of an old, treasured piece, made a century or two ago.

There were a few slip-ups. Alan had the entire side of one cabinet brushed in before George discovered he was using the wrong mixture.

He also got a sliver the size of a golf

club caught deep in his finger; the thing apparently had a barb on the end, and it took the combined efforts of everyone present to dig it loose with a jack-knife.

It was several days later that Alan and Sue, driving the convertible, followed the truck on the San Fernando Road. The truck was carrying the last load of furniture, and it was almost five o'clock.

Deadline was near. An empty room awaited them, but the material to bring it alive was here. If they didn't pull it off tonight, it would be another week or two before Alan would have time. Shooting on *The Long Gray Line* resumed the next morning.

The days were getting shorter, now, and as the truck ahead of them pulled off the highway on the side road that led to the ranch, it was almost dusk; the dark earth against the still light sky created a deceptive area of shadows.

It was perhaps because of this that the driver of the truck switched his lights on, then off again, headed directly for a tree, sheared away from it just in time and hit a deep rut in the road that bounced the rear wheels two feet off the ground.

"Hey!" Alan said, under his breath. Helpless, he and Sue watched while a double wing chair and a large table very slowly slid back to the roadbed.

The truck and the convertible came to a halt. After a moment Sue stirred in her seat. "Go ahead and say it," she commanded, "for both of us."

Alan said it. Then they climbed out of the car and inspected the damage. It was considerable.

"Does the insurance—?" Alan began.

"I don't know," Sue said.

"I just didn't see the bump," the truck driver explained unhappily.

"That's okay. You might have hit the tree and hurt yourself. Give me a hand with the table, will you?"

At the ranch, fifteen minutes later, they stood and surveyed the empty room and the stacks of furniture, the crates of books and ornaments, the boxes of curtains, the rolls of rugs. Alan took off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves. Sue slipped a smock over her dress. Without a word, except for mumbled "Excuse me's" and "Where'd you put the tacks?" they had worked without pause until nine o'clock.

Only then, hair mussed, perspiration-streaked, backs aching, they stood together and looked at their handiwork.

They had created a miracle. The room glowed before them. It glowed a little too brightly, because the material for the lamp-shades had turned out to be the wrong color and had been put away for exchanging; and one window had a curious look about it, because Alan had hung the curtains upside down—but the impossible had been accomplished.

Alan put his arm around Sue's waist, and bent his head and kissed her lightly.

Five minutes later they were in bed, and sound asleep. And, oh yes, the insurance on the double-wing chair and table was okay.

EASY STREET

(*Continued from page 52*)

There weren't any clothes, there wasn't much rent. Some months, the Contes would have to face the landlord. "We haven't got the money."

And the landlord would shrug. "Never mind. Another month. Things will get better—"

Sundays, Richard got his nickel allowance. If he was feeling low, he'd rush right out and get an ice-cream cone.

Other Sundays, he'd wait, holding the money carefully, until the Nickelette opened. The Nickelette had 200 seats; it had Tom Mix; it was food for the soul.

There was the usual gang of boys in the district. They'd swim in dirty Hudson water, sneak into freight cars.

At home, life was good. Somehow, you ate. And there was always music in the house. Nicky's father had played with street bands in Italy; there wasn't an instrument he couldn't handle.

He tried to pass his gift on to Nicky. They spent hours together, the man pulling the boy's ear and crying, "No, no, no!" He never pulled the ear hard enough to hurt it any, and Nicky knew about solfeggio, when long division was still a mystery to him.

After Nicky got to high school, he'd help out in the shop, Saturdays. He's proud of a faded old picture he has. It's the inside of the shop, and three barbers behind three chairs. Nicky's chair was second.

High school being over, eventually, Nicky took stock.

Four years later, he was still taking stock. He'd driven a truck, played piano in a summer hotel orchestra, been a Wall Street runner, a stock boy, a floorwalker. He was no nearer his first million, and he didn't particularly mind. What he did mind was that he hadn't yet hit anything which satisfied him emotionally.

He was reflecting on this, as he tried to shove a pair of small shoes on the large feet of an insistent lady. If you were a shoe salesman, and he was, you were not permitted to say, "Madam, go away, I beg of you."

Eventually, she went away, anyhow, and he wiped his forehead, and greeted a friend named Peter Leeds, who had just come in.

Leeds had a brilliant idea. "Why'n't we get jobs as waiters in a summer hotel?" he said. "In the Catskills."

The Catskills sounded green, and cool. The city streets were grey, and the heat blinding. "Sure," said Nicky happily.

In the Catskills, it was pleasant. Only the waiters were expected to pitch in and stage-act too. This, Nicky hadn't been told. It was a place with entertainment for the paying guests, and the first thing he knew, Nicky was playing Vanzetti, in a play about Sacco and Vanzetti, the martyred Italian labor leaders.

Politically, he was ignorant; but the speech he'd been given stirred him. He read his lines so well that three members of the Group Theater (the famous co-operative group) approached him after the performance.

"We'd like you to join our acting classes."

"Thanks," he said. "But I've got no time for acting. I have to earn a living. When I'm not serving in the dining-room, I'm cutting hair in the barn."

They invited him to come to the rehearsal of a play they were doing, in any case, and the next Wednesday night, he went.

It was Clifford Odets' *Waiting For Lefty;* he sat there spellbound, and shaken. He'd never seen a play before; and *such* a play.

When the final curtain came down, he tore backstage and accepted their offer.

His three discoverers were John Garfield, and the two directors, Sanford Meisner and Elia Kazan.

By the end of the summer, he could think of nothing but acting. "Up until that time," he says, "I'd been a limited Italian boy, aimless, looking for something—"

In the fall, he got a scholarship to the

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Neighborhood Playhouse. His tuition was free, and he got $15 a week to live on. The course was for two years, and he lived at home, and cut hair on week-ends.

In the summer, he got odd stock jobs.

When he graduated from the Playhouse, he was scared. No more 15 bucks. No more security. But there was a job for him in Saroyan's *My Heart's in the Highlands* (it ran six weeks), and then a gangster part in the road company of *Golden Boy*.

After that came his first Hollywood try. He made a movie called *Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence,* then turned around and went back to New York.

"I'm not ready," he explained, more to himself than to anyone else. "I need experience."

So it was Broadway again. Four weeks in *Heavenly Express*. Two weeks in Odets' *Night Music,* and he was earning Equity minimum. Forty bucks a week, and half pay for rehearsal. It wasn't a living.

But he was in love, and it kept him going. He'd met this girl, this Ruth Strohm in Hollywood, at John Garfield's house.

She was an actress, and now she was back in New York, too, and when either one of them had money, they shared it.

empty pockets, full hearts . . .

Ruth had a mother, a singer, who was generous about meals; Nicky had a cousin, a Bostonian, who handed on his old clothes.

They'd walk around the streets at night, and call it having a date. It didn't much matter what you called it, it was wonderful.

She loved him because she could see through him. That his intensity, the brashness, was a natural response to a hard world, that he was hiding an oversensitive spirit, lyric and poetic.

He loved her less analytically, because she was small and pretty and red-headed, and bright, and she made him feel good.

They saw the last two acts of a lot of Broadway plays. It's an old trick. You stand around and mix with the people who come out for a cigarette during the first act intermission. Then the bell rings, and you march into the theater with the rest.

The only times it wouldn't work were when shows were sold out. Those days, practically nothing was sold out.

In 1941, Nicky got a lead. *Walk Into My Parlor,* it was. George Abbott saw him, and handed him the starring part in *Jason; Jason* won him the Critics' Circle award. It all led up to a year in the army.

He walked into Ruth's place eventually, a medical discharge in one hand, and nothing in the other. "I'm free," he said, and she said, "So you are," and he got a job in a play called *The Family*. It didn't last.

He had a lot of movie offers by then, though, and he started to think them over. "Steady money," he said to Ruth. "People even get married, and have homes, on steady money—"

She kissed him. "Go and get it—"

He sent for her after three months, and she came to California. They were married in 1943, by a Los Angeles judge, and everything was great until Richard (he was by then Richard) told Ruth that their apartment was $150 a month.

"You're crazy," she said flatly.

After a while, she got used to it. People saying, "Get a Cadillac; better than the Ford." Or, "Why don't you *buy* a house?"

Nicky (he's still Nicky to her) was doing well. *Somewhere in the Night, 13 Rue Madeleine, Walk in the Sun*—he kept making pictures for Fox, and they were good pictures, and they brought the money in.

So now she's used to it. The mail, the cars, the tennis, the flowers, the $200 suits. And the mink coat. Or, at least, she pretends to be used to it.

But sometimes he catches her just stroking its softness, and murmuring, "Nicky. Ah, Nicky."



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When friends see these flattering styles of finest fabrics and workmanship, they'll rub their eyes at the astonishing low prices. *Imagine*—some are as low as $3.98! And, they can't be bought in stores *anywhere!* Women must come to *you* for these gorgeous dresses at bargain prices. Each dress carries the famous Good Housekeeping Seal and is sold on a Money Back Guarantee. Your friends will flock to you to order these Fashion Frocks. You are paid in cash, *right then and there,* for every order! Besides that, you are given an *additional bonus* of smart Spring dresses for your own personal wardrobe.

Free PORTFOLIO OF LATEST SPRING DRESSES as low as $3.98

NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE REQUIRED

These stunning FASHION FROCKS are such a wonderful buy for such a low cost, you can't *stop* women from buying them. Every woman knows about FASHION FROCKS, and especially the sensational new styles designed by Constance Bennett. Miss Bennett is famous as "one of the world's ten best-dressed women." She lends her smart style sense *exclusively* to designing FASHION FROCKS. The minute women hear that Constance Bennett herself designed these charming originals, you get orders right and left. You surely don't need selling experience when you make sales as easy as *that!*

EVERY DAY'S DELAY COSTS YOU MONEY

Openings for FASHION FROCK representatives have been filling up fast, especially since the news about Constance Bennett's new designs got around. Don't put it off—*don't wait.* Get started today. Develop a steady group of regular customers who order dresses through you every season. Your Style Presentation Portfolio contains handsome rich samples of America's most beautiful fabrics. It's *free*—costs you nothing. Mail the coupon now to reserve this Free Portfolio. No obligation—nothing to pay. Just paste coupon to postcard and mail it *today!*

Special No-Canvassing Plan! We show you how to make sales without canvassing, too! Our special cooperation plan helps you to exceptional earnings like these: Marie Patton, Ill., took in $28.84 an average week; Mrs. Claude Burnett, Ala., averaged $27.10 weekly. *You* may have a handy extra income like that, plus many beautiful dresses, if you mail coupon below.

Fashion Frocks INC.

Desk 62054 Cincinnati 25, Ohio



"My designs for these lovely Fashion Frocks were inspired by the $200 to $300 dresses that drew so many compliments when I wore them myself. I'm so proud to offer them at a tiny fraction of that cost."

Constance Bennett

... fascinating star of stage, screen, and radio. Her glamour and good taste rate her "one of the world's ten best-dressed women." She designs *only* for us—and *only* Fashion Frock representatives can *make money* by distributing them!

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD—*mail now!*

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk 62054, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

YES—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of cost. Send me full information, without obligation.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

*Age*_____ *Dress Size*_____



FRESHLY *Minted*

Ever see a dewy-fresh, fragrant bed of mint like this? Probably not — because this is *special* mint, with the sparkling clean, cool flavor you can only find in Clark's Tendermint gum! Clark's fine row-mint is gathered at the peak of early-morning freshness, when nature seals in its true mint-essence. Ask for *freshly minted* Clark's Tendermint—*naturally*, it's better!

FOR TASTE **Clark's**

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